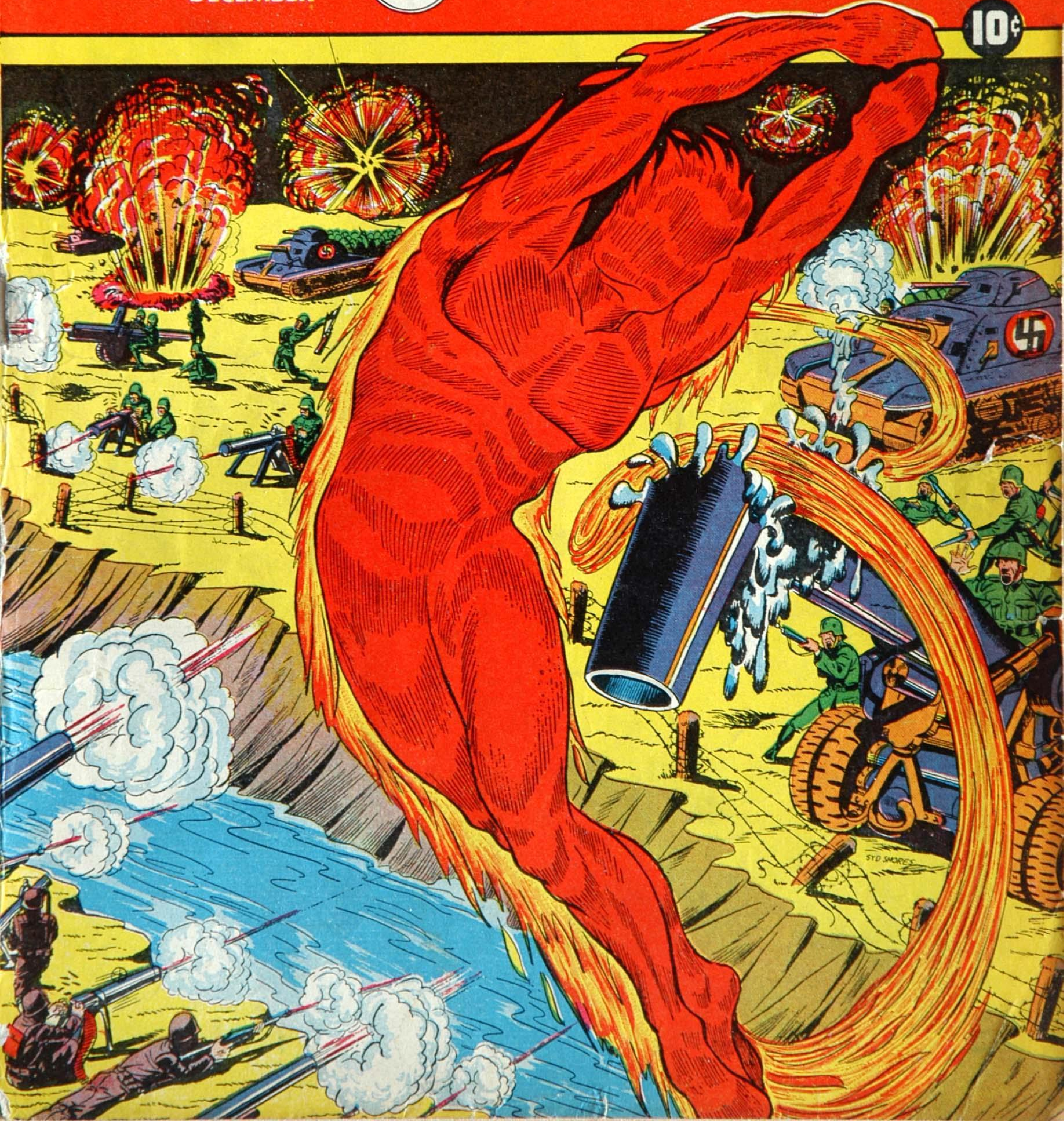
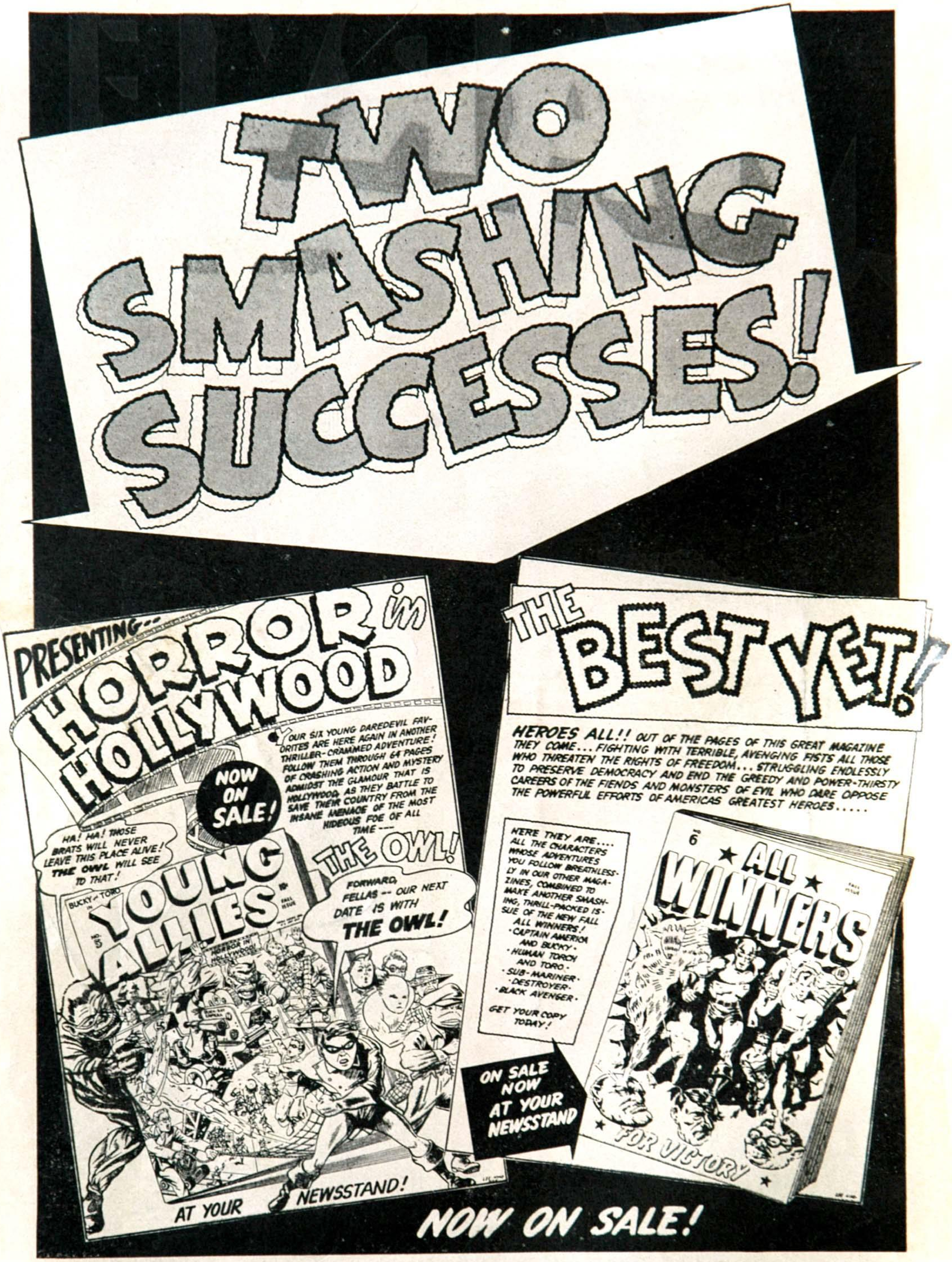
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

NO. 38

DECEMBER

10¢




TWO SMASHING SUCCESSES!
PRESENTING...
HORROR in HOLLYWOOD
NOW ON SALE!
HA! HA! THOSE BRATS WILL NEVER LEAVE THIS PLACE ALIVE! THE OWL WILL SEE TO THAT!
THE OWL!
FORWARD, FELLAS -- OUR NEXT DATE IS WITH THE OWL!
BUCKY & TORO IN
YOUNG ALLIES
10¢
FALL ISSUE
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND!
THE BEST YET!
ON SALE NOW AT YOUR NEWSSTAND
6
ALL WINNERS
FALL ISSUE
10¢
FOR VICTORY
NOW ON SALE!

YOUR SIX YOUNG DAREDEVIL FAVORITES ARE HERE AGAIN IN ANOTHER THRILLER-CRAMMED ADVENTURE! FOLLOW THEM THROUGH 64 PAGES OF CRASHING ACTION AND MYSTERY ADMIDST THE GLAMOUR THAT IS HOLLYWOOD, AS THEY BATTLE TO SAVE THEIR COUNTRY FROM THE INSANE MENACE OF THE MOST HIDEOUS FOE OF ALL TIME ---

HEROES ALL!! OUT OF THE PAGES OF THIS GREAT MAGAZINE THEY COME... FIGHTING WITH TERRIBLE, AVENGING FISTS ALL THOSE WHO THREATEN THE RIGHTS OF FREEDOM... STRUGGLING ENDLESSLY TO PRESERVE DEMOCRACY AND END THE GREEDY AND POWER-THIRSTY CAREERS OF THE FIENDS AND MONSTERS OF EVIL WHO DARE OPPOSE THE POWERFUL EFFORTS OF AMERICAS GREATEST HEROES.....

HERE THEY ARE.... ALL THE CHARACTERS WHOSE ADVENTURES YOU FOLLOW BREATHLESSLY IN OUR OTHER MAGAZINES, COMBINED TO MAKE ANOTHER SMASHING, THRILL-PACKED ISSUE OF THE NEW FALL ALL WINNERS!

·CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY·
·HUMAN TORCH AND TORO·
·SUB-MARINER·
·DESTROYER·
·BLACK AVENGER·

GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

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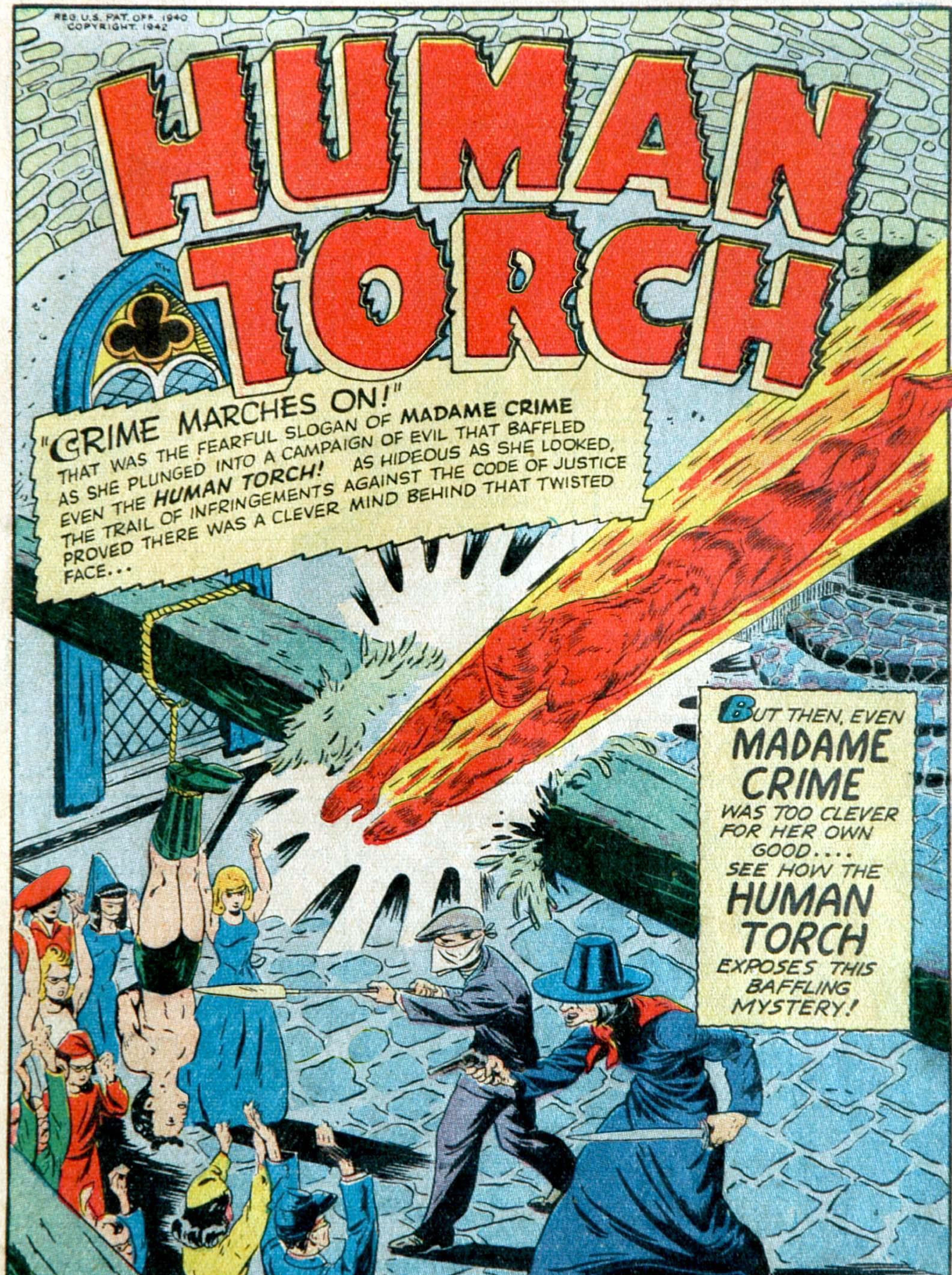
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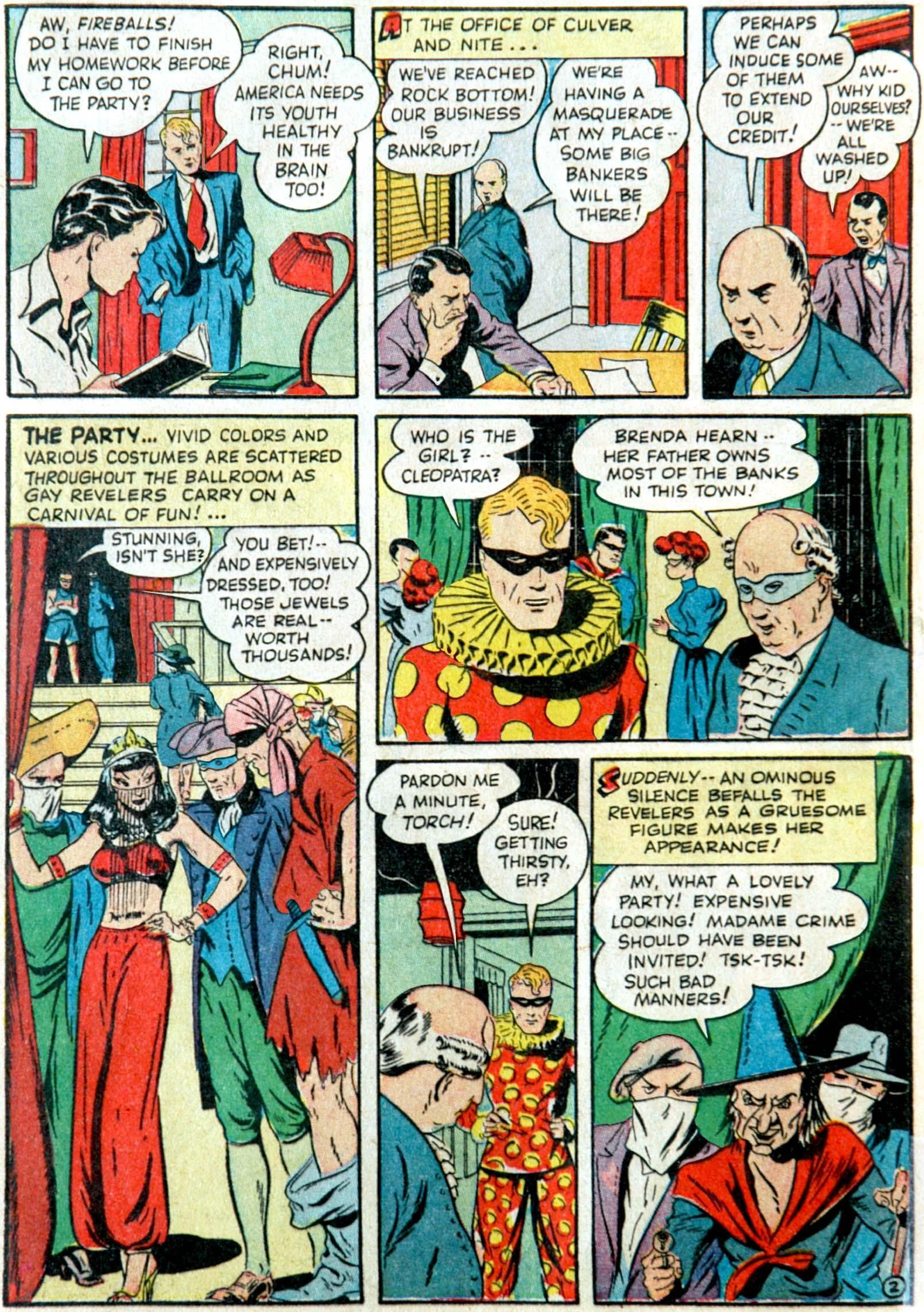
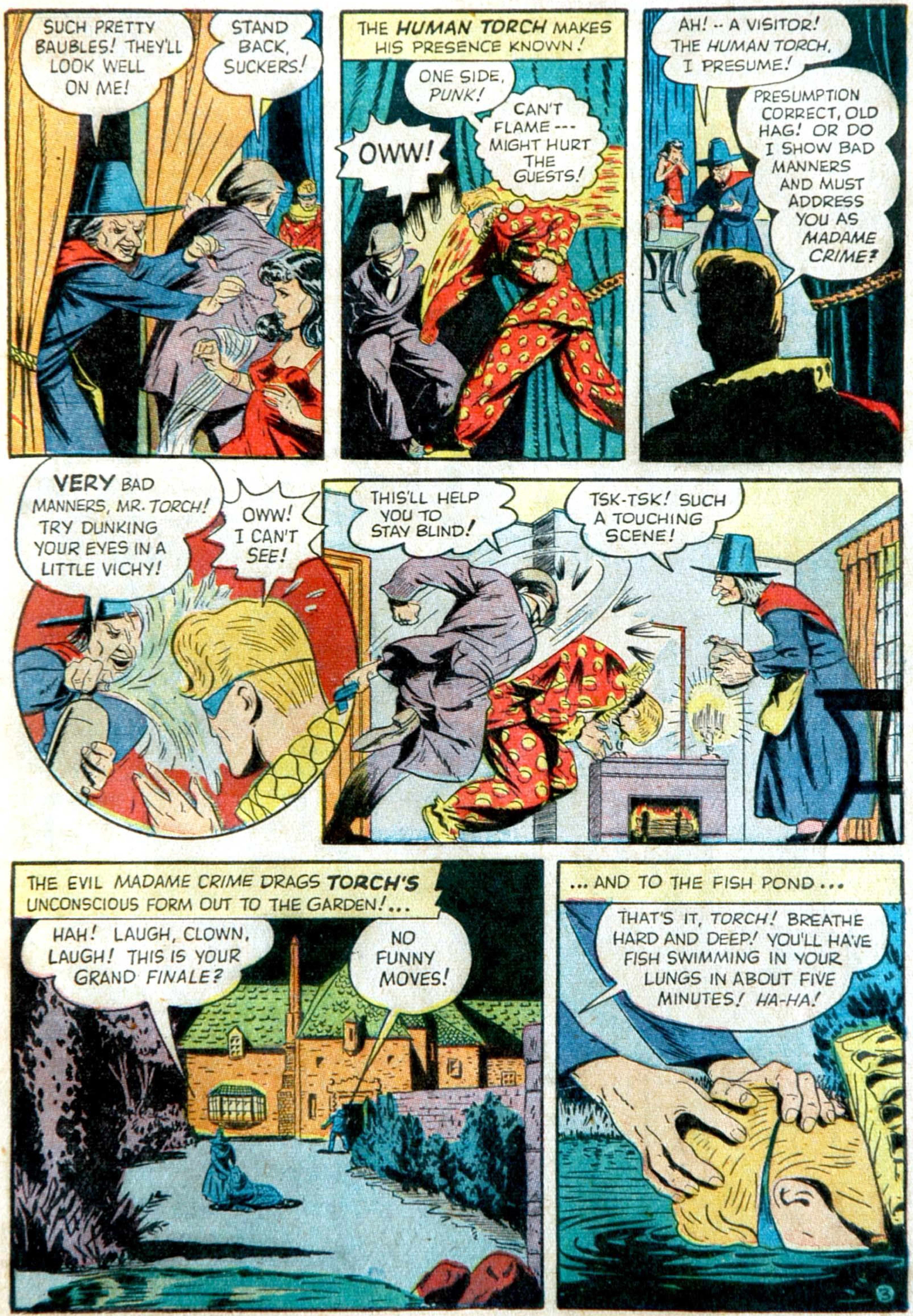
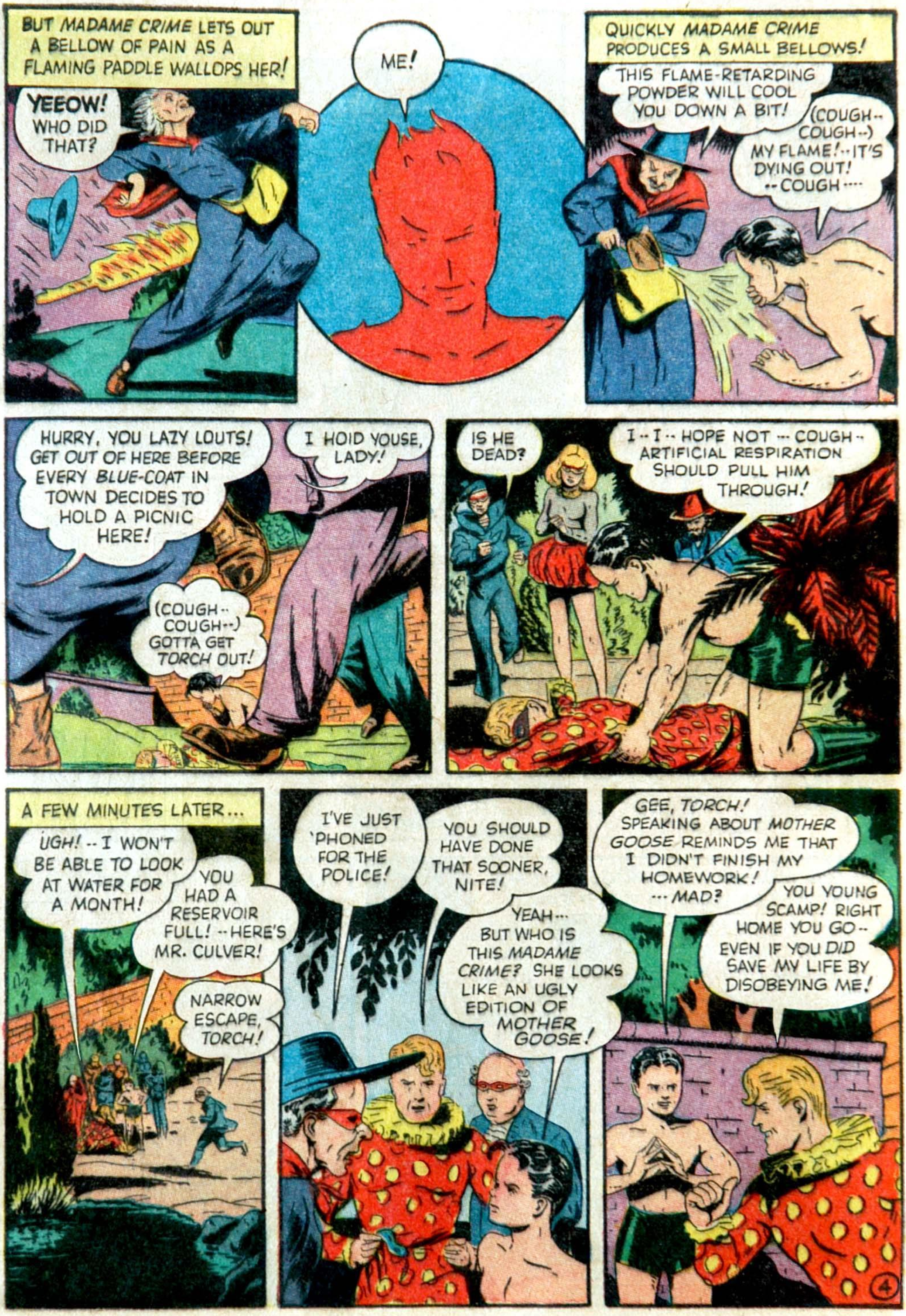
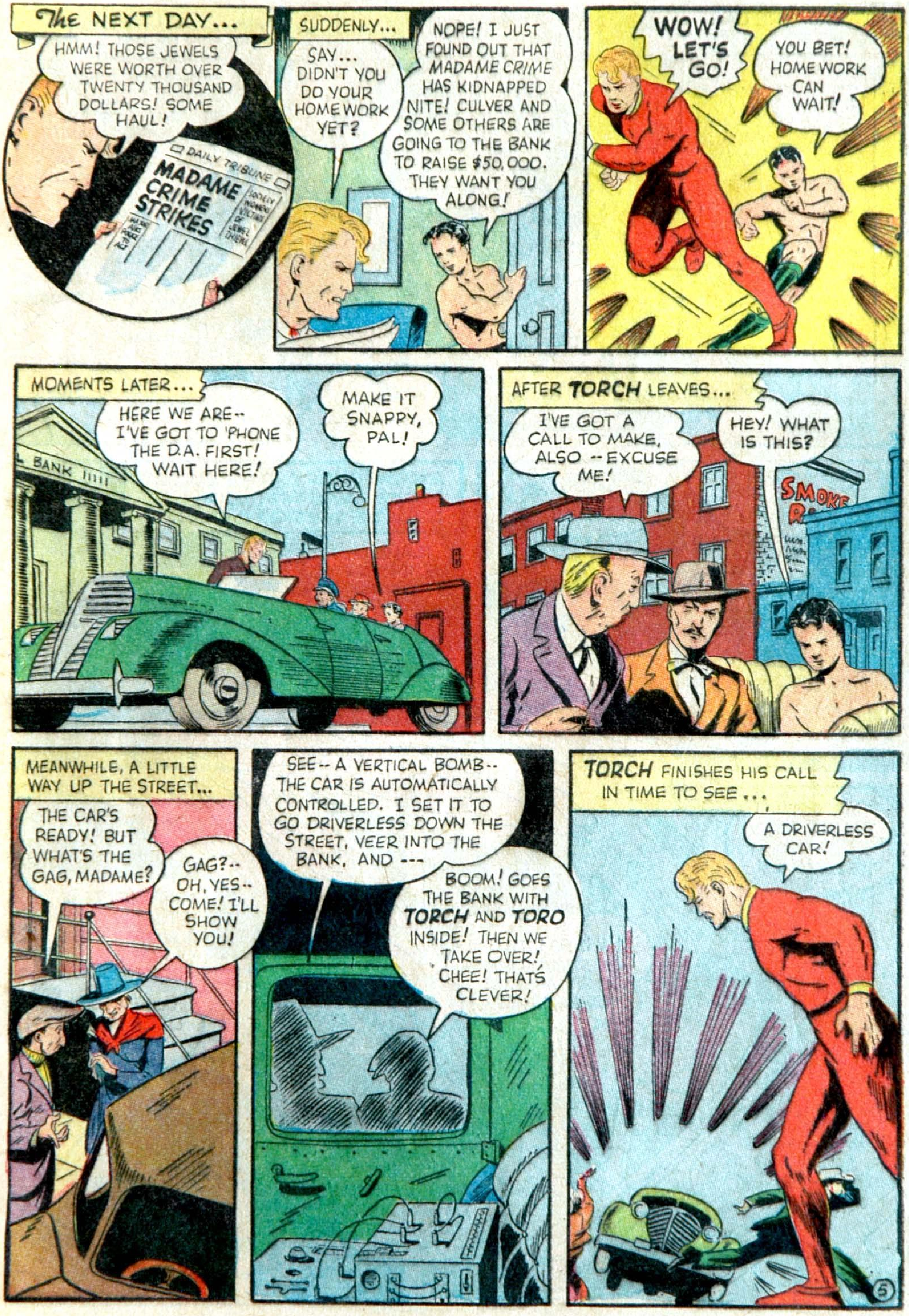
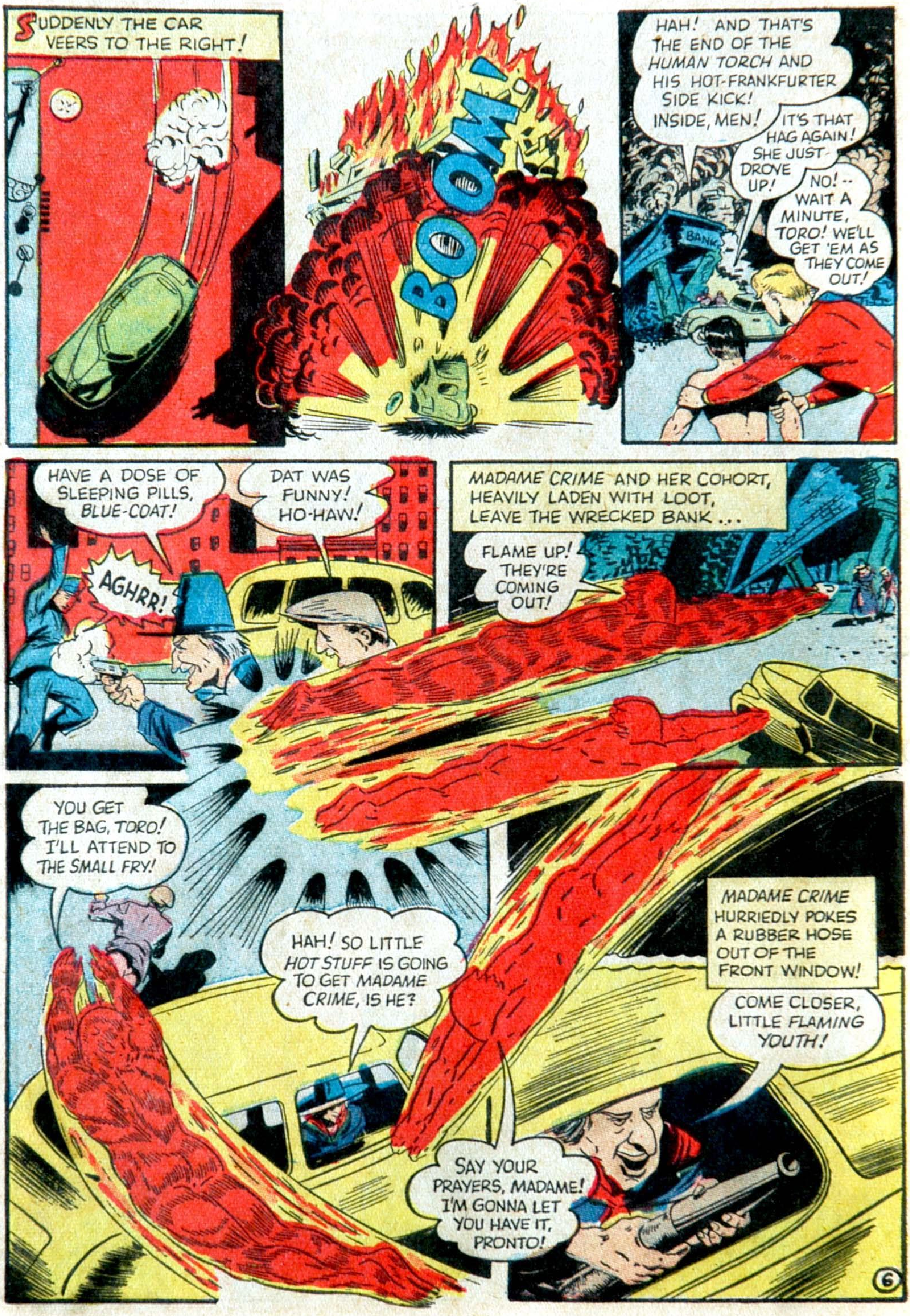
HUMAN TORCH
"CRIME MARCHES ON!" THAT WAS THE FEARFUL SLOGAN OF MADAME CRIME AS SHE PLUNGED INTO A CAMPAIGN OF EVIL THAT BAFFLED EVEN THE HUMAN TORCH! AS HIDEOUS AS SHE LOOKED, THE TRAIL OF INFRINGEMENTS AGAINST THE CODE OF JUSTICE PROVED THERE WAS A CLEVER MIND BEHIND THAT TWISTED FACE...
BUT THEN, EVEN MADAME CRIME WAS TOO CLEVER FOR HER OWN GOOD.... SEE HOW THE HUMAN TORCH EXPOSES THIS BAFFLING MYSTERY!

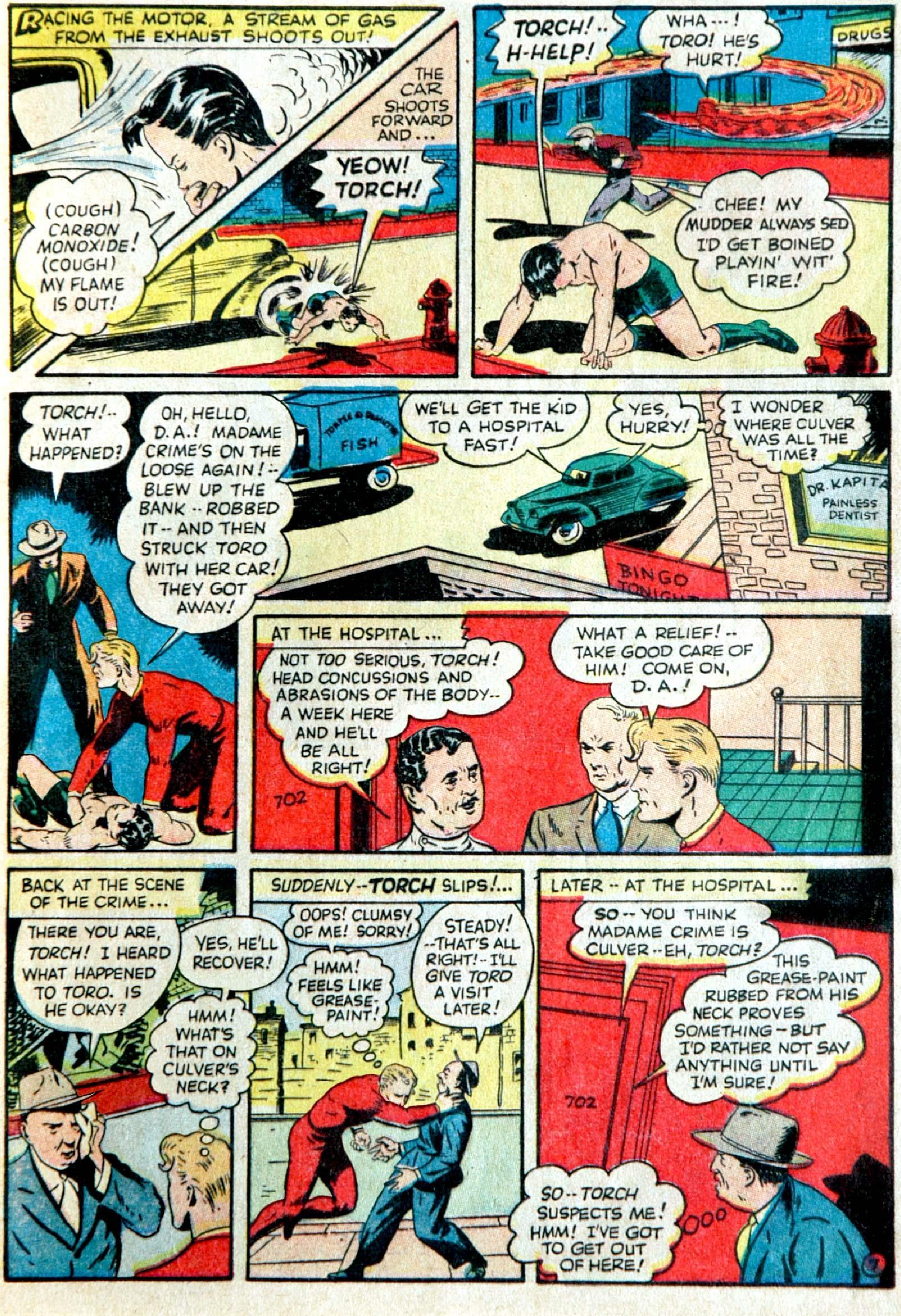

AW, FIREBALLS! DO I HAVE TO FINISH MY HOMEWORK BEFORE I CAN GO TO THE PARTY?
RIGHT, CHUM! AMERICA NEEDS ITS YOUTH HEALTHY IN THE BRAIN TOO!
AT THE OFFICE OF CULVER AND NITE...
WE'VE REACHED ROCK BOTTOM! OUR BUSINESS IS BANKRUPT!
WE'RE HAVING A MASQUERADE AT MY PLACE -- SOME BIG BANKERS WILL BE THERE!
PERHAPS WE CAN INDUCE SOME OF THEM TO EXTEND OUR CREDIT!
AW-- WHY KID OURSELVES? -- WE'RE ALL WASHED UP!
THE PARTY... VIVID COLORS AND VARIOUS COSTUMES ARE SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE BALLROOM AS GAY REVELERS CARRY ON A CARNIVAL OF FUN! ...
STUNNING, ISN'T SHE?
YOU BET! -- AND EXPENSIVELY DRESSED, TOO! THOSE JEWELS ARE REAL -- WORTH THOUSANDS!
WHO IS THE GIRL? -- CLEOPATRA?
BRENDA HEARN -- HER FATHER OWNS MOST OF THE BANKS IN THIS TOWN!
PARDON ME A MINUTE, TORCH!
SURE! GETTING THIRSTY, EH?
SUDDENLY -- AN OMINOUS SILENCE BEFALLS THE REVELERS AS A GRUESOME FIGURE MAKES HER APPEARANCE!
MY, WHAT A LOVELY PARTY! EXPENSIVE LOOKING! MADAME CRIME SHOULD HAVE BEEN INVITED! TSK-TSK! SUCH BAD MANNERS!
2

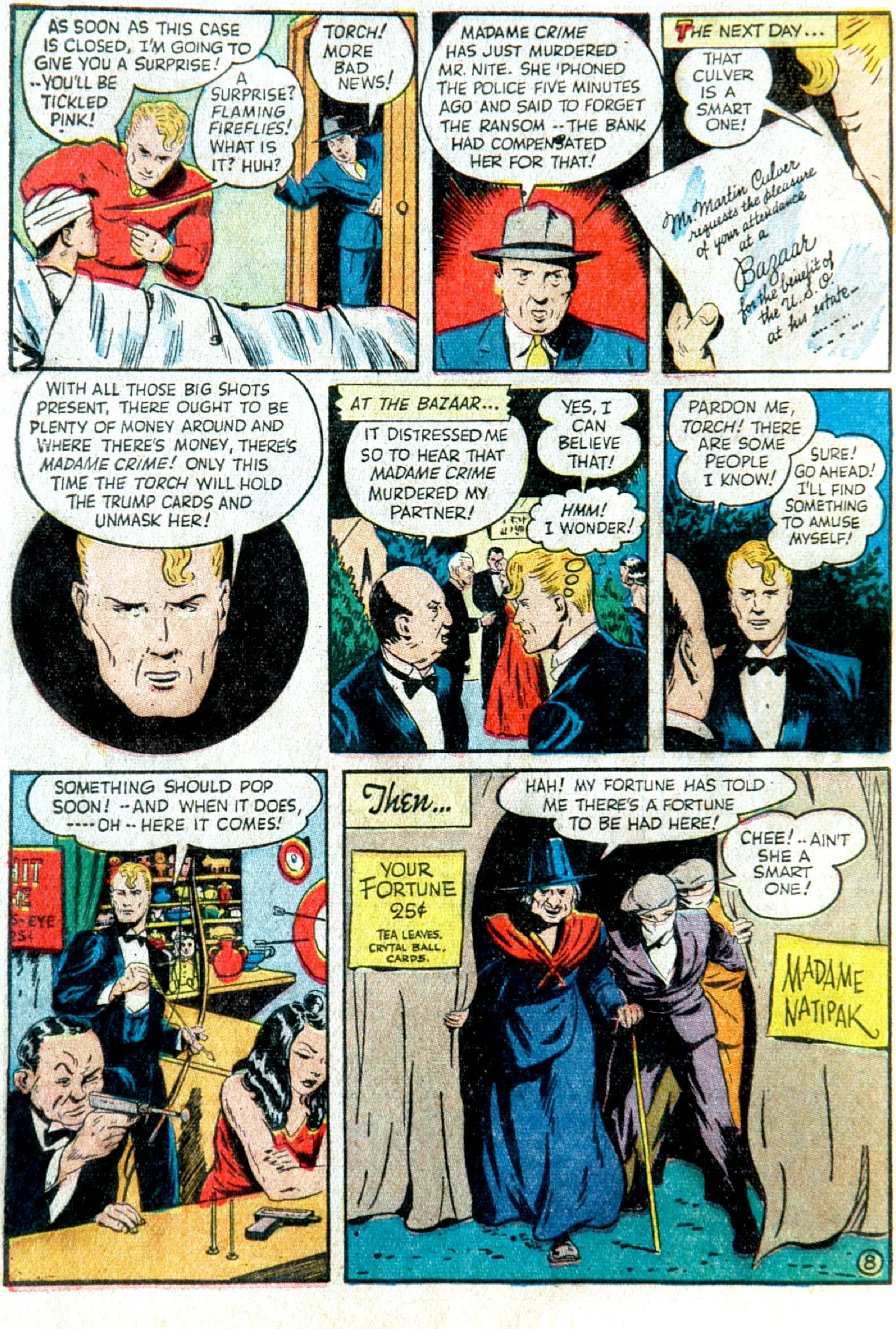

SUCH PRETTY BAUBLES! THEY'LL LOOK WELL ON ME!
STAND BACK, SUCKERS!
THE HUMAN TORCH MAKES HIS PRESENCE KNOWN!
ONE SIDE, PUNK!
OWW!
CAN'T FLAME --- MIGHT HURT THE GUESTS!
AH! -- A VISITOR! THE HUMAN TORCH, I PRESUME!
PRESUMPTION CORRECT, OLD HAG! OR DO I SHOW BAD MANNERS AND MUST ADDRESS YOU AS MADAME CRIME?
VERY BAD MANNERS, MR. TORCH! TRY DUNKING YOUR EYES IN A LITTLE VICHY!
OWW! I CAN'T SEE!
THIS'LL HELP YOU TO STAY BLIND!
TSK-TSK! SUCH A TOUCHING SCENE!
THE EVIL MADAME CRIME DRAGS TORCH'S UNCONSCIOUS FORM OUT TO THE GARDEN!...
HAH! LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH! THIS IS YOUR GRAND FINALE?
NO FUNNY MOVES!
... AND TO THE FISH POND ...
THAT'S IT, TORCH! BREATHE HARD AND DEEP! YOU'LL HAVE FISH SWIMMING IN YOUR LUNGS IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES! HA-HA!

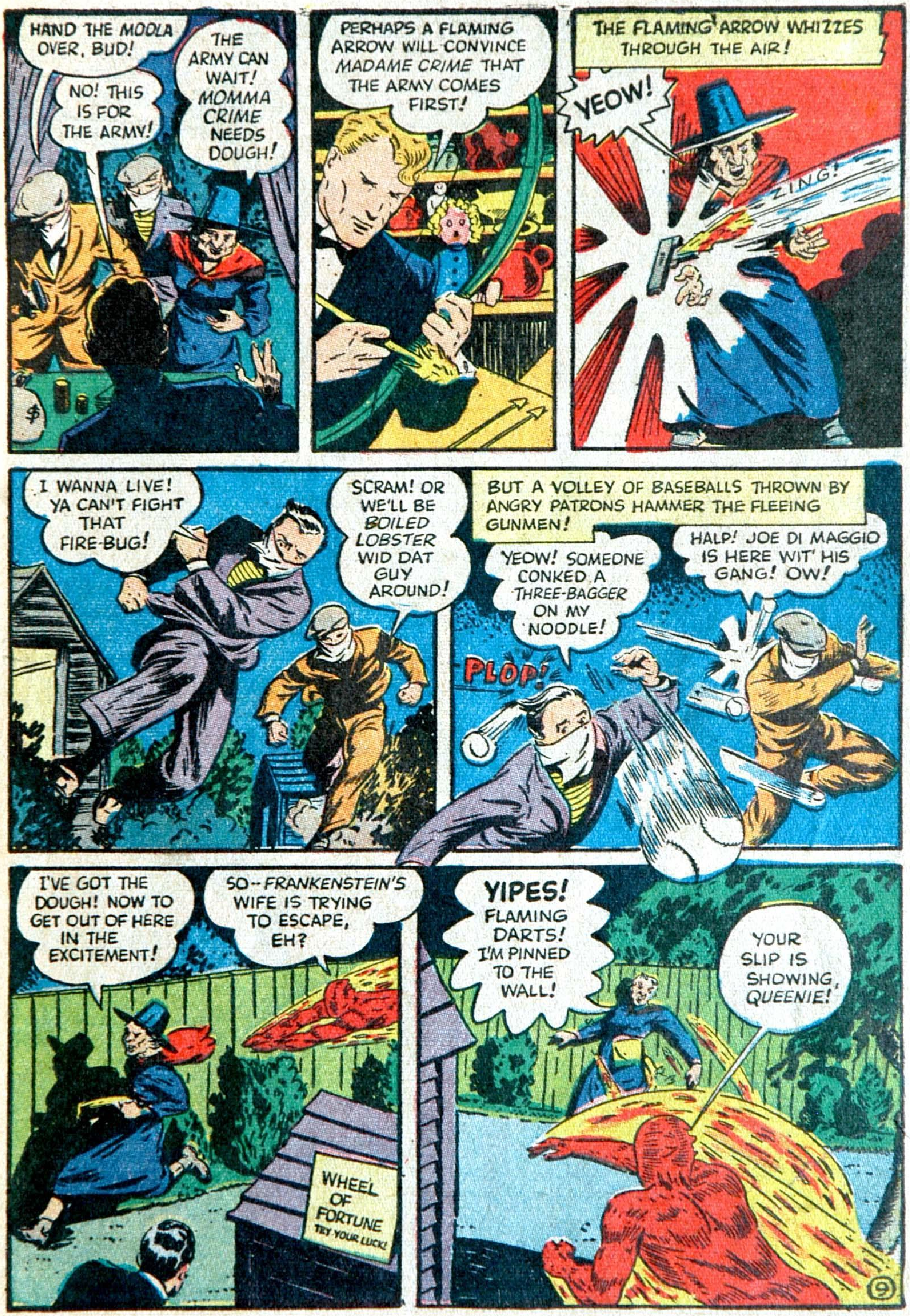

BUT *MADAME CRIME* LETS OUT A BELLOW OF PAIN AS A FLAMING PADDLE WALLOPS HER!
YEEOW! WHO DID THAT?
ME!
QUICKLY *MADAME CRIME* PRODUCES A SMALL BELLOWS!
THIS FLAME-RETARDING POWDER WILL COOL YOU DOWN A BIT!
(COUGH-- COUGH--) MY FLAME!--IT'S DYING OUT! --COUGH....
HURRY, YOU LAZY LOUTS! GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE EVERY *BLUE-COAT* IN TOWN DECIDES TO HOLD A PICNIC HERE!
I HOID YOUSE, LADY!
(COUGH-- COUGH--) GOTTA GET *TORCH* OUT!
IS HE DEAD?
I--I-- HOPE NOT --- COUGH-- ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION SHOULD PULL HIM THROUGH!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
UGH! --I WON'T BE ABLE TO LOOK AT WATER FOR A MONTH!
YOU HAD A RESERVOIR FULL! --HERE'S MR. CULVER!
NARROW ESCAPE, *TORCH!*
I'VE JUST 'PHONED FOR THE POLICE!
YOU SHOULD HAVE DONE THAT SOONER, NITE!
YEAH... BUT WHO IS THIS *MADAME CRIME?* SHE LOOKS LIKE AN UGLY EDITION OF *MOTHER GOOSE!*
GEE, *TORCH!* SPEAKING ABOUT *MOTHER GOOSE* REMINDS ME THAT I DIDN'T FINISH MY *HOMEWORK!* ...*MAD?*
YOU YOUNG SCAMP! RIGHT HOME YOU GO-- EVEN IF YOU *DID* SAVE MY LIFE BY DISOBEYING ME!

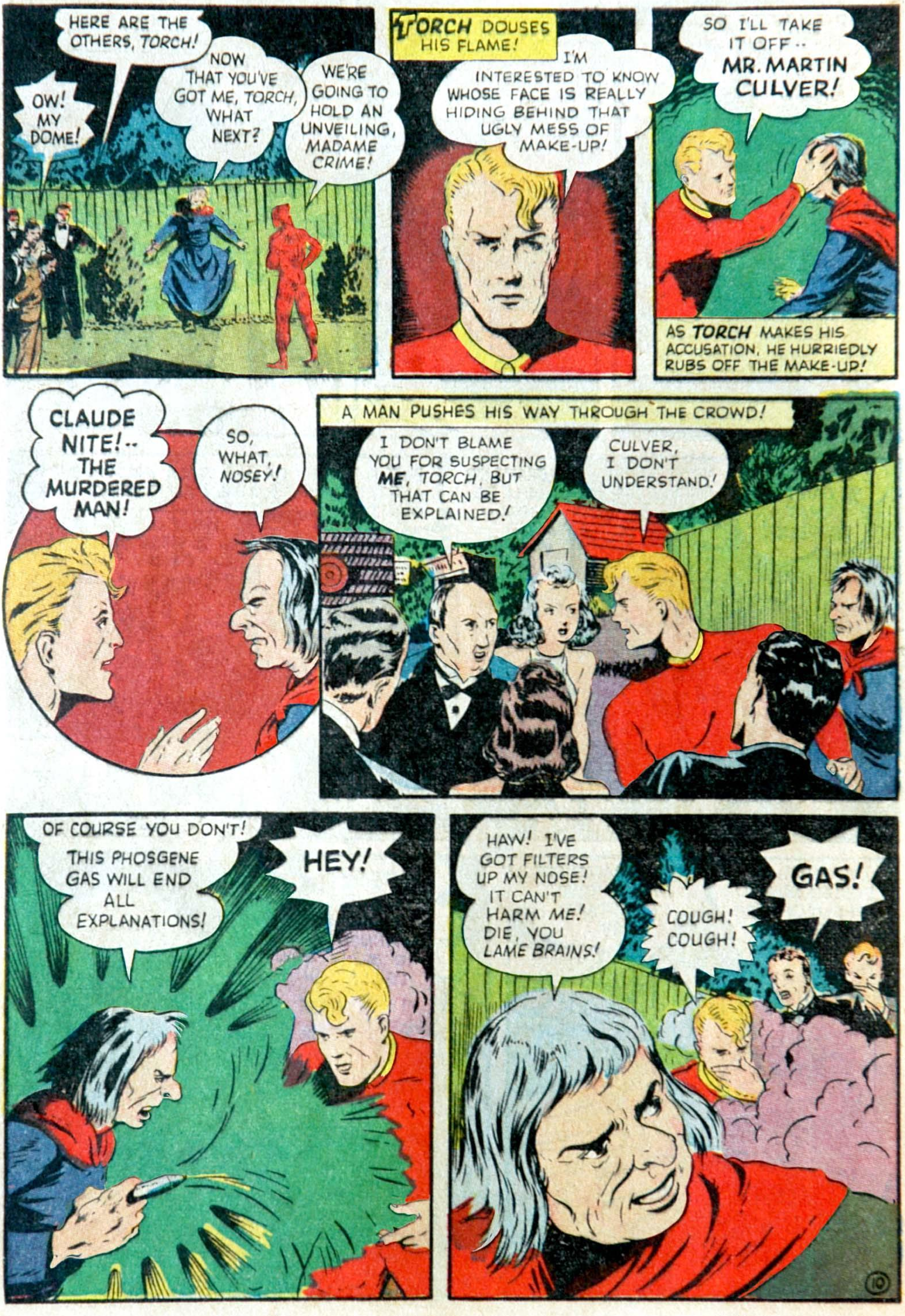

The NEXT DAY...
HMM! THOSE JEWELS WERE WORTH OVER TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! SOME HAUL!
DAILY TRIBUNE
MADAME CRIME STRIKES
SUDDENLY...
SAY... DIDN'T YOU DO YOUR HOMEWORK YET?
NOPE! I JUST FOUND OUT THAT MADAME CRIME HAS KIDNAPPED NITE! CULVER AND SOME OTHERS ARE GOING TO THE BANK TO RAISE $50,000. THEY WANT YOU ALONG!
WOW! LET'S GO!
YOU BET! HOMEWORK CAN WAIT!
MOMENTS LATER...
HERE WE ARE-- I'VE GOT TO 'PHONE THE D.A. FIRST! WAIT HERE!
MAKE IT SNAPPY, PAL!
BANK
AFTER TORCH LEAVES...
I'VE GOT A CALL TO MAKE, ALSO --EXCUSE ME!
HEY! WHAT IS THIS?
SMOKE
MEANWHILE, A LITTLE WAY UP THE STREET...
THE CAR'S READY! BUT WHAT'S THE GAG, MADAME?
GAG?-- OH, YES-- COME! I'LL SHOW YOU!
SEE-- A VERTICAL BOMB-- THE CAR IS AUTOMATICALLY CONTROLLED. I SET IT TO GO DRIVERLESS DOWN THE STREET, VEER INTO THE BANK, AND ---
BOOM! GOES THE BANK WITH TORCH AND TORO INSIDE! THEN WE TAKE OVER! CHEE! THAT'S CLEVER!
TORCH FINISHES HIS CALL IN TIME TO SEE...
A DRIVERLESS CAR!

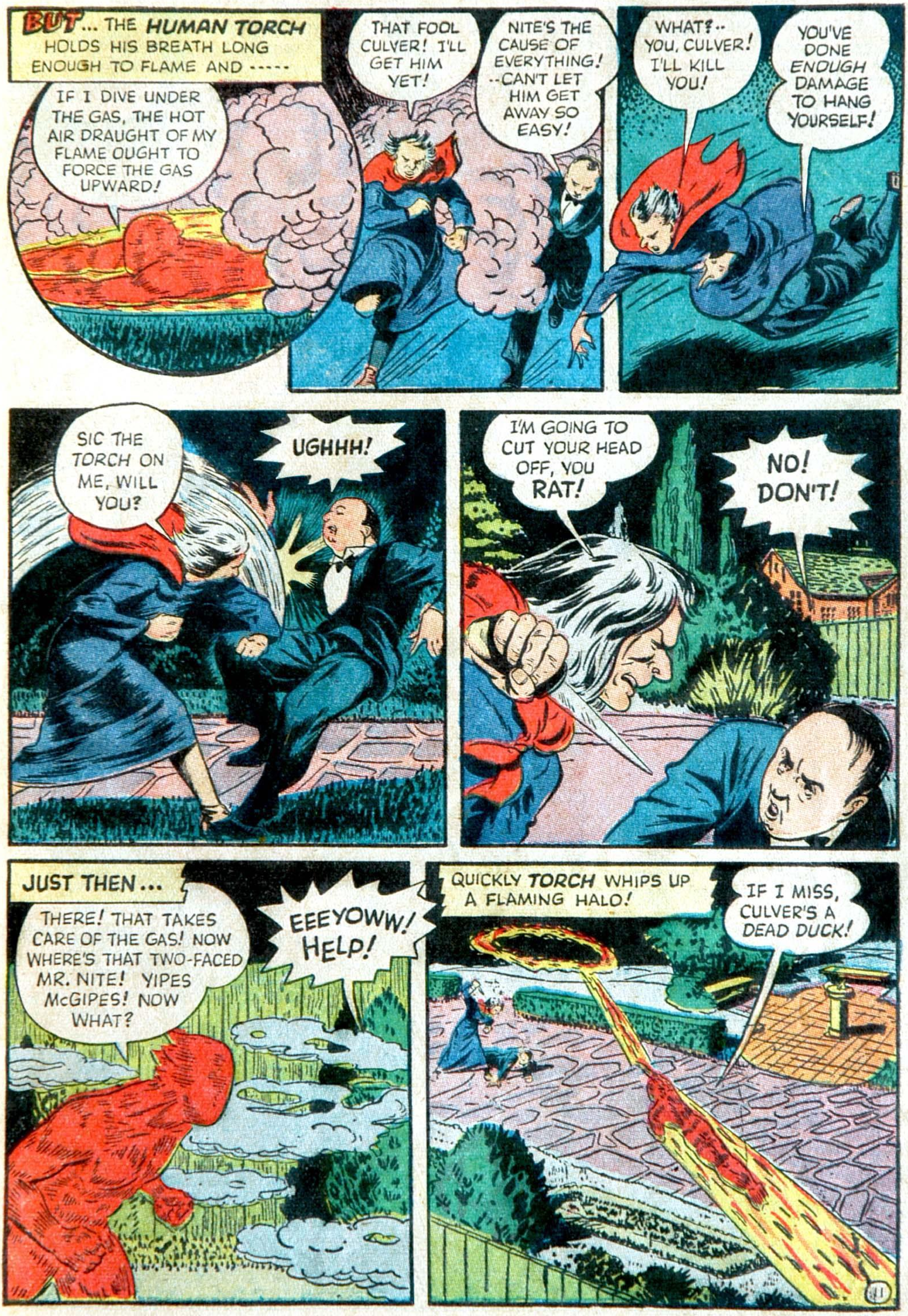

SUDDENLY THE CAR VEERS TO THE RIGHT!
BOOM!
HAH! AND THAT'S THE END OF THE *HUMAN TORCH* AND HIS HOT-FRANKFURTER SIDE KICK! INSIDE, MEN!
IT'S THAT HAG AGAIN! SHE JUST DROVE UP!
NO! -- WAIT A MINUTE, *TORO!* WE'LL GET 'EM AS THEY COME OUT!
BANK
HAVE A DOSE OF SLEEPING PILLS, *BLUE-COAT!*
DAT WAS FUNNY! HO-HAW!
AGHRR!
MADAME CRIME AND HER COHORT, HEAVILY LADEN WITH LOOT, LEAVE THE WRECKED BANK . . .
FLAME UP! THEY'RE COMING OUT!
YOU GET THE BAG, *TORO!* I'LL ATTEND TO THE *SMALL FRY!*
HAH! SO LITTLE *HOT STUFF* IS GOING TO GET *MADAME CRIME*, IS HE?
MADAME CRIME HURRIEDLY POKES A RUBBER HOSE OUT OF THE FRONT WINDOW!
COME CLOSER, LITTLE *FLAMING YOUTH!*
SAY YOUR PRAYERS, MADAME! I'M GONNA LET YOU HAVE IT, PRONTO!

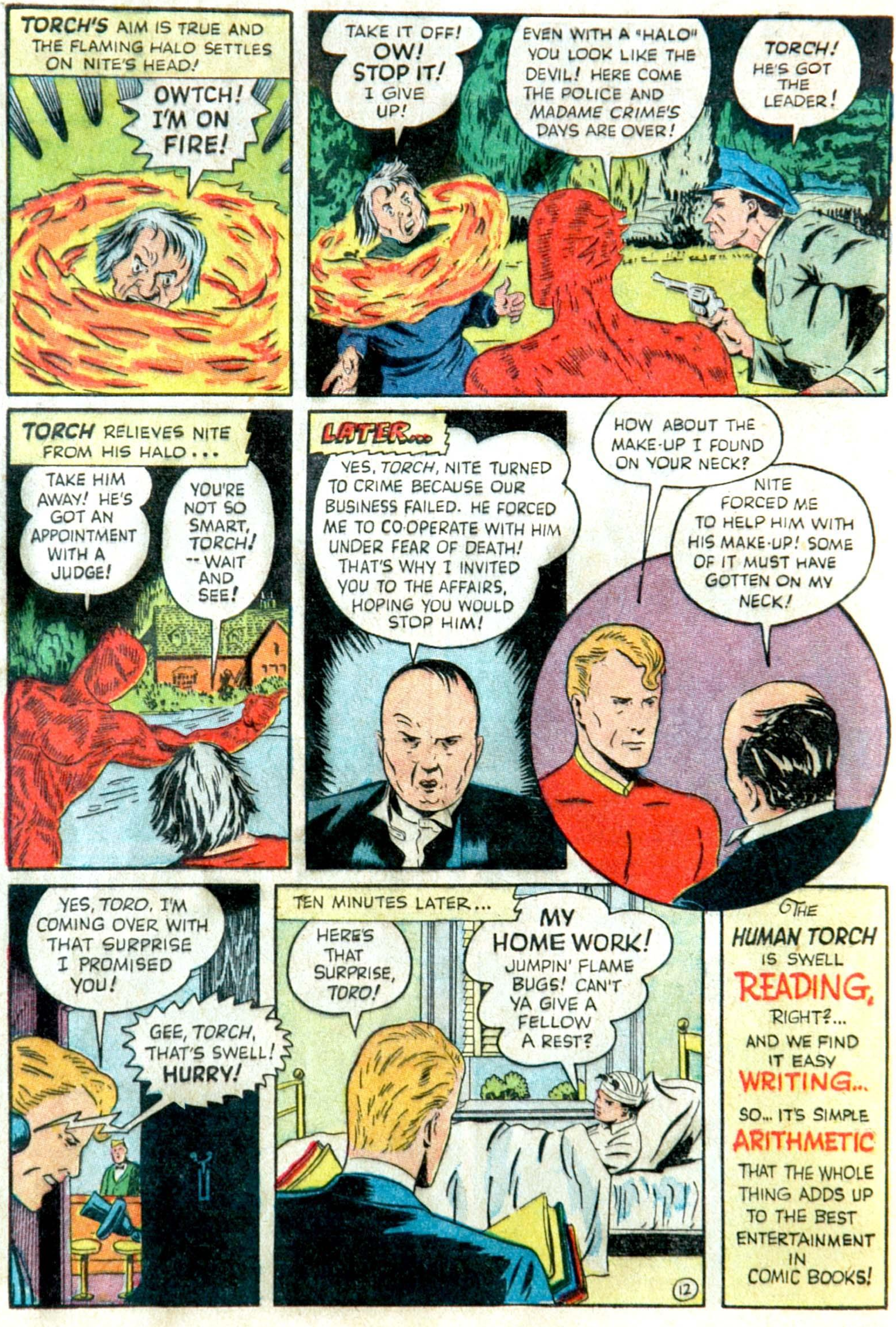

RACING THE MOTOR, A STREAM OF GAS FROM THE EXHAUST SHOOTS OUT!
(COUGH) CARBON MONOXIDE! (COUGH) MY FLAME IS OUT!
THE CAR SHOOTS FORWARD AND ...
YEOW! TORCH!
TORCH! .. H-HELP!
WHA --- ! TORO! HE'S HURT!
DRUGS
CHEE! MY MUDDER ALWAYS SED I'D GET BOINED PLAYIN' WIT' FIRE!
TORCH! -- WHAT HAPPENED?
OH, HELLO, D.A.! MADAME CRIME'S ON THE LOOSE AGAIN! -- BLEW UP THE BANK -- ROBBED IT -- AND THEN STRUCK TORO WITH HER CAR! THEY GOT AWAY!
FISH
WE'LL GET THE KID TO A HOSPITAL FAST!
YES, HURRY!
I WONDER WHERE CULVER WAS ALL THE TIME?
DR. KAPITA
PAINLESS DENTIST
BINGO TONIGH
AT THE HOSPITAL ...
NOT TOO SERIOUS, TORCH! HEAD CONCUSSIONS AND ABRASIONS OF THE BODY -- A WEEK HERE AND HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
WHAT A RELIEF! -- TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM! COME ON, D.A.!
702
BACK AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME ...
THERE YOU ARE, TORCH! I HEARD WHAT HAPPENED TO TORO. IS HE OKAY?
YES, HE'LL RECOVER!
HMM! WHAT'S THAT ON CULVER'S NECK?
SUDDENLY -- TORCH SLIPS! ...
OOPS! CLUMSY OF ME! SORRY!
HMM! FEELS LIKE GREASE-PAINT!
STEADY! -- THAT'S ALL RIGHT! -- I'LL GIVE TORO A VISIT LATER!
LATER -- AT THE HOSPITAL ...
SO -- YOU THINK MADAME CRIME IS CULVER -- EH, TORCH?
THIS GREASE-PAINT RUBBED FROM HIS NECK PROVES SOMETHING -- BUT I'D RATHER NOT SAY ANYTHING UNTIL I'M SURE!
702
SO -- TORCH SUSPECTS ME! HMM! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!


AS SOON AS THIS CASE IS CLOSED, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A SURPRISE! --YOU'LL BE TICKLED PINK!
A SURPRISE? FLAMING FIREFLIES! WHAT IS IT? HUH?
TORCH! MORE BAD NEWS!
MADAME CRIME HAS JUST MURDERED MR. NITE. SHE 'PHONED THE POLICE FIVE MINUTES AGO AND SAID TO FORGET THE RANSOM --THE BANK HAD COMPENSATED HER FOR THAT!
THE NEXT DAY...
THAT CULVER IS A SMART ONE!
Mr. Martin Culver requests the pleasure of your attendance at a Bazaar for the benefit of the U.S.O. at his estate— ......
WITH ALL THOSE BIG SHOTS PRESENT, THERE OUGHT TO BE PLENTY OF MONEY AROUND AND WHERE THERE'S MONEY, THERE'S MADAME CRIME! ONLY THIS TIME THE TORCH WILL HOLD THE TRUMP CARDS AND UNMASK HER!
AT THE BAZAAR...
IT DISTRESSED ME SO TO HEAR THAT MADAME CRIME MURDERED MY PARTNER!
YES, I CAN BELIEVE THAT!
HMM! I WONDER!
PARDON ME, TORCH! THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE I KNOW!
SURE! GO AHEAD! I'LL FIND SOMETHING TO AMUSE MYSELF!
SOMETHING SHOULD POP SOON! --AND WHEN IT DOES, ----OH -- HERE IT COMES!
-EYE 25¢
Then...
HAH! MY FORTUNE HAS TOLD ME THERE'S A FORTUNE TO BE HAD HERE!
CHEE! -- AIN'T SHE A SMART ONE!
YOUR FORTUNE 25¢ TEA LEAVES. CRYTAL BALL, CARDS.
MADAME NATIPAK
8

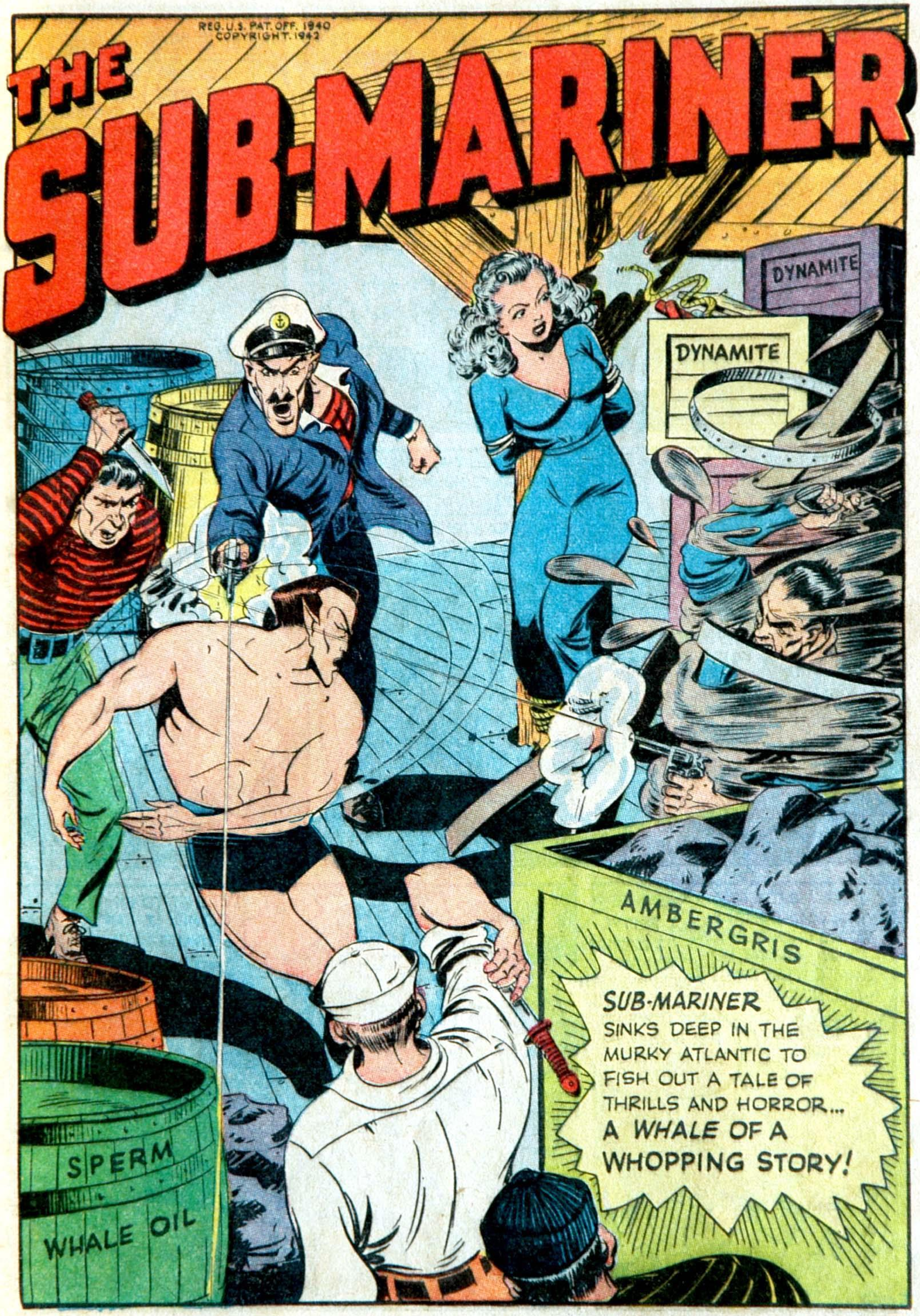

HAND THE MODLA OVER, BUD!
NO! THIS IS FOR THE ARMY!
THE ARMY CAN WAIT! MOMMA CRIME NEEDS DOUGH!
$
PERHAPS A FLAMING ARROW WILL CONVINCE MADAME CRIME THAT THE ARMY COMES FIRST!
THE FLAMING ARROW WHIZZES THROUGH THE AIR!
YEOW!
ZING!
I WANNA LIVE! YA CAN'T FIGHT THAT FIRE-BUG!
SCRAM! OR WE'LL BE BOILED LOBSTER WID DAT GUY AROUND!
BUT A VOLLEY OF BASEBALLS THROWN BY ANGRY PATRONS HAMMER THE FLEEING GUNMEN!
YEOW! SOMEONE CONKED A THREE-BAGGER ON MY NOODLE!
HALP! JOE DI MAGGIO IS HERE WIT' HIS GANG! OW!
PLOP!
I'VE GOT THE DOUGH! NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE IN THE EXCITEMENT!
SO--FRANKENSTEIN'S WIFE IS TRYING TO ESCAPE, EH?
WHEEL OF FORTUNE TRY YOUR LUCK!
YIPES! FLAMING DARTS! I'M PINNED TO THE WALL!
YOUR SLIP IS SHOWING, QUEENIE!


HERE ARE THE OTHERS, TORCH!
OW! MY DOME!
NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT ME, TORCH, WHAT NEXT?
WE'RE GOING TO HOLD AN UNVEILING, MADAME CRIME!
TORCH DOUSES HIS FLAME!
I'M INTERESTED TO KNOW WHOSE FACE IS REALLY HIDING BEHIND THAT UGLY MESS OF MAKE-UP!
SO I'LL TAKE IT OFF -- MR. MARTIN CULVER!
AS TORCH MAKES HIS ACCUSATION, HE HURRIEDLY RUBS OFF THE MAKE-UP!
CLAUDE NITE! -- THE MURDERED MAN!
SO, WHAT, NOSEY!
A MAN PUSHES HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD!
I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR SUSPECTING ME, TORCH, BUT THAT CAN BE EXPLAINED!
CULVER, I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
OF COURSE YOU DON'T! THIS PHOSGENE GAS WILL END ALL EXPLANATIONS!
HEY!
HAW! I'VE GOT FILTERS UP MY NOSE! IT CAN'T HARM ME! DIE, YOU LAME BRAINS!
COUGH! COUGH!
GAS!
10


BUT... THE HUMAN TORCH HOLDS HIS BREATH LONG ENOUGH TO FLAME AND -----
IF I DIVE UNDER THE GAS, THE HOT AIR DRAUGHT OF MY FLAME OUGHT TO FORCE THE GAS UPWARD!
THAT FOOL CULVER! I'LL GET HIM YET!
NITE'S THE CAUSE OF EVERYTHING! --CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY SO EASY!
WHAT?.. YOU, CULVER! I'LL KILL YOU!
YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE TO HANG YOURSELF!
SIC THE TORCH ON ME, WILL YOU?
UGHHH!
I'M GOING TO CUT YOUR HEAD OFF, YOU RAT!
NO! DON'T!
JUST THEN...
THERE! THAT TAKES CARE OF THE GAS! NOW WHERE'S THAT TWO-FACED MR. NITE! YIPES McGIPES! NOW WHAT?
EEEYOWW! HELP!
QUICKLY TORCH WHIPS UP A FLAMING HALO!
IF I MISS, CULVER'S A DEAD DUCK!
11


TORCH'S AIM IS TRUE AND THE FLAMING HALO SETTLES ON NITE'S HEAD!
OWTCH! I'M ON FIRE!
TAKE IT OFF! OW! STOP IT! I GIVE UP!
EVEN WITH A "HALO" YOU LOOK LIKE THE DEVIL! HERE COME THE POLICE AND MADAME CRIME'S DAYS ARE OVER!
TORCH! HE'S GOT THE LEADER!
TORCH RELIEVES NITE FROM HIS HALO...
TAKE HIM AWAY! HE'S GOT AN APPOINTMENT WITH A JUDGE!
YOU'RE NOT SO SMART, TORCH! -- WAIT AND SEE!
LATER...
YES, TORCH, NITE TURNED TO CRIME BECAUSE OUR BUSINESS FAILED. HE FORCED ME TO CO-OPERATE WITH HIM UNDER FEAR OF DEATH! THAT'S WHY I INVITED YOU TO THE AFFAIRS, HOPING YOU WOULD STOP HIM!
HOW ABOUT THE MAKE-UP I FOUND ON YOUR NECK?
NITE FORCED ME TO HELP HIM WITH HIS MAKE-UP! SOME OF IT MUST HAVE GOTTEN ON MY NECK!
YES, TORO, I'M COMING OVER WITH THAT SURPRISE I PROMISED YOU!
GEE, TORCH, THAT'S SWELL! HURRY!
TEN MINUTES LATER...
HERE'S THAT SURPRISE, TORO!
MY HOME WORK! JUMPIN' FLAME BUGS! CAN'T YA GIVE A FELLOW A REST?

THE **HUMAN TORCH** IS SWELL **READING,** RIGHT?... AND WE FIND IT EASY **WRITING...** SO... IT'S SIMPLE **ARITHMETIC** THAT THE WHOLE THING ADDS UP TO THE BEST ENTERTAINMENT IN COMIC BOOKS!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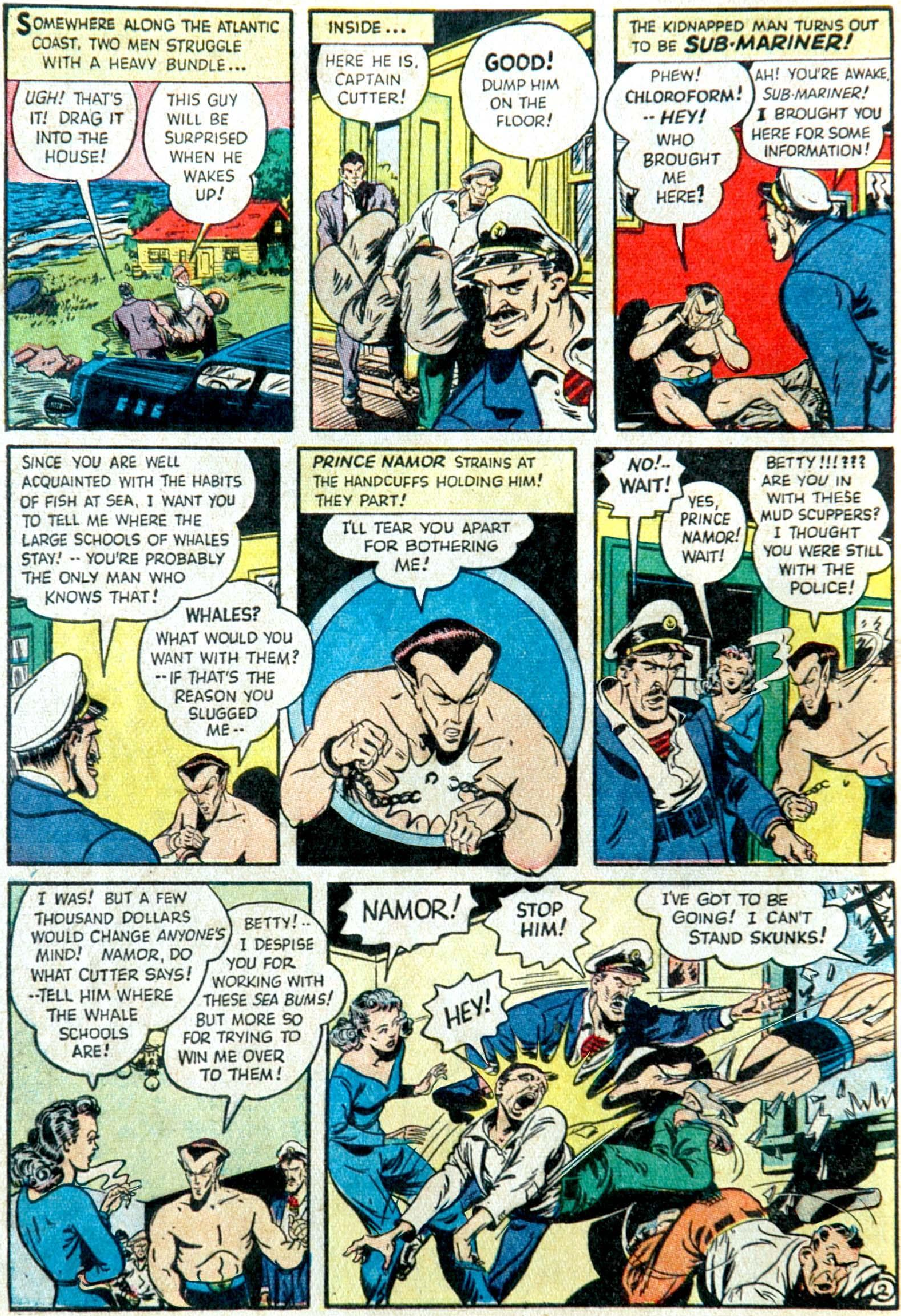
THE SUB-MARINER
DYNAMITE
DYNAMITE
AMBERGRIS
SPERM
WHALE OIL
SUB-MARINER SINKS DEEP IN THE MURKY ATLANTIC TO FISH OUT A TALE OF THRILLS AND HORROR... A *WHALE* OF A WHOPPING STORY!


SOMEWHERE ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST, TWO MEN STRUGGLE WITH A HEAVY BUNDLE...
UGH! THAT'S IT! DRAG IT INTO THE HOUSE!
THIS GUY WILL BE SURPRISED WHEN HE WAKES UP!
INSIDE...
HERE HE IS, CAPTAIN CUTTER!
GOOD! DUMP HIM ON THE FLOOR!
THE KIDNAPPED MAN TURNS OUT TO BE SUB-MARINER!
PHEW! CHLOROFORM! -- HEY! WHO BROUGHT ME HERE?
AH! YOU'RE AWAKE, SUB-MARINER! I BROUGHT YOU HERE FOR SOME INFORMATION!
SINCE YOU ARE WELL ACQUAINTED WITH THE HABITS OF FISH AT SEA, I WANT YOU TO TELL ME WHERE THE LARGE SCHOOLS OF WHALES STAY! -- YOU'RE PROBABLY THE ONLY MAN WHO KNOWS THAT!
WHALES? WHAT WOULD YOU WANT WITH THEM? -- IF THAT'S THE REASON YOU SLUGGED ME --
PRINCE NAMOR STRAINS AT THE HANDCUFFS HOLDING HIM! THEY PART!
I'LL TEAR YOU APART FOR BOTHERING ME!
NO! -- WAIT!
YES, PRINCE NAMOR! WAIT!
BETTY!!!??? ARE YOU IN WITH THESE MUD SCUPPERS? I THOUGHT YOU WERE STILL WITH THE POLICE!
I WAS! BUT A FEW THOUSAND DOLLARS WOULD CHANGE ANYONE'S MIND! NAMOR, DO WHAT CUTTER SAYS! --TELL HIM WHERE THE WHALE SCHOOLS ARE!
BETTY! -- I DESPISE YOU FOR WORKING WITH THESE SEA BUMS! BUT MORE SO FOR TRYING TO WIN ME OVER TO THEM!
NAMOR!
STOP HIM!
I'VE GOT TO BE GOING! I CAN'T STAND SKUNKS!
HEY!
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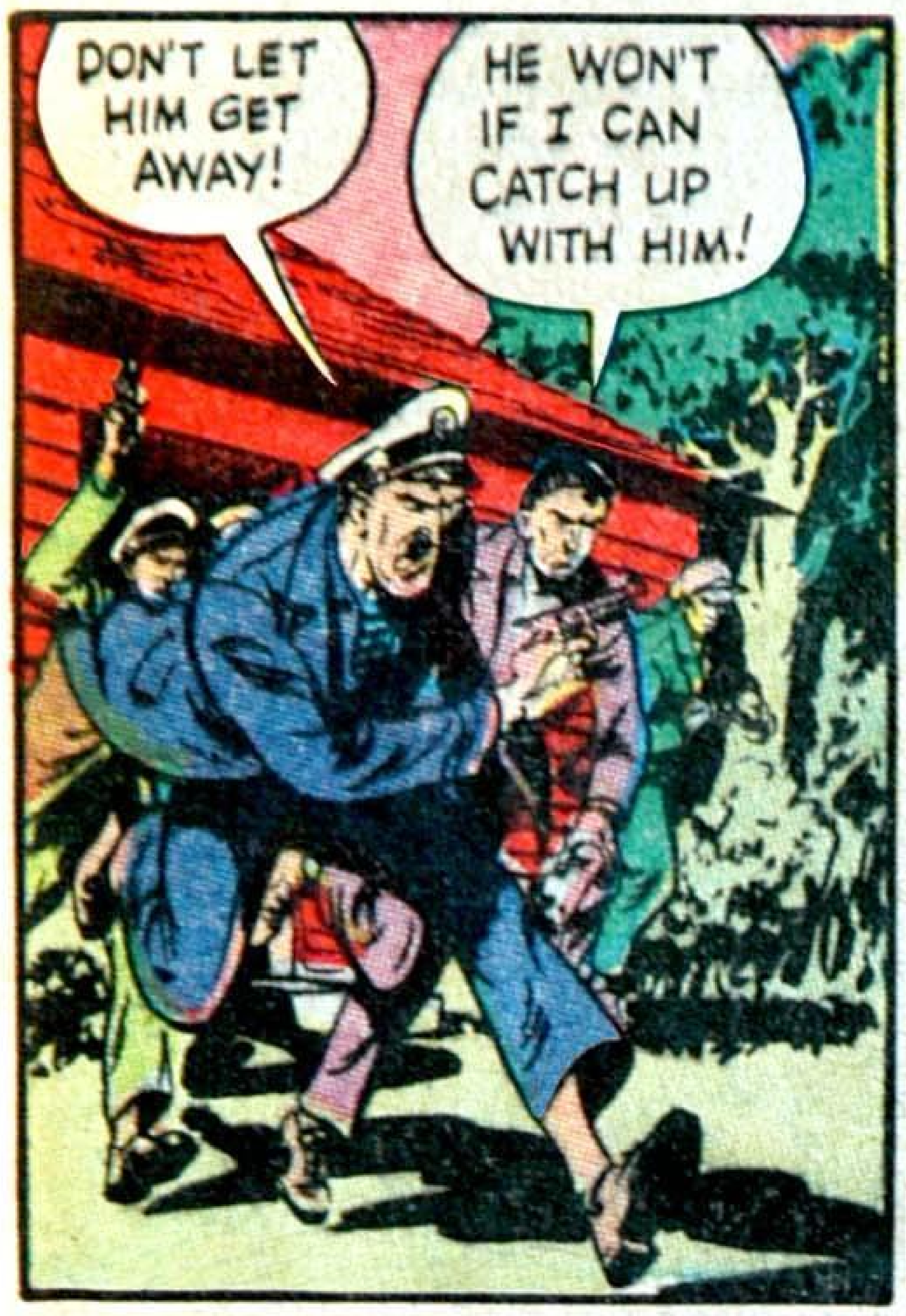
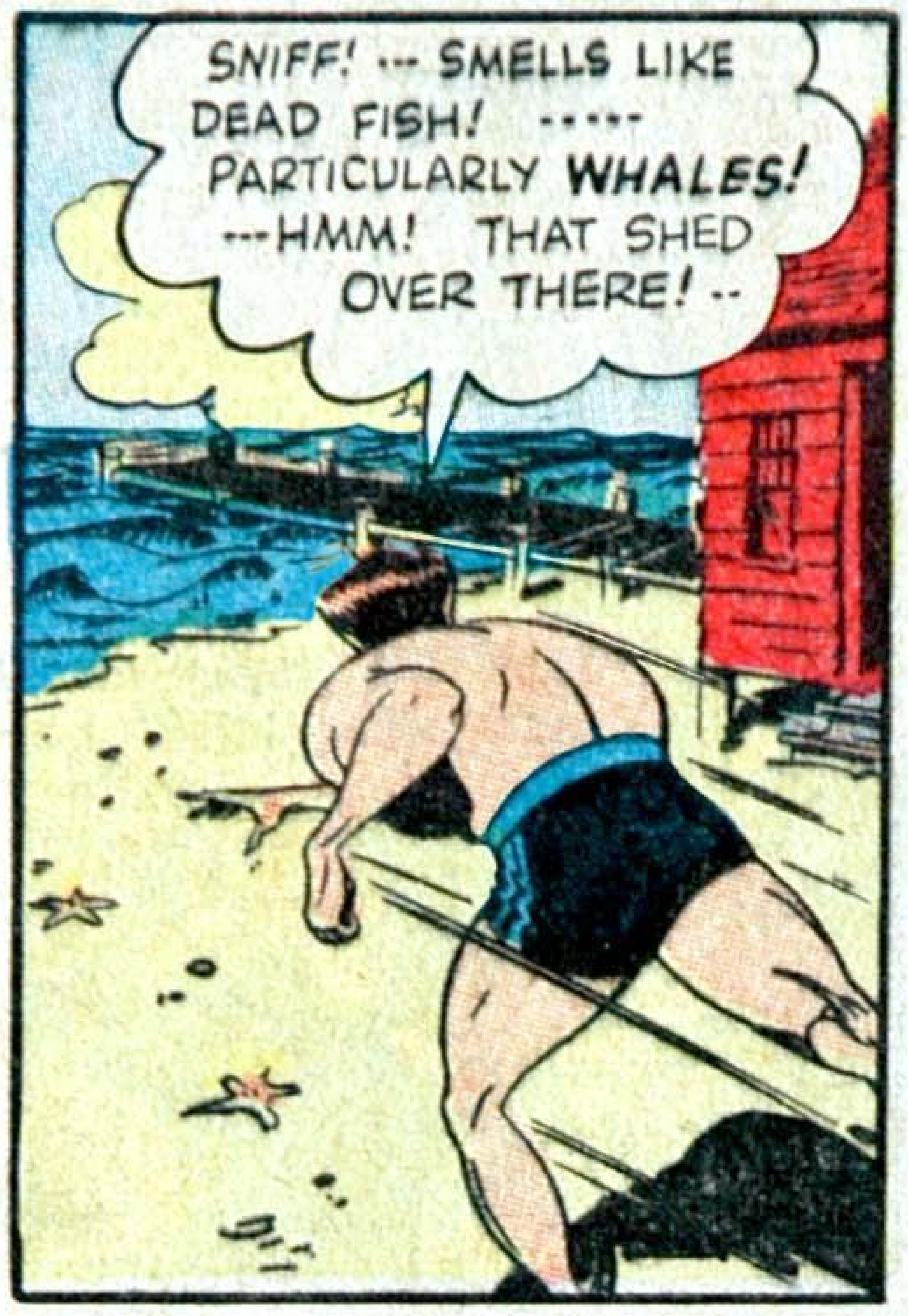
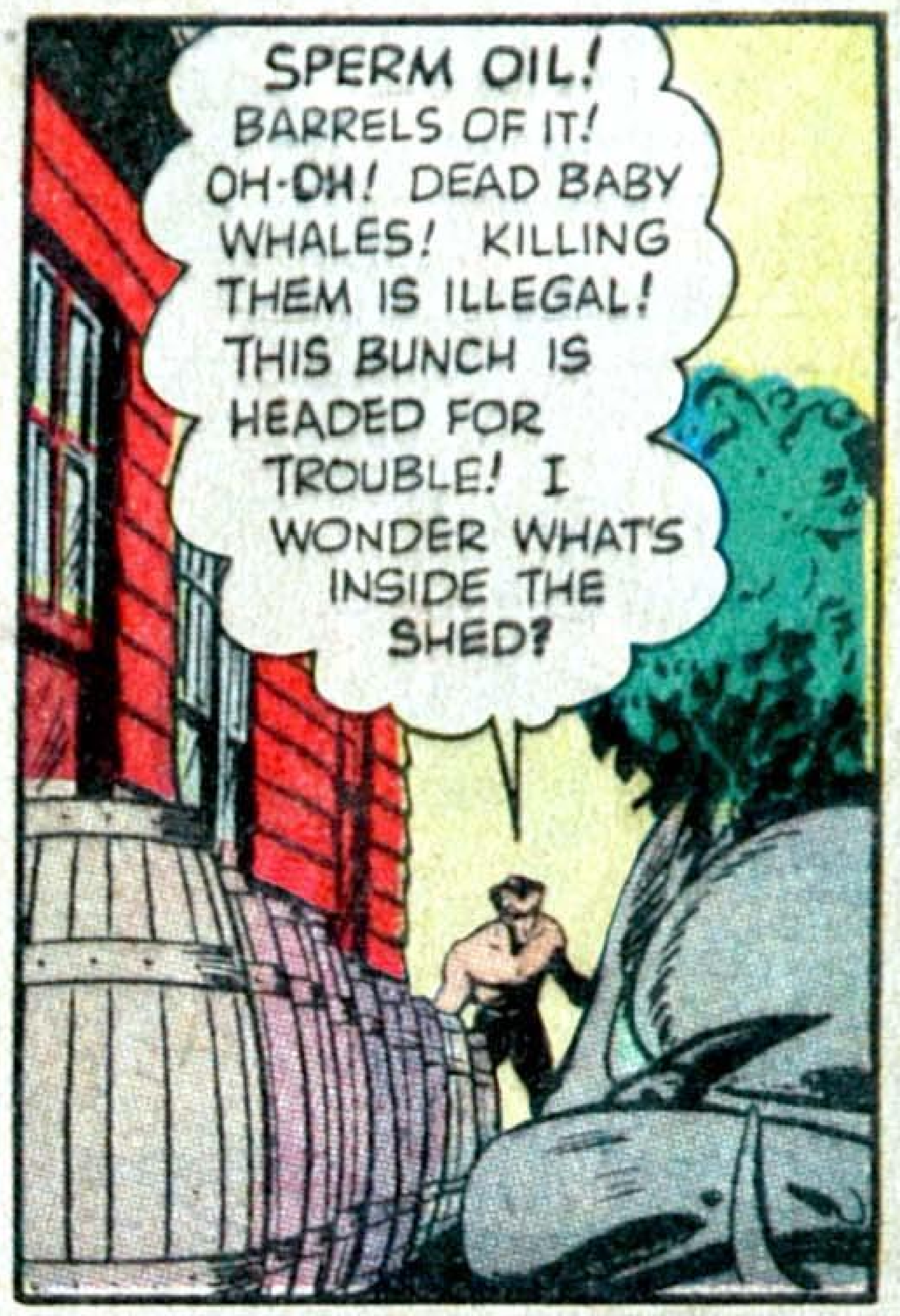
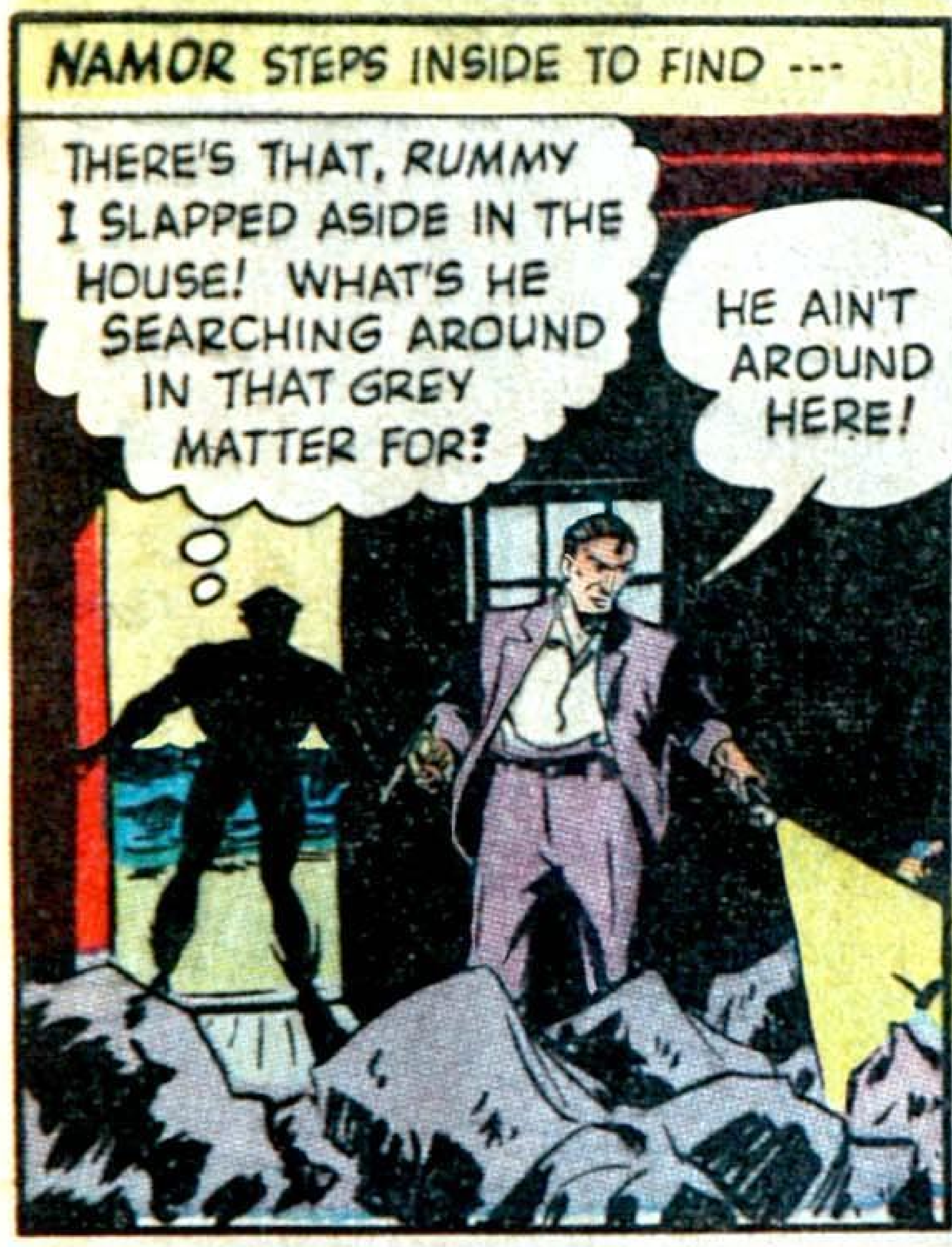
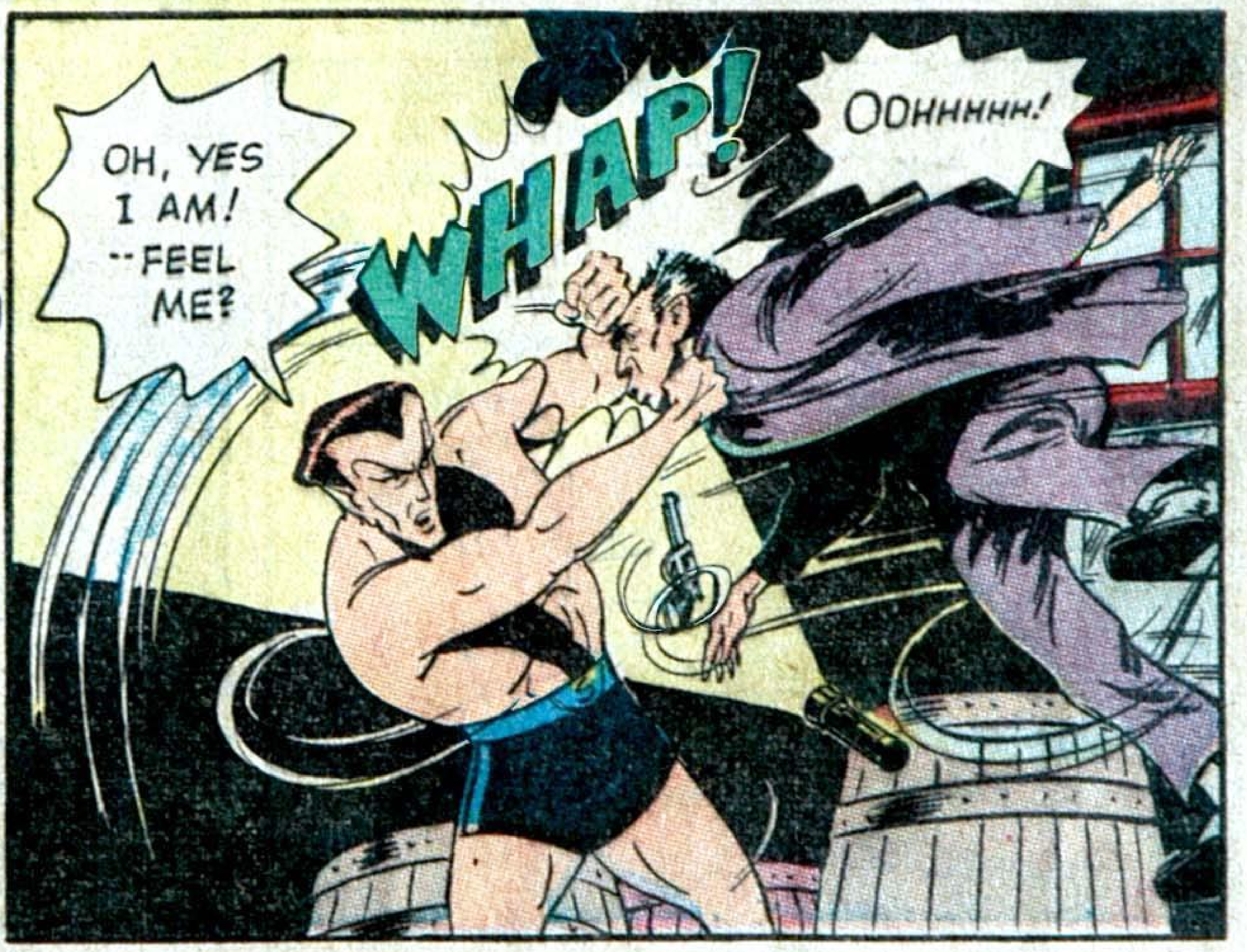
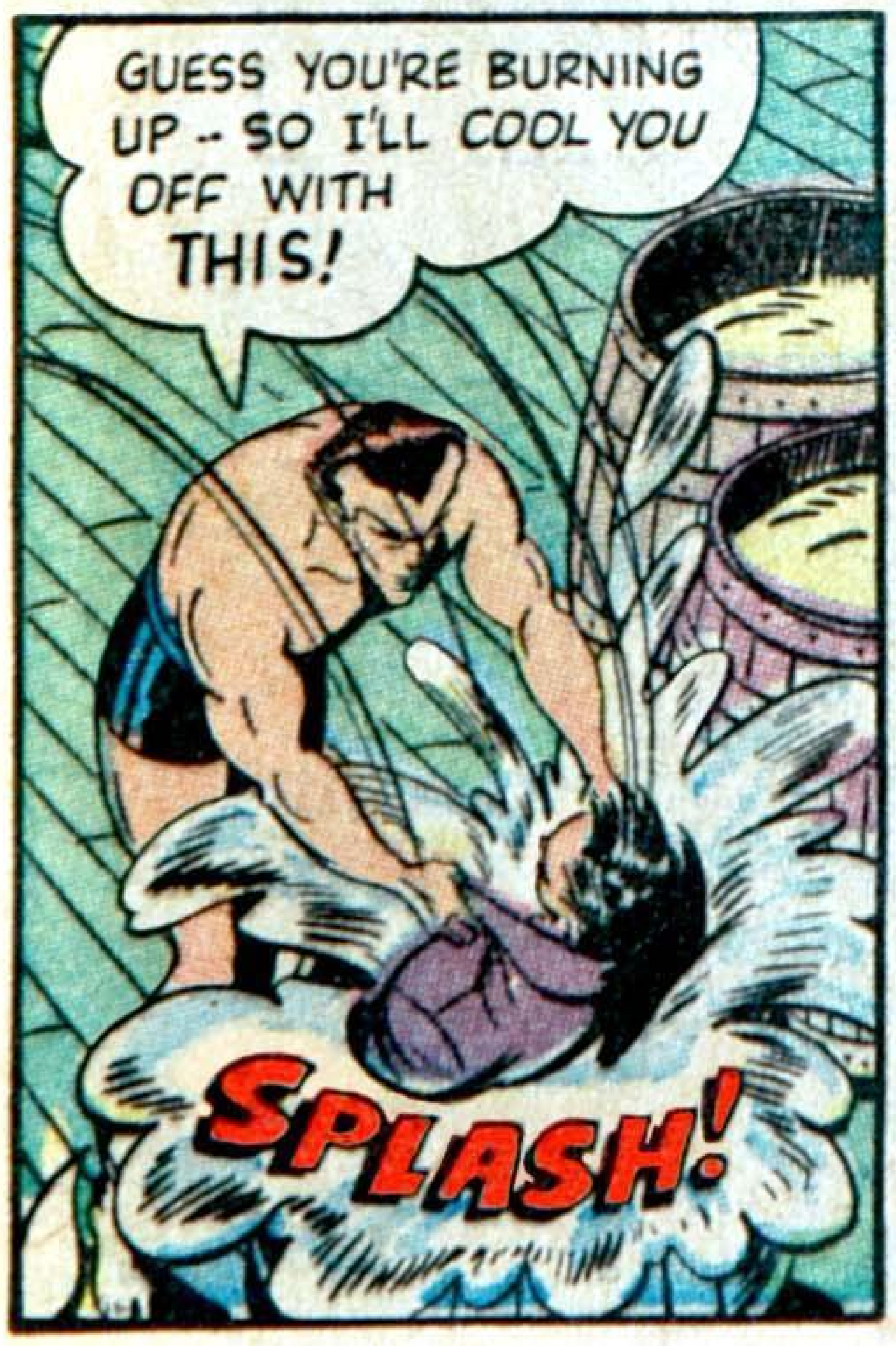

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
HE WON'T IF I CAN CATCH UP WITH HIM!

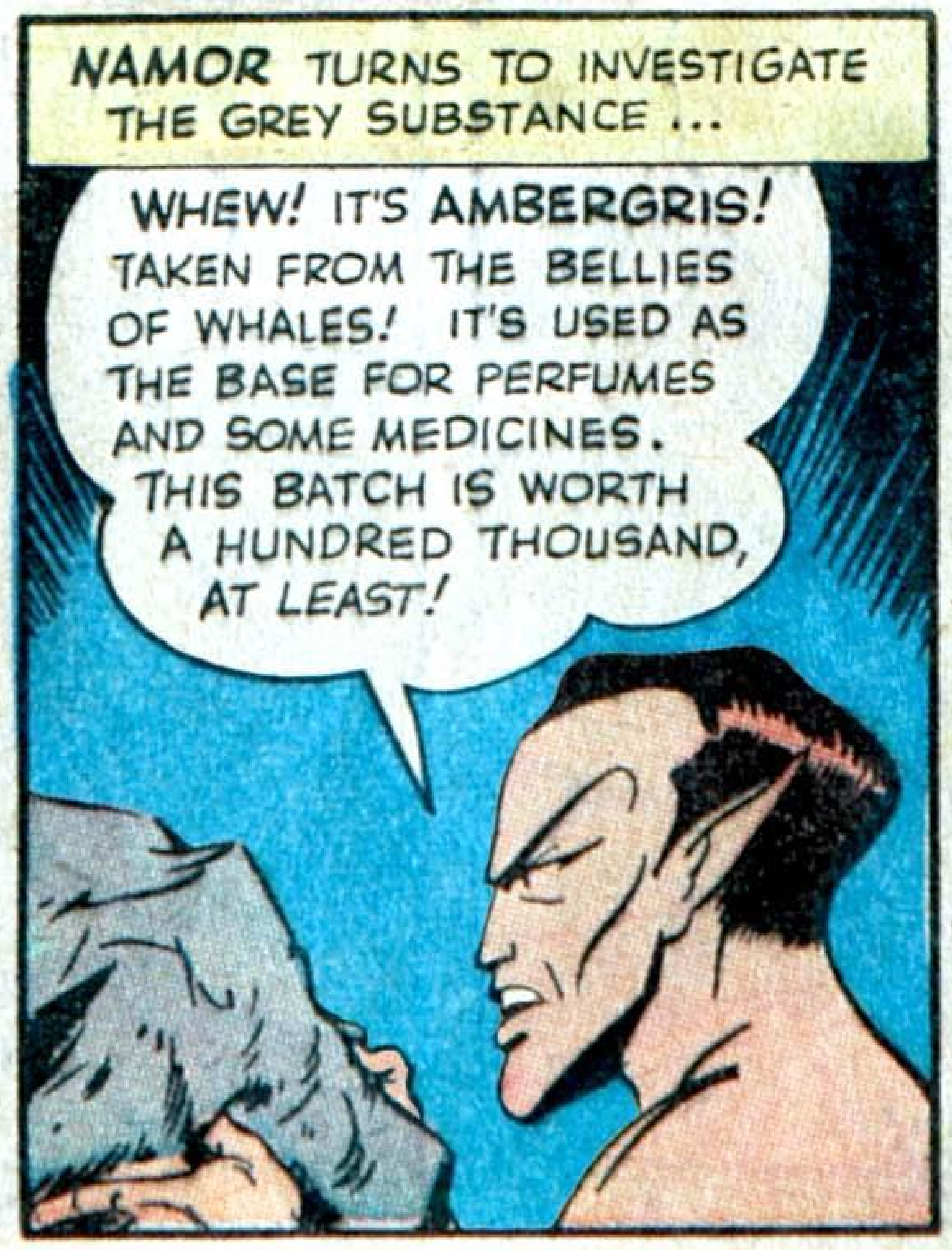

SNIFF! -- SMELLS LIKE DEAD FISH! ----- PARTICULARLY WHALES! --HMM! THAT SHED OVER THERE! --

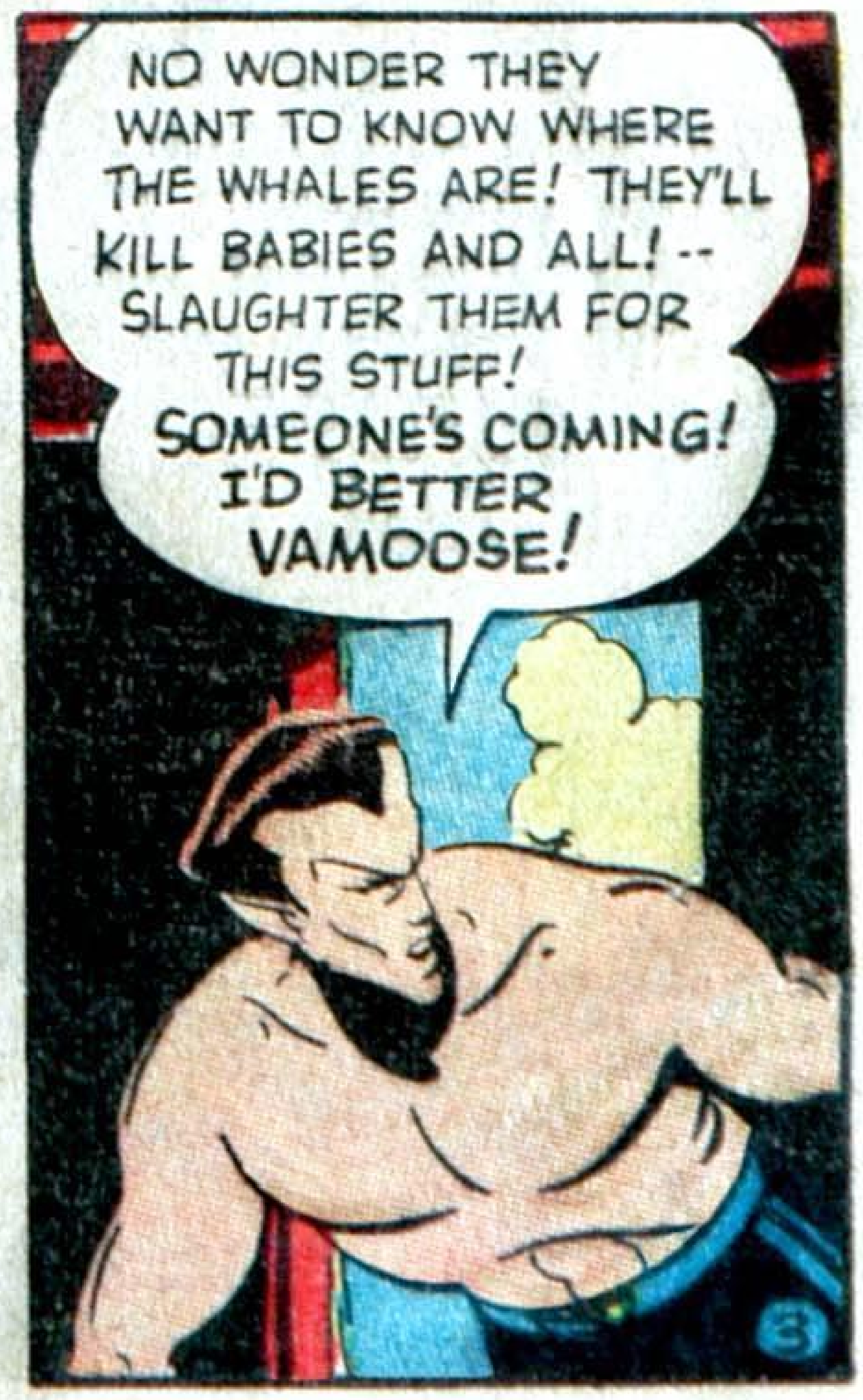

SPERM OIL! BARRELS OF IT! OH-OH! DEAD BABY WHALES! KILLING THEM IS ILLEGAL! THIS BUNCH IS HEADED FOR TROUBLE! I WONDER WHAT'S INSIDE THE SHED?

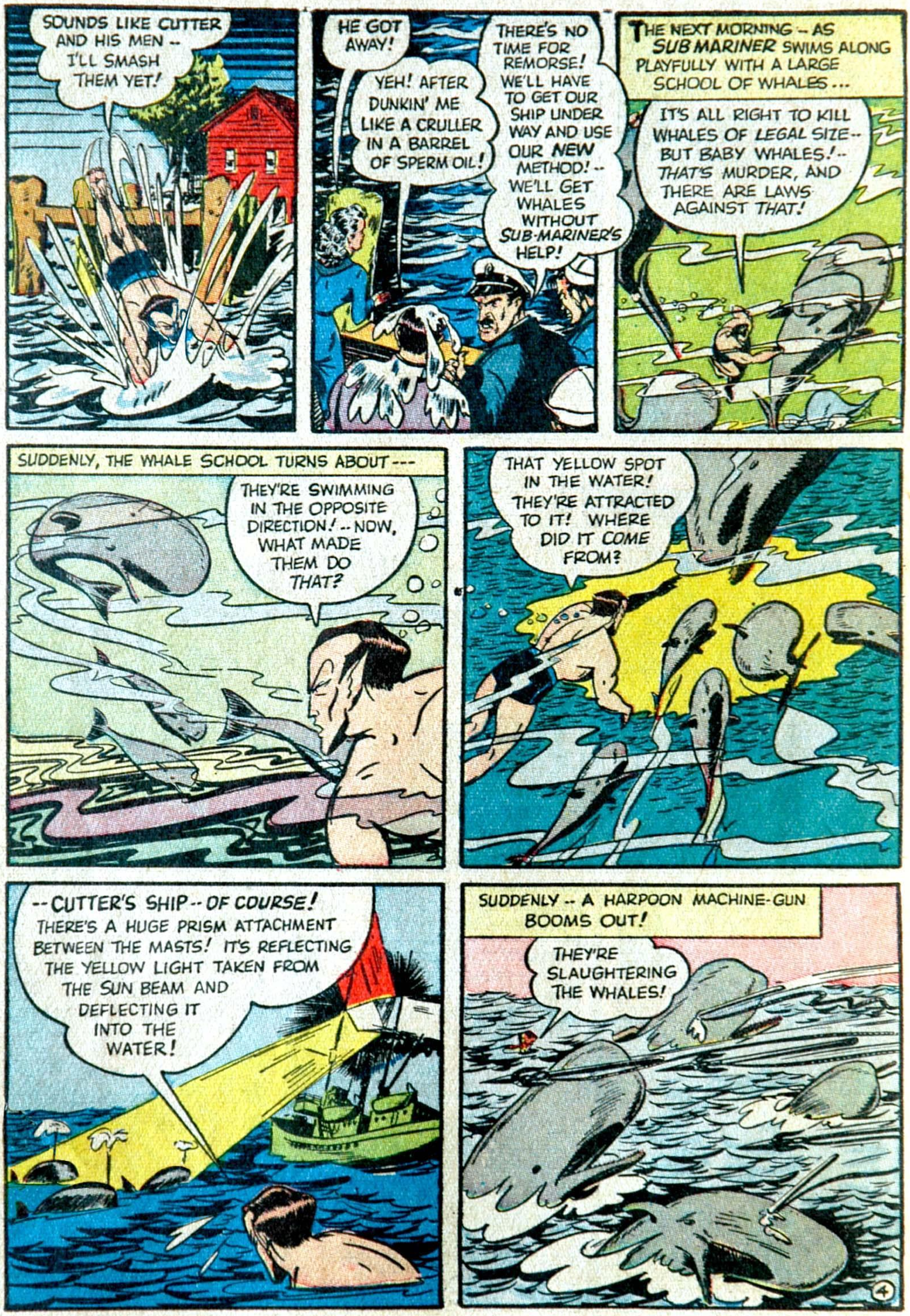

NAMOR STEPS INSIDE TO FIND ---
THERE'S THAT, RUMMY I SLAPPED ASIDE IN THE HOUSE! WHAT'S HE SEARCHING AROUND IN THAT GREY MATTER FOR?
HE AIN'T AROUND HERE!

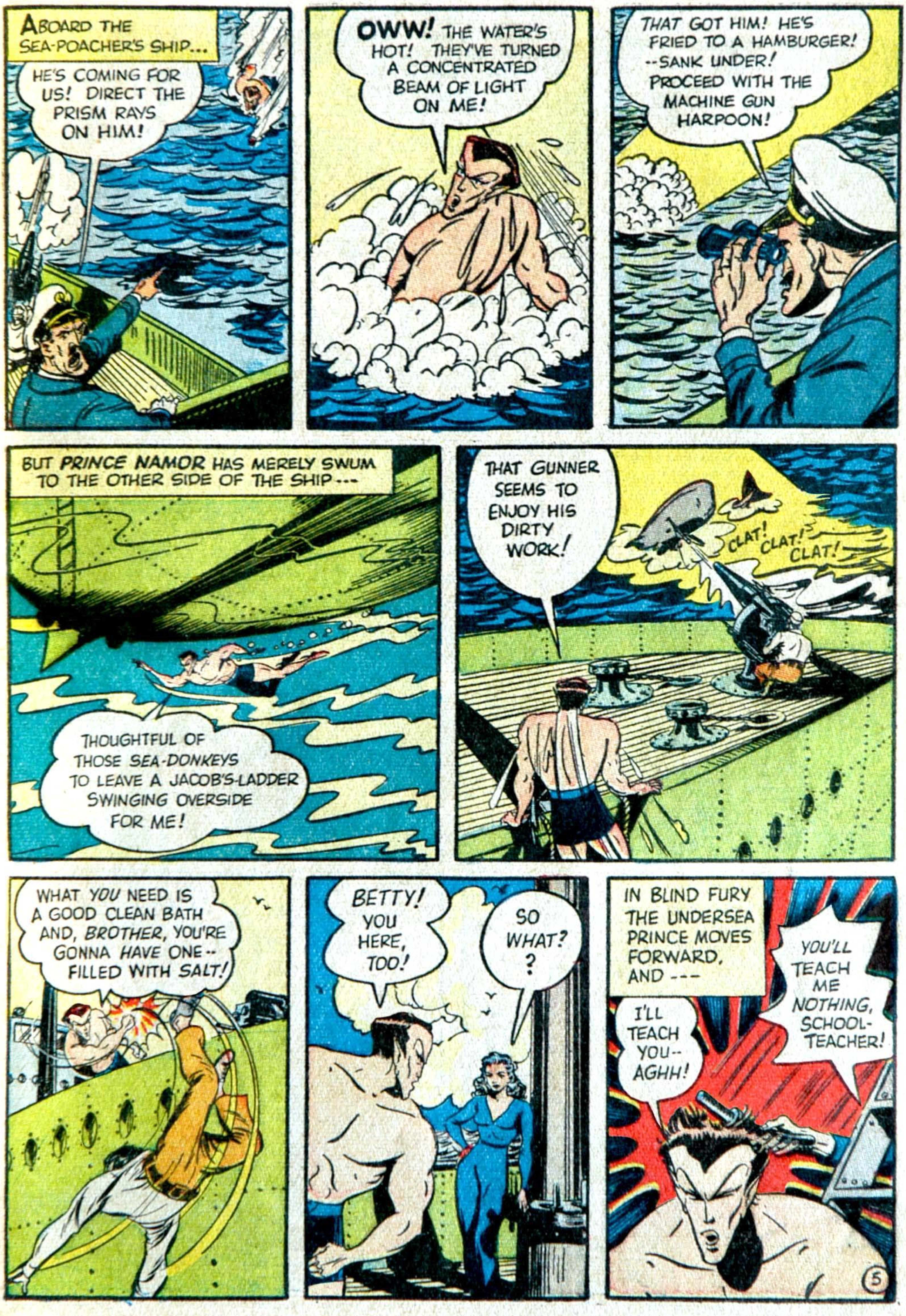

OH, YES I AM! --FEEL ME?
WHAP!
OOHHHHH!

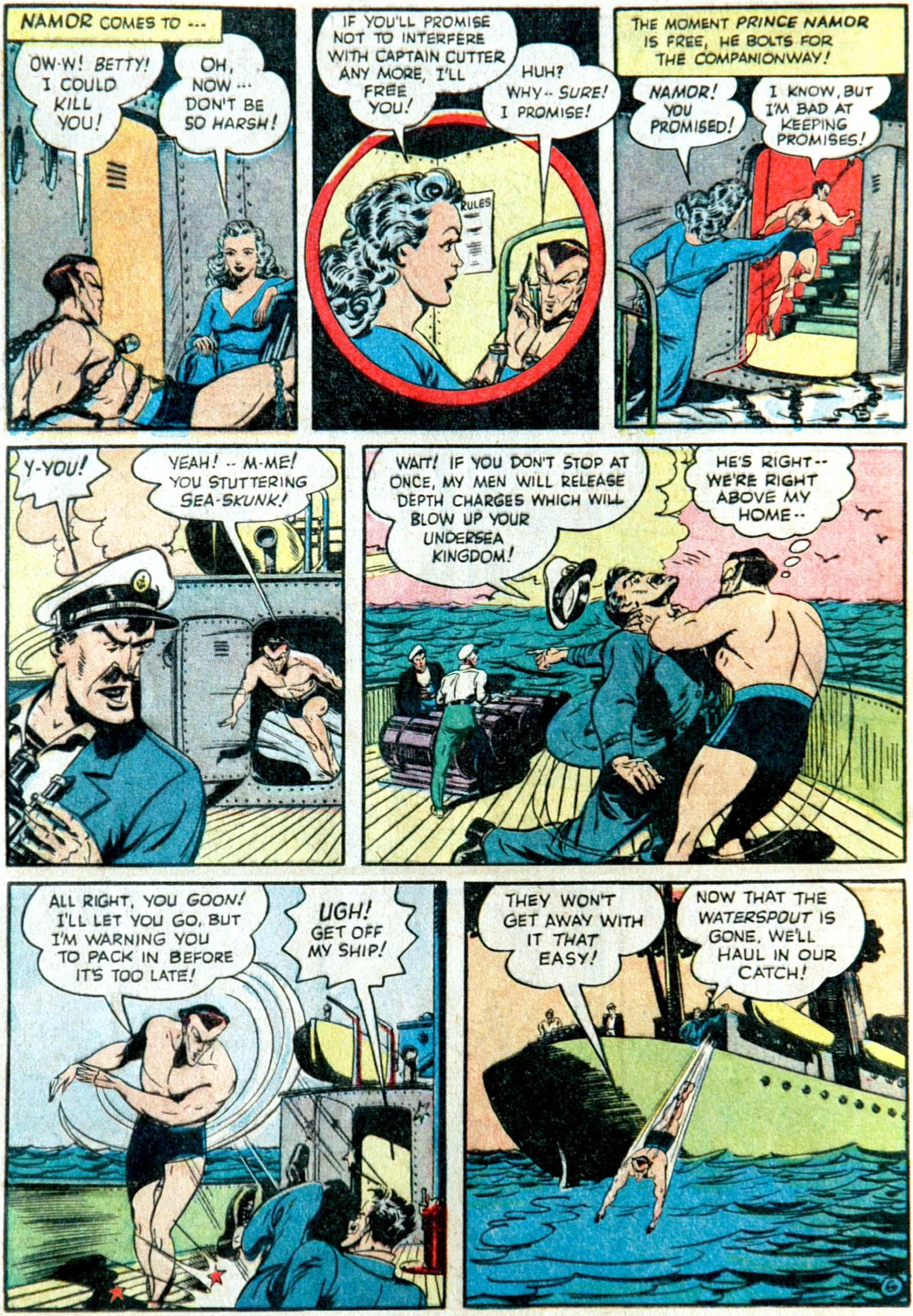

GUESS YOU'RE BURNING UP -- SO I'LL COOL YOU OFF WITH THIS!
SPLASH!

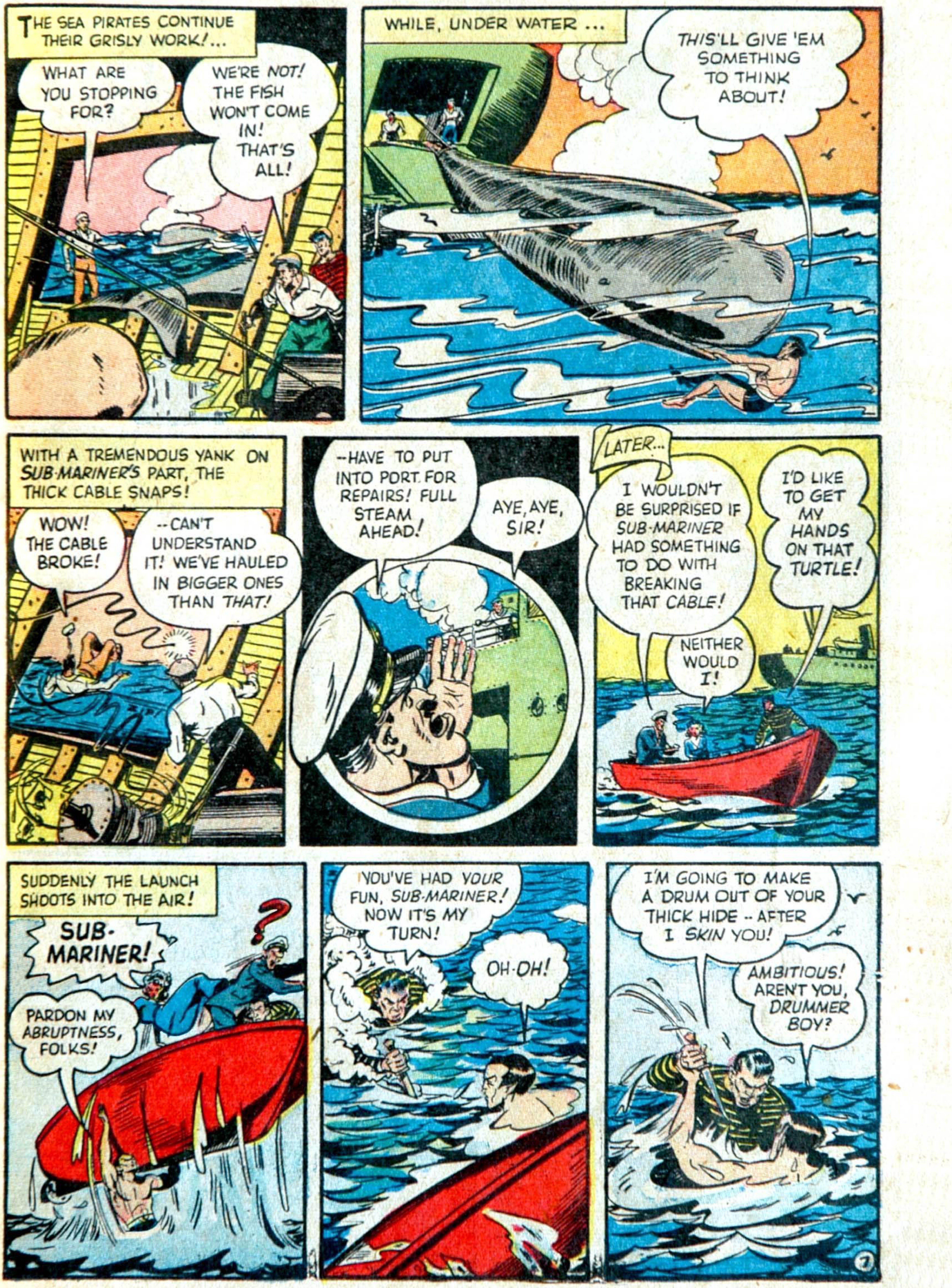

NAMOR TURNS TO INVESTIGATE THE GREY SUBSTANCE ...
WHEW! IT'S AMBERGRIS! TAKEN FROM THE BELLIES OF WHALES! IT'S USED AS THE BASE FOR PERFUMES AND SOME MEDICINES. THIS BATCH IS WORTH A HUNDRED THOUSAND, AT LEAST!

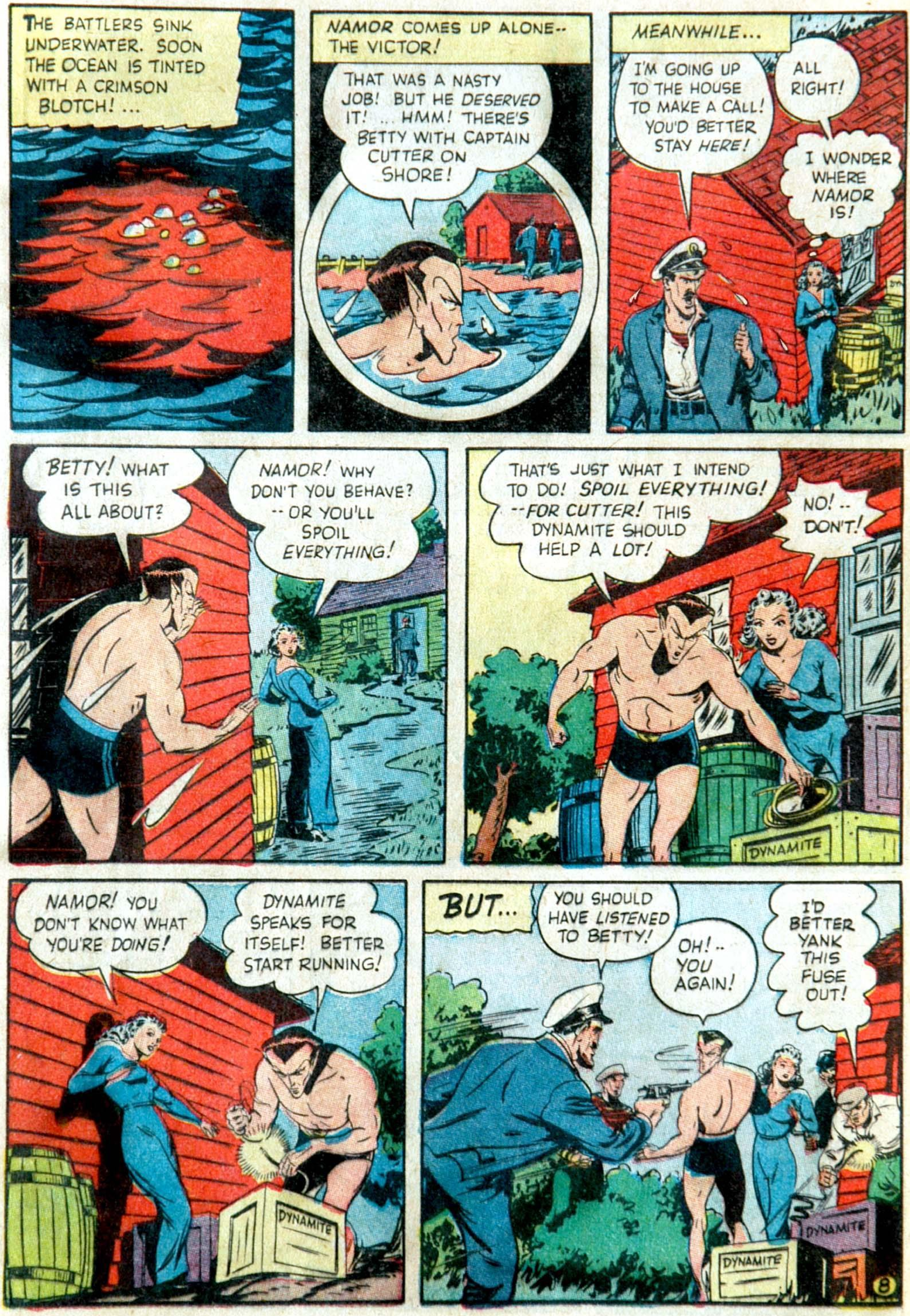

NO WONDER THEY WANT TO KNOW WHERE THE WHALES ARE! THEY'LL KILL BABIES AND ALL! -- SLAUGHTER THEM FOR THIS STUFF! SOMEONE'S COMING! I'D BETTER VAMOOSE!

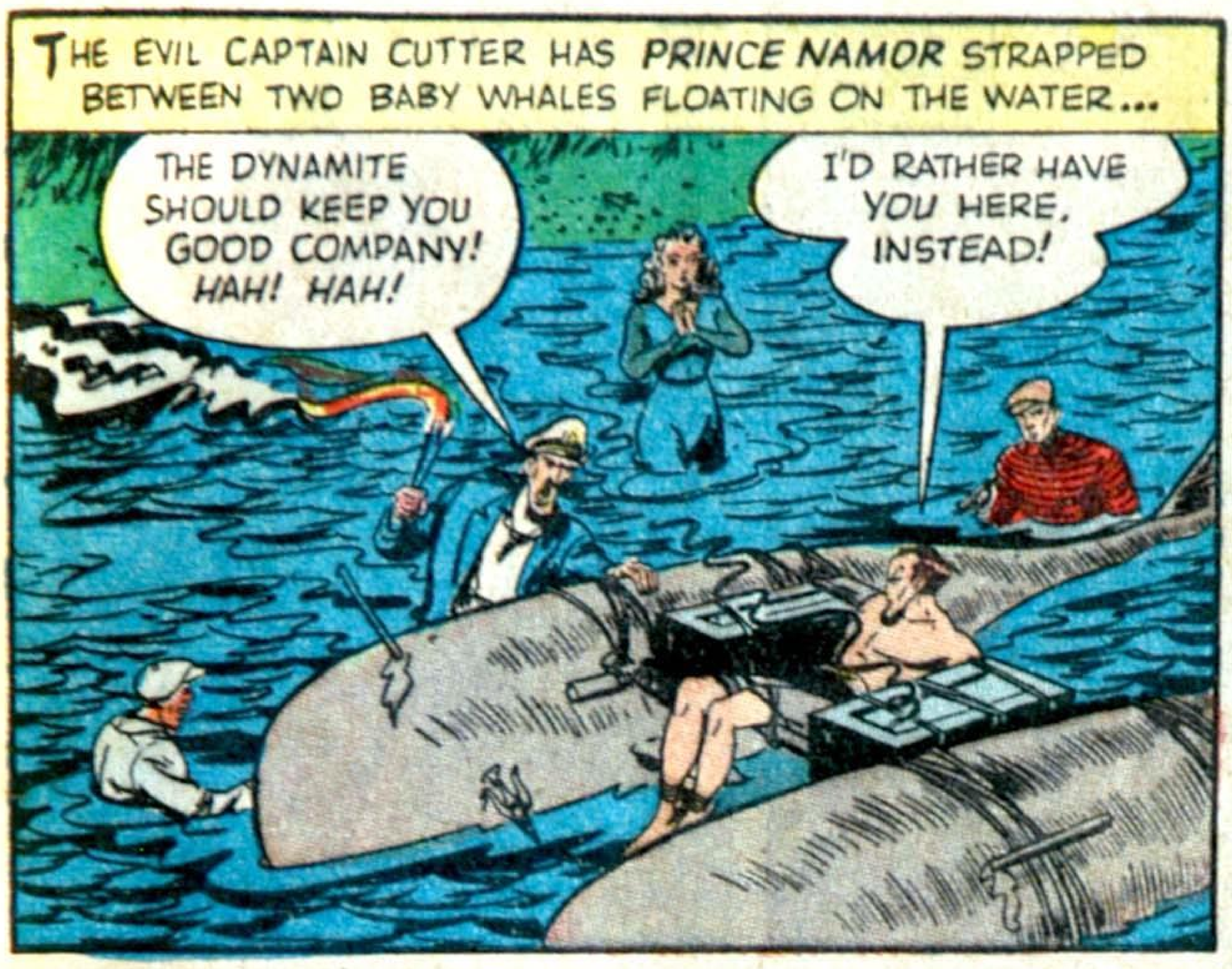

SOUNDS LIKE CUTTER AND HIS MEN -- I'LL SMASH THEM YET!
HE GOT AWAY!
YEH! AFTER DUNKIN' ME LIKE A CRULLER IN A BARREL OF SPERM OIL!
THERE'S NO TIME FOR REMORSE! WE'LL HAVE TO GET OUR SHIP UNDER WAY AND USE OUR NEW METHOD! -- WE'LL GET WHALES WITHOUT SUB-MARINER'S HELP!
THE NEXT MORNING -- AS SUB MARINER SWIMS ALONG PLAYFULLY WITH A LARGE SCHOOL OF WHALES ...
IT'S ALL RIGHT TO KILL WHALES OF LEGAL SIZE -- BUT BABY WHALES! -- THAT'S MURDER, AND THERE ARE LAWS AGAINST THAT!
SUDDENLY, THE WHALE SCHOOL TURNS ABOUT ---
THEY'RE SWIMMING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION! -- NOW, WHAT MADE THEM DO THAT?
THAT YELLOW SPOT IN THE WATER! THEY'RE ATTRACTED TO IT! WHERE DID IT COME FROM?
-- CUTTER'S SHIP -- OF COURSE! THERE'S A HUGE PRISM ATTACHMENT BETWEEN THE MASTS! IT'S REFLECTING THE YELLOW LIGHT TAKEN FROM THE SUN BEAM AND DEFLECTING IT INTO THE WATER!
SUDDENLY -- A HARPOON MACHINE-GUN BOOMS OUT!
THEY'RE SLAUGHTERING THE WHALES!
4


ABOARD THE SEA-POACHER'S SHIP...
HE'S COMING FOR US! DIRECT THE PRISM RAYS ON HIM!
OWW! THE WATER'S HOT! THEY'VE TURNED A CONCENTRATED BEAM OF LIGHT ON ME!
THAT GOT HIM! HE'S FRIED TO A HAMBURGER! --SANK UNDER! PROCEED WITH THE MACHINE GUN HARPOON!
BUT PRINCE NAMOR HAS MERELY SWUM TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHIP---
THOUGHTFUL OF THOSE SEA-DONKEYS TO LEAVE A JACOB'S-LADDER SWINGING OVERSIDE FOR ME!
THAT GUNNER SEEMS TO ENJOY HIS DIRTY WORK!
CLAT! CLAT! CLAT!
WHAT YOU NEED IS A GOOD CLEAN BATH AND, BROTHER, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE ONE-- FILLED WITH SALT!
BETTY! YOU HERE, TOO!
SO WHAT? ?
IN BLIND FURY THE UNDERSEA PRINCE MOVES FORWARD, AND ---
YOU'LL TEACH ME NOTHING, SCHOOL-TEACHER!
I'LL TEACH YOU-- AGHH!


NAMOR COMES TO ---
OW-W! BETTY! I COULD KILL YOU!
OH, NOW ... DON'T BE SO HARSH!
IF YOU'LL PROMISE NOT TO INTERFERE WITH CAPTAIN CUTTER ANY MORE, I'LL FREE YOU!
HUH? WHY-- SURE! I PROMISE!
RULES
THE MOMENT PRINCE NAMOR IS FREE, HE BOLTS FOR THE COMPANIONWAY!
NAMOR! YOU PROMISED!
I KNOW, BUT I'M BAD AT KEEPING PROMISES!
Y-YOU!
YEAH! -- M-ME! YOU STUTTERING SEA-SKUNK!
WAIT! IF YOU DON'T STOP AT ONCE, MY MEN WILL RELEASE DEPTH CHARGES WHICH WILL BLOW UP YOUR UNDERSEA KINGDOM!
HE'S RIGHT-- WE'RE RIGHT ABOVE MY HOME--
ALL RIGHT, YOU GOON! I'LL LET YOU GO, BUT I'M WARNING YOU TO PACK IN BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
UGH! GET OFF MY SHIP!
THEY WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT THAT EASY!
NOW THAT THE WATERSPOUT IS GONE, WE'LL HAUL IN OUR CATCH!

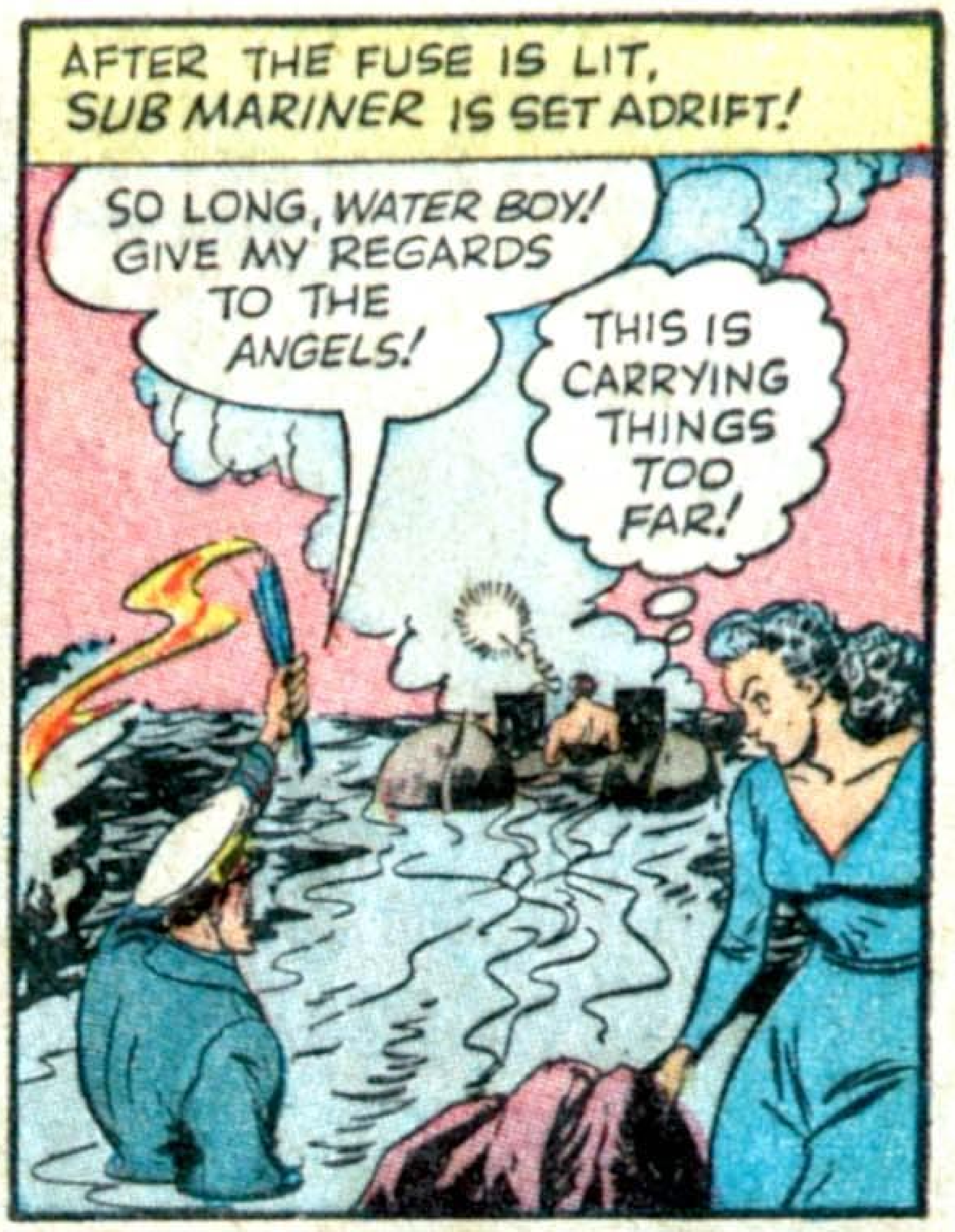

THE SEA PIRATES CONTINUE THEIR GRISLY WORK!...
WHAT ARE YOU STOPPING FOR?
WE'RE *NOT!* THE FISH WON'T COME IN! THAT'S ALL!
WHILE, UNDER WATER ...
THIS'LL GIVE 'EM SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT!
WITH A TREMENDOUS YANK ON *SUB-MARINER'S* PART, THE THICK CABLE SNAPS!
WOW! THE CABLE BROKE!
--CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! WE'VE HAULED IN BIGGER ONES THAN *THAT!*
--HAVE TO PUT INTO PORT FOR REPAIRS! FULL STEAM AHEAD!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
LATER...
I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF *SUB-MARINER* HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH BREAKING THAT *CABLE!*
NEITHER WOULD *I!*
I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT *TURTLE!*
SUDDENLY THE LAUNCH SHOOTS INTO THE AIR!
SUB-MARINER!
?
PARDON MY ABRUPTNESS, FOLKS!
YOU'VE HAD *YOUR* FUN, *SUB-MARINER!* NOW IT'S MY TURN!
OH-*OH!*
I'M GOING TO MAKE A DRUM OUT OF YOUR THICK HIDE -- AFTER I *SKIN* YOU!
AMBITIOUS! AREN'T YOU, *DRUMMER* BOY?


THE BATTLERS SINK UNDERWATER. SOON THE OCEAN IS TINTED WITH A CRIMSON BLOTCH! ...
NAMOR COMES UP ALONE-- THE VICTOR!
THAT WAS A NASTY JOB! BUT HE DESERVED IT! ... HMM! THERE'S BETTY WITH CAPTAIN CUTTER ON SHORE!
MEANWHILE...
I'M GOING UP TO THE HOUSE TO MAKE A CALL! YOU'D BETTER STAY HERE!
ALL RIGHT!
I WONDER WHERE NAMOR IS!
BETTY! WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT?
NAMOR! WHY DON'T YOU BEHAVE? -- OR YOU'LL SPOIL EVERYTHING!
THAT'S JUST WHAT I INTEND TO DO! SPOIL EVERYTHING! --FOR CUTTER! THIS DYNAMITE SHOULD HELP A LOT!
NO! -- DON'T!
DYNAMITE
NAMOR! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
DYNAMITE SPEAKS FOR ITSELF! BETTER START RUNNING!
DYNAMITE
BUT...
YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO BETTY!
OH! .. YOU AGAIN!
I'D BETTER YANK THIS FUSE OUT!
DYNAMITE
DYNAMITE



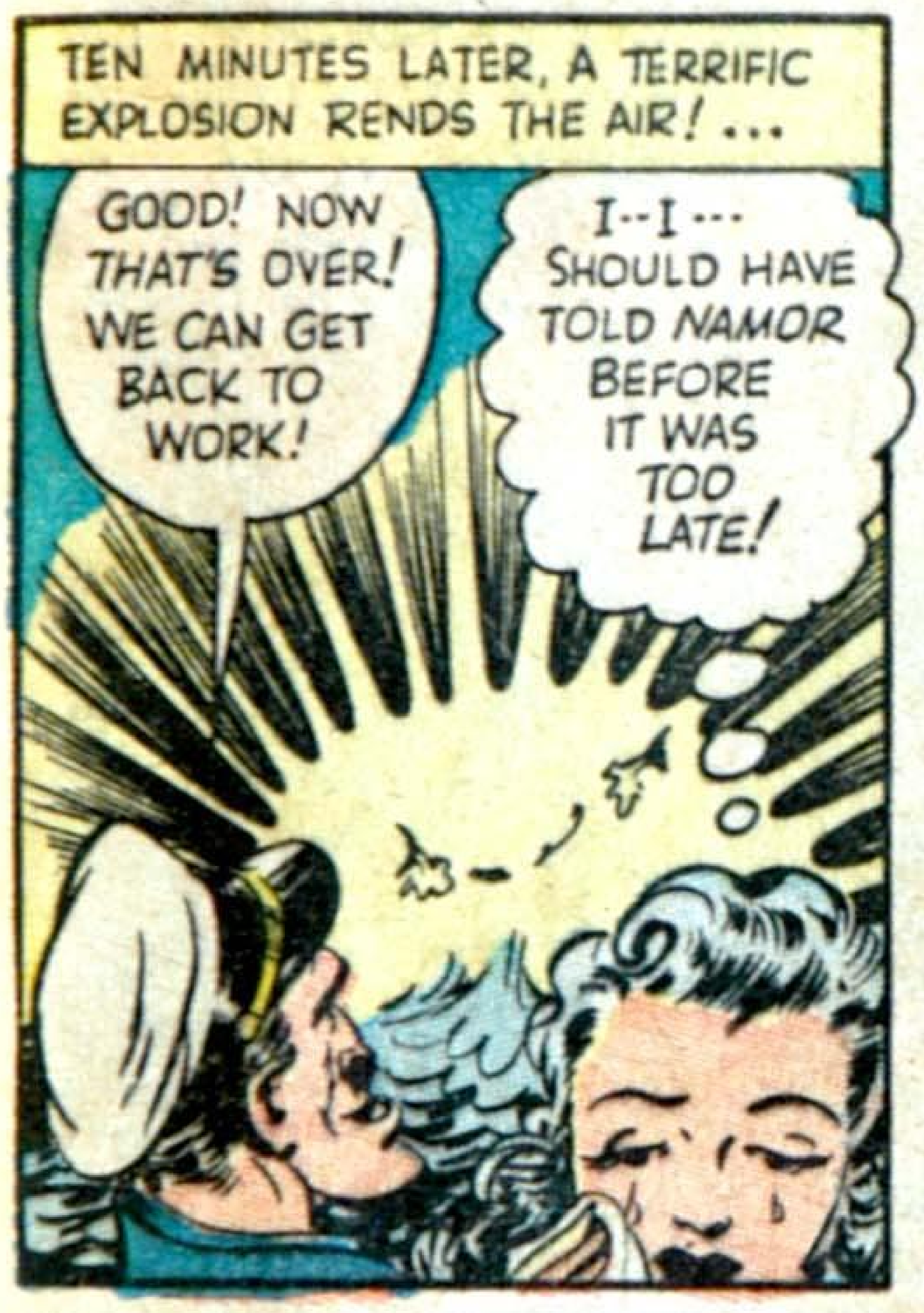
THE EVIL CAPTAIN CUTTER HAS *PRINCE NAMOR* STRAPPED BETWEEN TWO BABY WHALES FLOATING ON THE WATER...

THE DYNAMITE SHOULD KEEP YOU GOOD COMPANY! *HAH! HAH!*
I'D RATHER HAVE *YOU* HERE, INSTEAD!



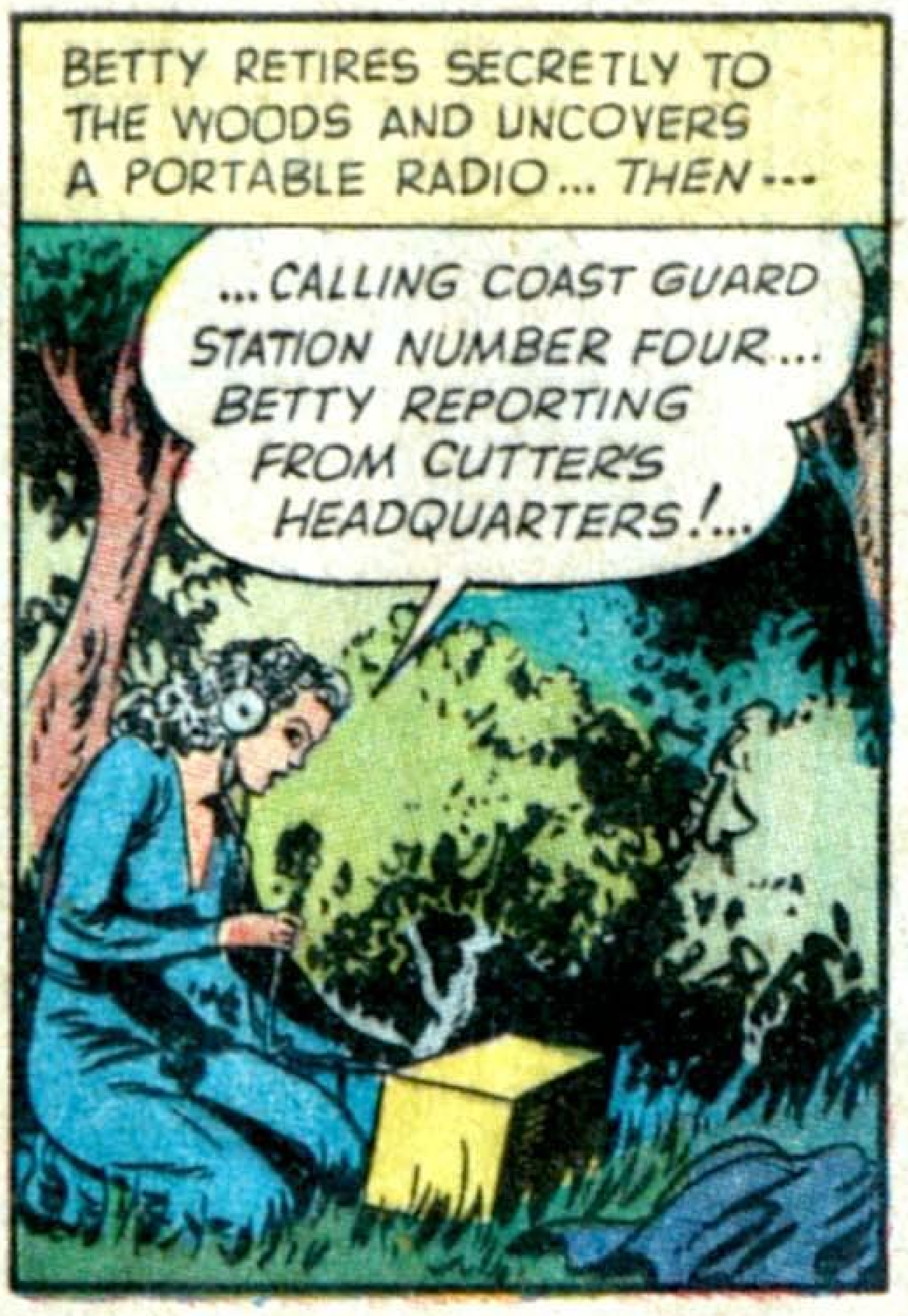
AFTER THE FUSE IS LIT, *SUB MARINER* IS SET ADRIFT!

SO LONG, *WATER BOY!* GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE *ANGELS!*
THIS IS CARRYING THINGS TOO FAR!



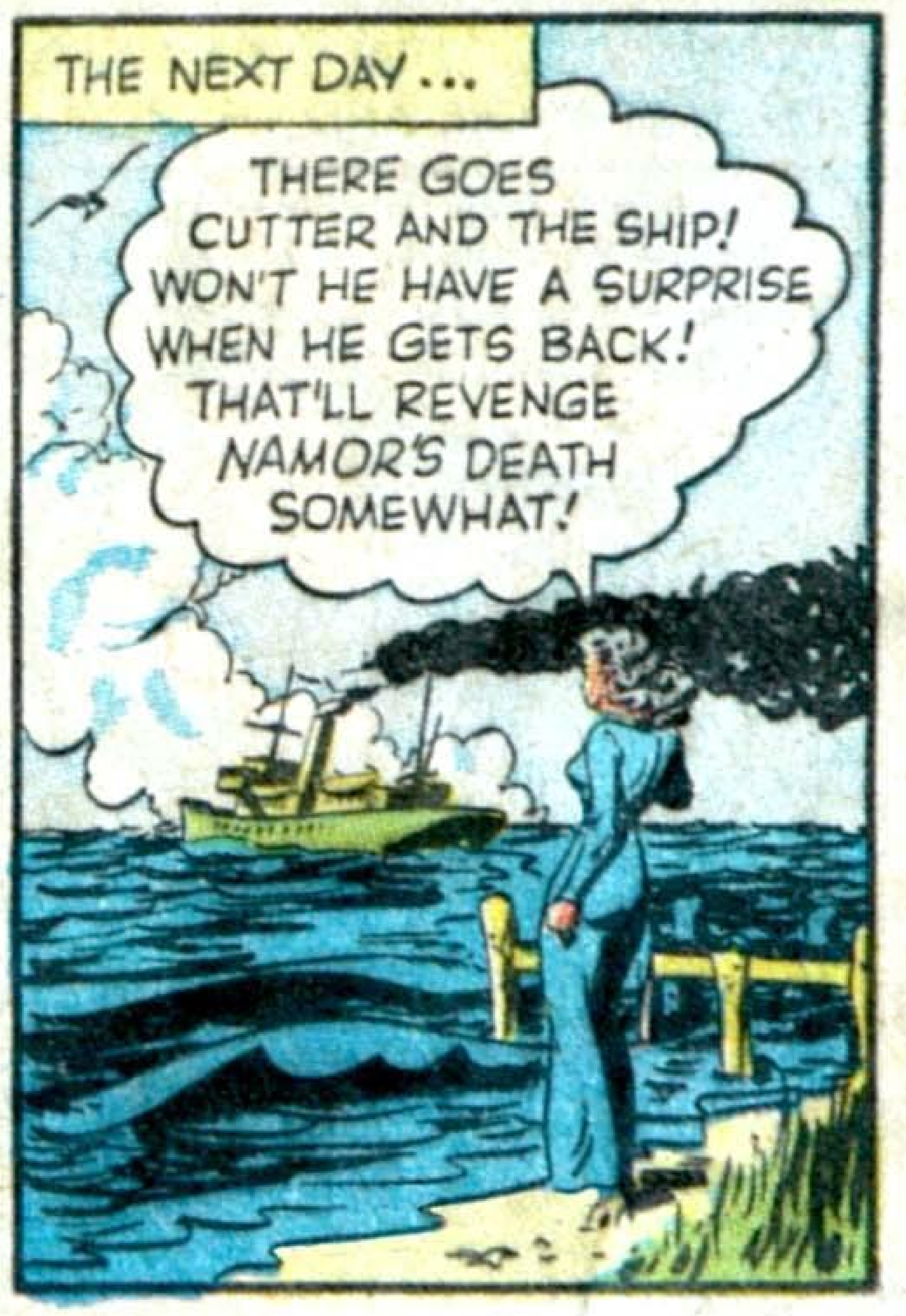
TEN MINUTES LATER, A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION RENDS THE AIR! ...

GOOD! NOW *THAT'S* OVER! WE CAN GET BACK TO WORK!
I--I --- SHOULD HAVE TOLD *NAMOR* BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE!



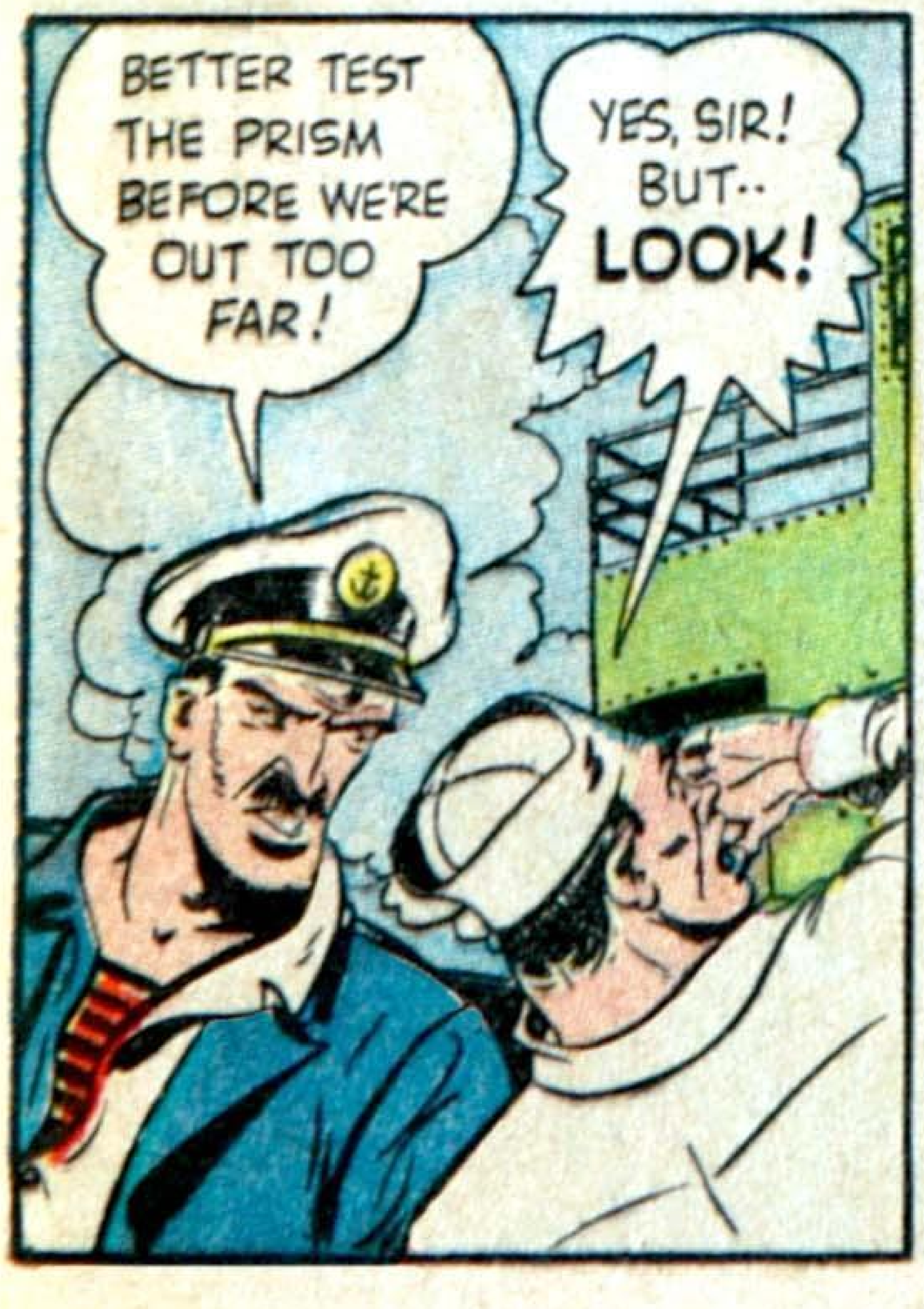
BETTY RETIRES SECRETLY TO THE WOODS AND UNCOVERS A PORTABLE RADIO ... *THEN* ---

...CALLING COAST GUARD STATION NUMBER FOUR... BETTY REPORTING FROM CUTTER'S HEADQUARTERS!...

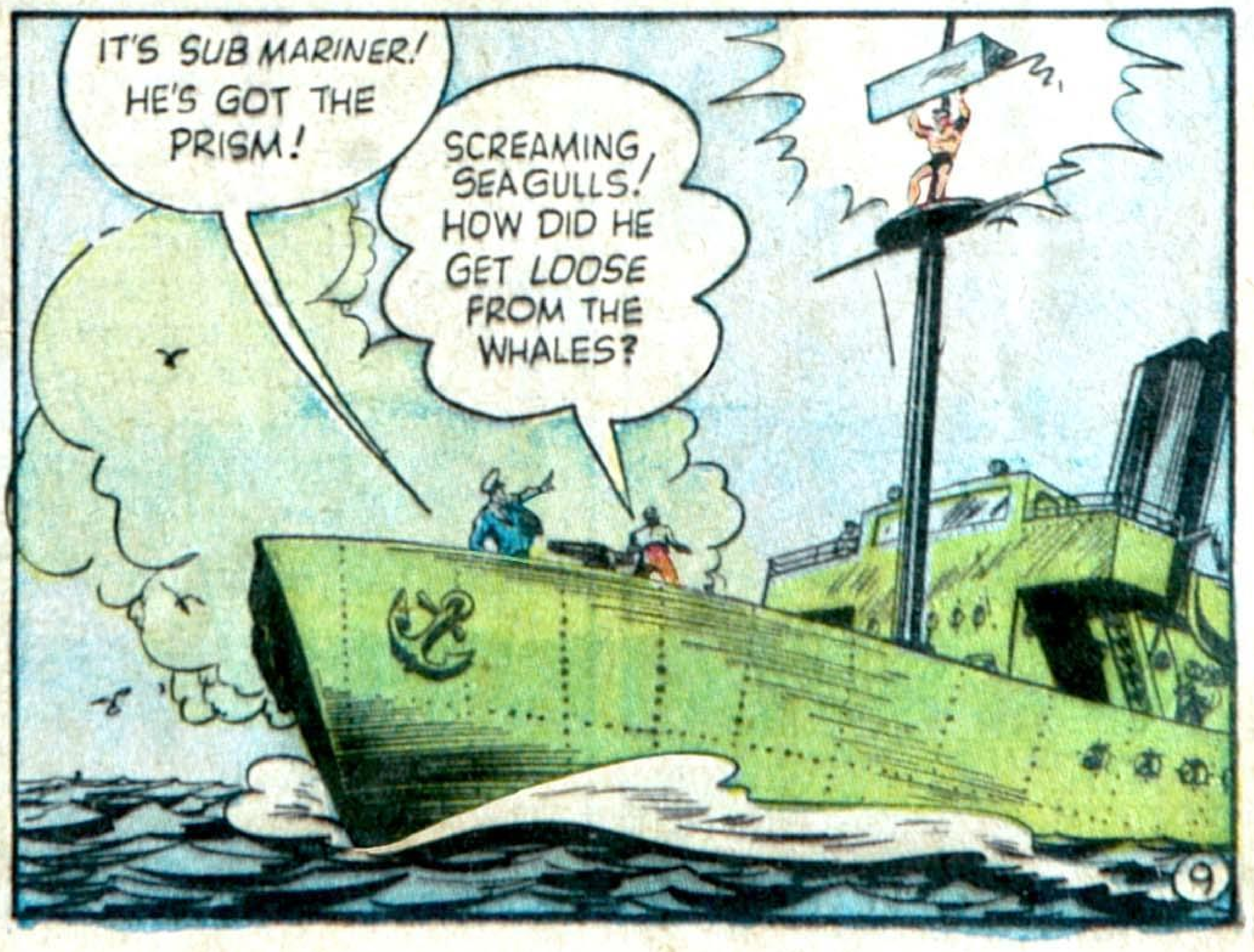


THE NEXT DAY ...

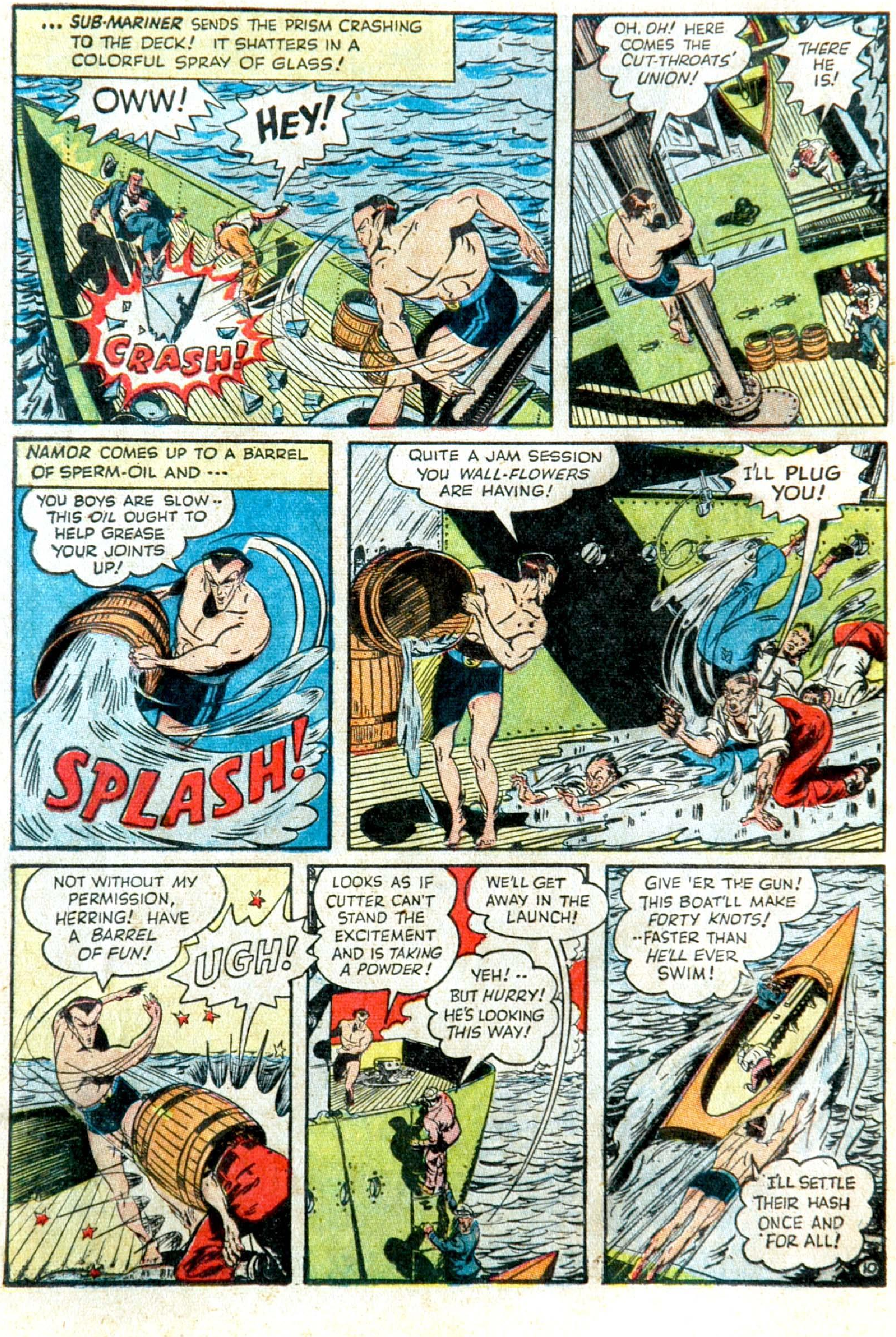
THERE GOES CUTTER AND THE SHIP! WON'T HE HAVE A SURPRISE WHEN HE GETS BACK! THAT'LL REVENGE *NAMOR'S* DEATH SOMEWHAT!

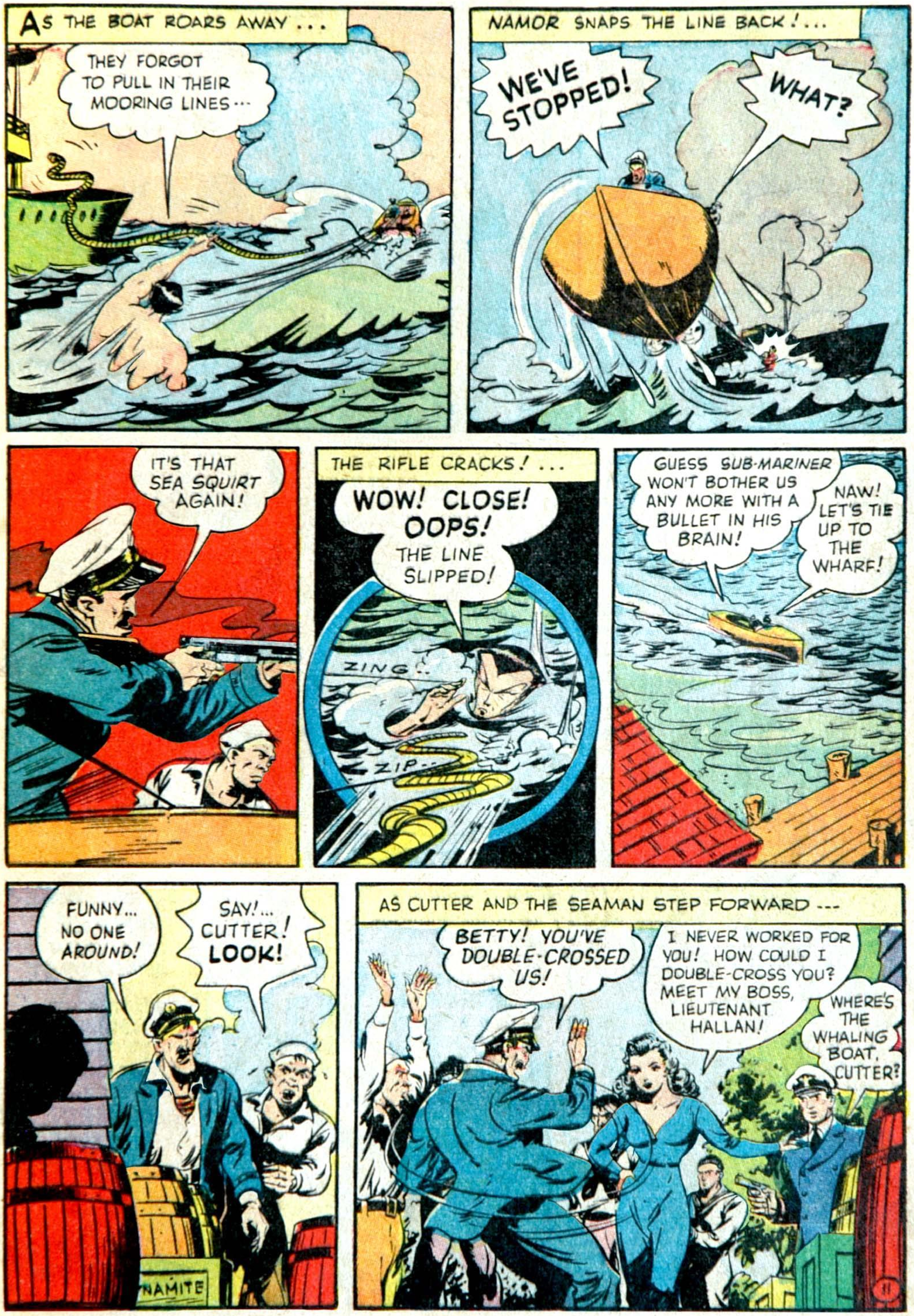


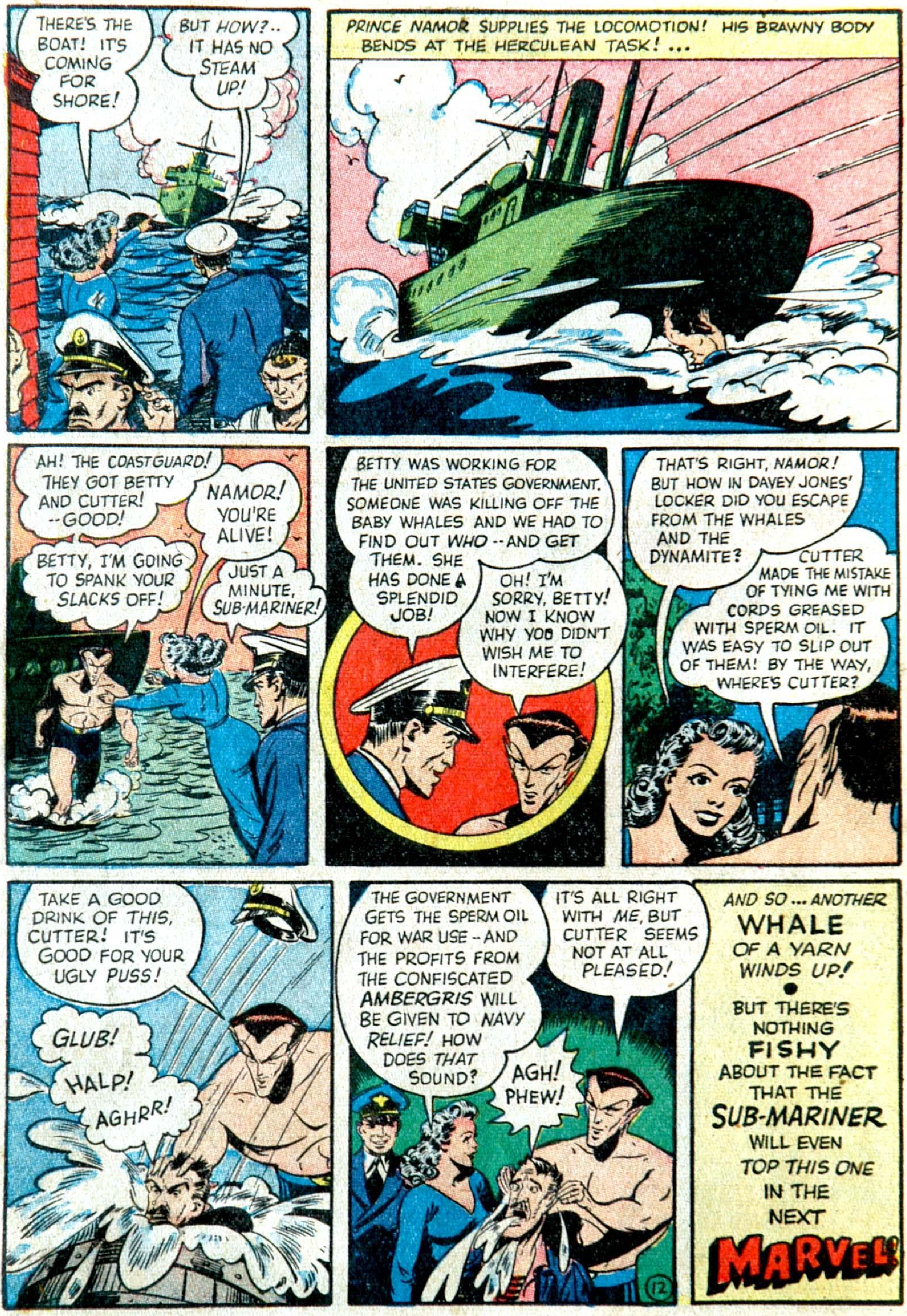
BETTER TEST THE PRISM BEFORE WE'RE OUT TOO FAR!
YES, SIR! BUT.. **LOOK!**

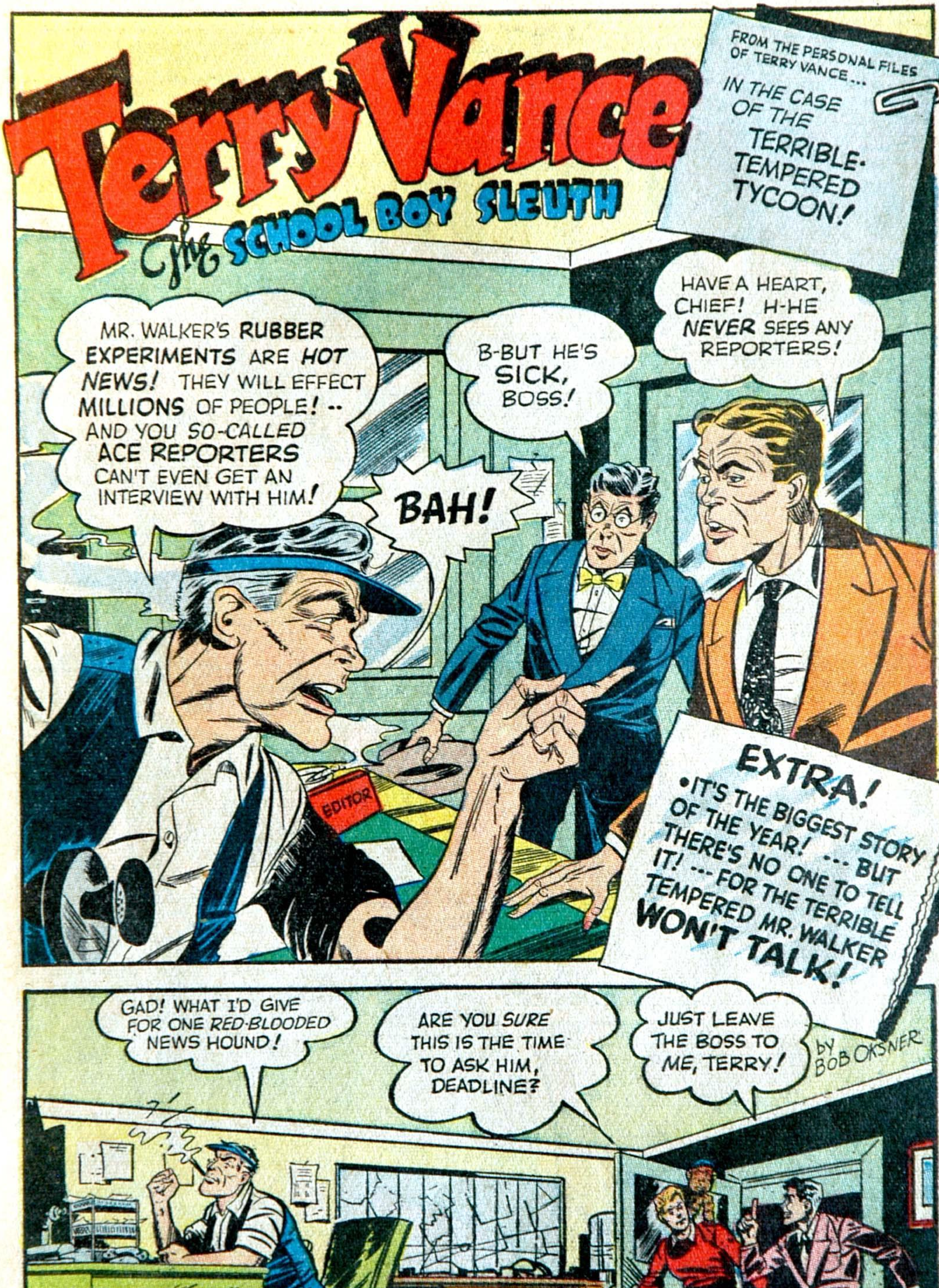


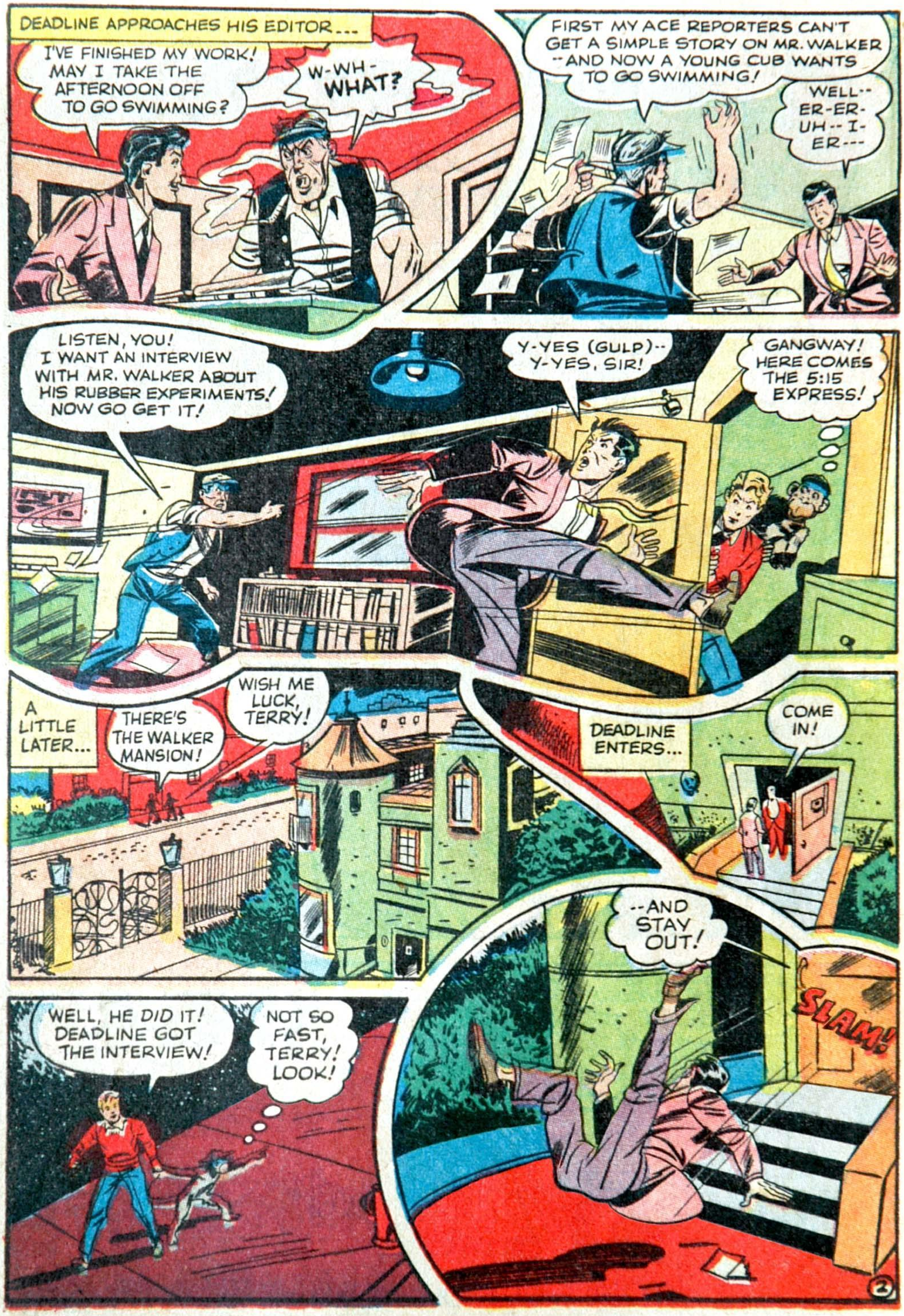
IT'S *SUB MARINER!* HE'S GOT THE PRISM!
SCREAMING, SEAGULLS! HOW DID HE GET *LOOSE* FROM THE WHALES?

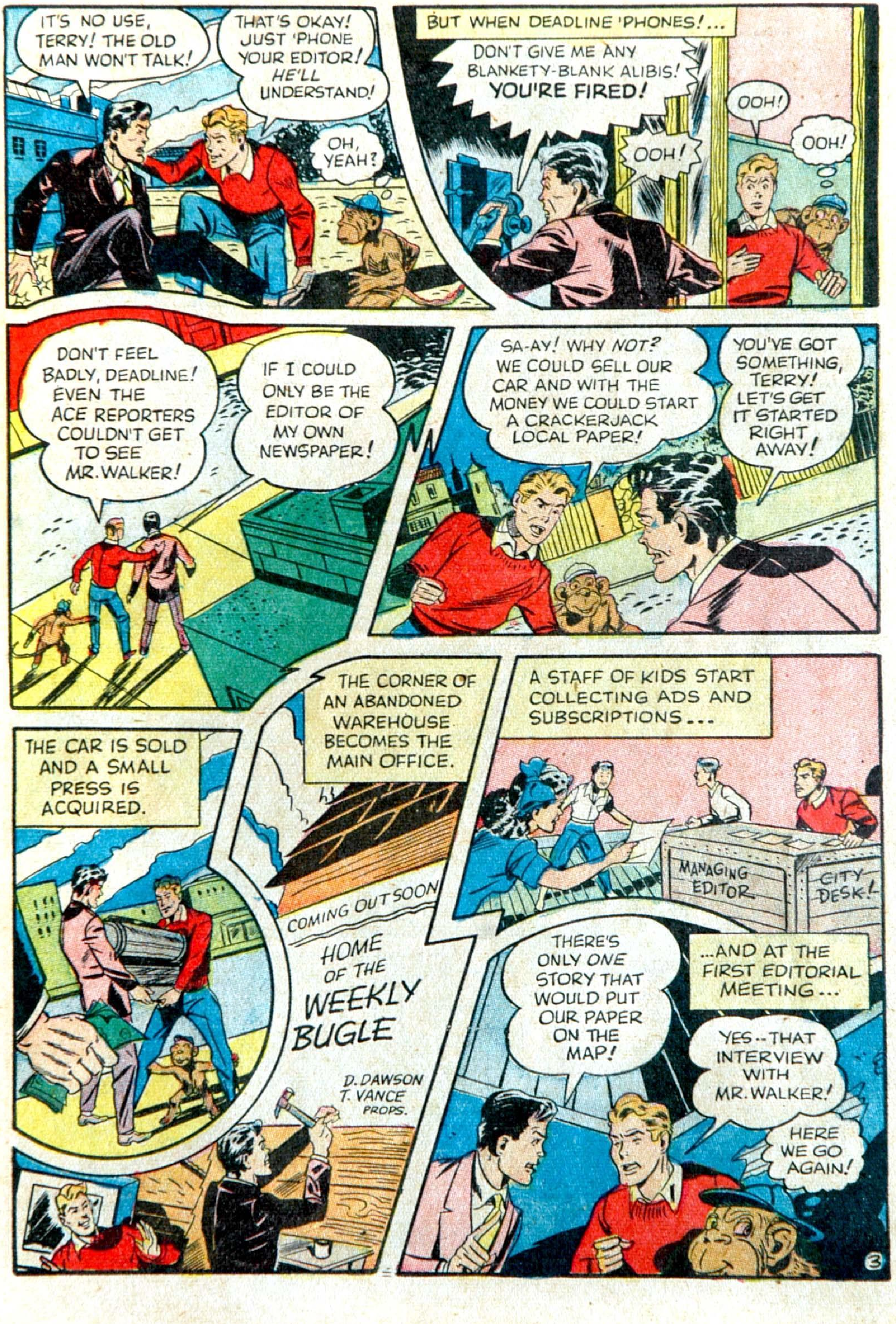

... SUB-MARINER SENDS THE PRISM CRASHING TO THE DECK! IT SHATTERS IN A COLORFUL SPRAY OF GLASS!
OWW!
HEY!
CRASH!
OH, OH! HERE COMES THE CUT-THROATS' UNION!
THERE HE IS!
NAMOR COMES UP TO A BARREL OF SPERM-OIL AND ---
YOU BOYS ARE SLOW -- THIS OIL OUGHT TO HELP GREASE YOUR JOINTS UP!
SPLASH!
QUITE A JAM SESSION YOU WALL-FLOWERS ARE HAVING!
I'LL PLUG YOU!
NOT WITHOUT MY PERMISSION, HERRING! HAVE A BARREL OF FUN!
UGH!
LOOKS AS IF CUTTER CAN'T STAND THE EXCITEMENT AND IS TAKING A POWDER!
WE'LL GET AWAY IN THE LAUNCH!
YEH! -- BUT HURRY! HE'S LOOKING THIS WAY!
GIVE 'ER THE GUN! THIS BOAT'LL MAKE FORTY KNOTS! --FASTER THAN HE'LL EVER SWIM!
I'LL SETTLE THEIR HASH ONCE AND FOR ALL!
10

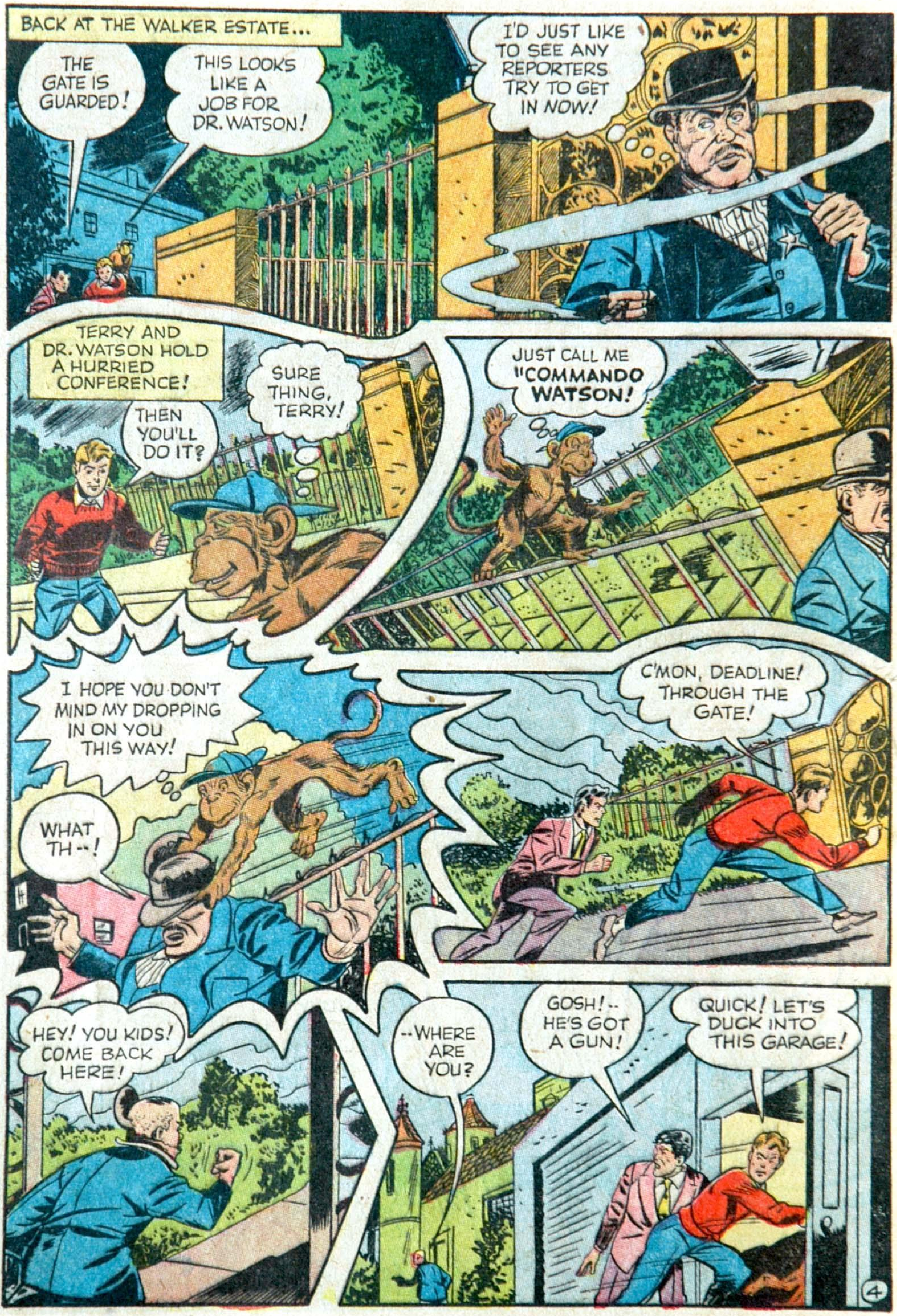

AS THE BOAT ROARS AWAY ...
THEY FORGOT TO PULL IN THEIR MOORING LINES ···
NAMOR SNAPS THE LINE BACK! ...
WE'VE STOPPED!
WHAT?
IT'S THAT SEA SQUIRT AGAIN!
THE RIFLE CRACKS! ...
WOW! CLOSE! OOPS! THE LINE SLIPPED!
ZING...
ZIP...
GUESS SUB-MARINER WON'T BOTHER US ANY MORE WITH A BULLET IN HIS BRAIN!
NAW! LET'S TIE UP TO THE WHARF!
FUNNY... NO ONE AROUND!
SAY!... CUTTER! LOOK!
NAMITE
AS CUTTER AND THE SEAMAN STEP FORWARD ---
BETTY! YOU'VE DOUBLE-CROSSED US!
I NEVER WORKED FOR YOU! HOW COULD I DOUBLE-CROSS YOU? MEET MY BOSS, LIEUTENANT HALLAN!
WHERE'S THE WHALING BOAT, CUTTER?
11

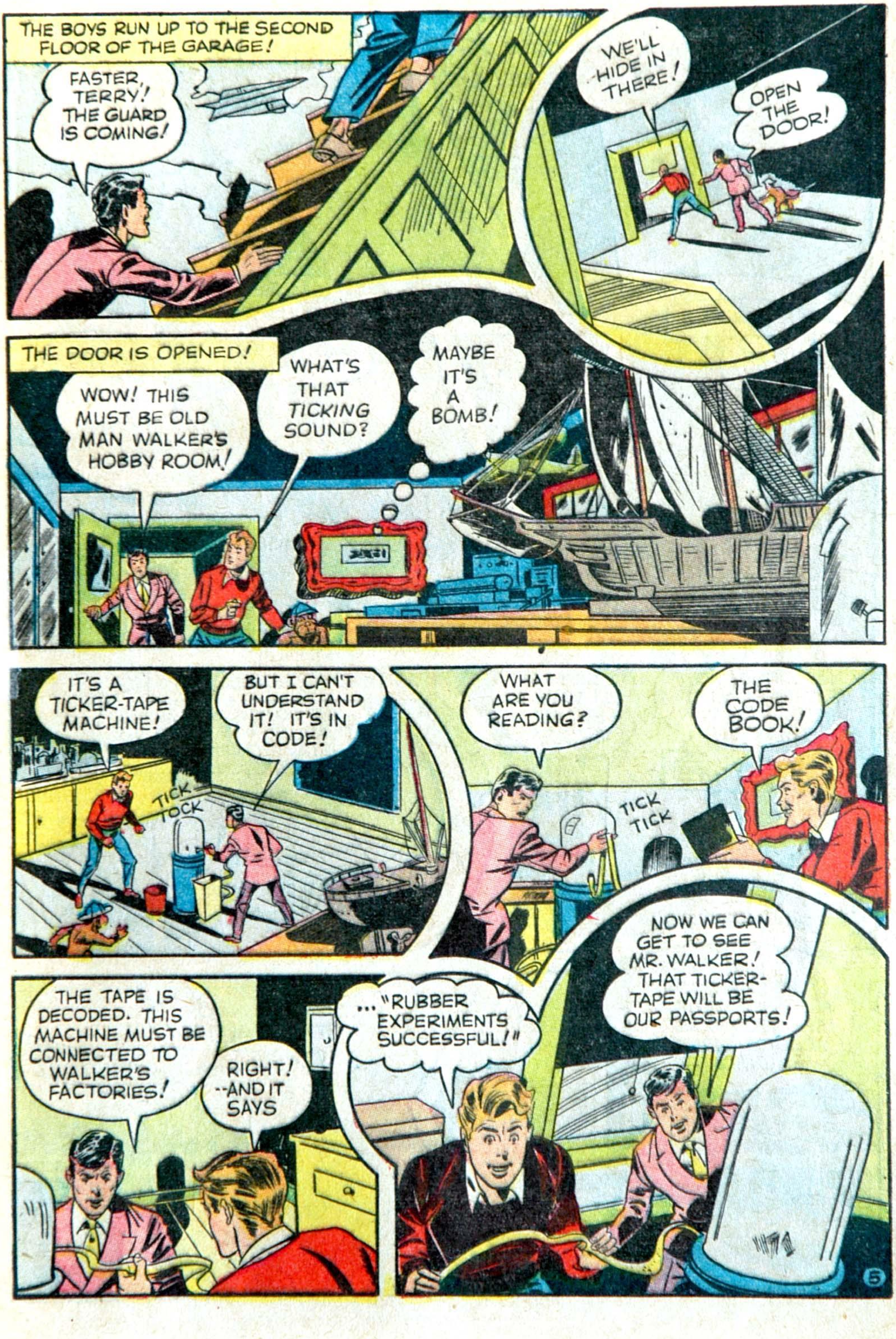

THERE'S THE BOAT! IT'S COMING FOR SHORE!
BUT HOW?.. IT HAS NO STEAM UP!
PRINCE NAMOR SUPPLIES THE LOCOMOTION! HIS BRAWNY BODY BENDS AT THE HERCULEAN TASK! ...
AH! THE COASTGUARD! THEY GOT BETTY AND CUTTER! --GOOD!
NAMOR! YOU'RE ALIVE!
BETTY, I'M GOING TO SPANK YOUR SLACKS OFF!
JUST A MINUTE, SUB-MARINER!
BETTY WAS WORKING FOR THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. SOMEONE WAS KILLING OFF THE BABY WHALES AND WE HAD TO FIND OUT WHO -- AND GET THEM. SHE HAS DONE A SPLENDID JOB!
OH! I'M SORRY, BETTY! NOW I KNOW WHY YOU DIDN'T WISH ME TO INTERFERE!
THAT'S RIGHT, NAMOR! BUT HOW IN DAVEY JONES' LOCKER DID YOU ESCAPE FROM THE WHALES AND THE DYNAMITE?
CUTTER MADE THE MISTAKE OF TYING ME WITH CORDS GREASED WITH SPERM OIL. IT WAS EASY TO SLIP OUT OF THEM! BY THE WAY, WHERE'S CUTTER?
TAKE A GOOD DRINK OF THIS, CUTTER! IT'S GOOD FOR YOUR UGLY PUSS!
GLUB!
HALP!
AGHRR!
THE GOVERNMENT GETS THE SPERM OIL FOR WAR USE -- AND THE PROFITS FROM THE CONFISCATED AMBERGRIS WILL BE GIVEN TO NAVY RELIEF! HOW DOES THAT SOUND?
IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME, BUT CUTTER SEEMS NOT AT ALL PLEASED!
AGH! PHEW!
12
AND SO ... ANOTHER WHALE OF A YARN WINDS UP!
BUT THERE'S NOTHING FISHY ABOUT THE FACT THAT THE SUB-MARINER WILL EVEN TOP THIS ONE IN THE NEXT
MARVEL

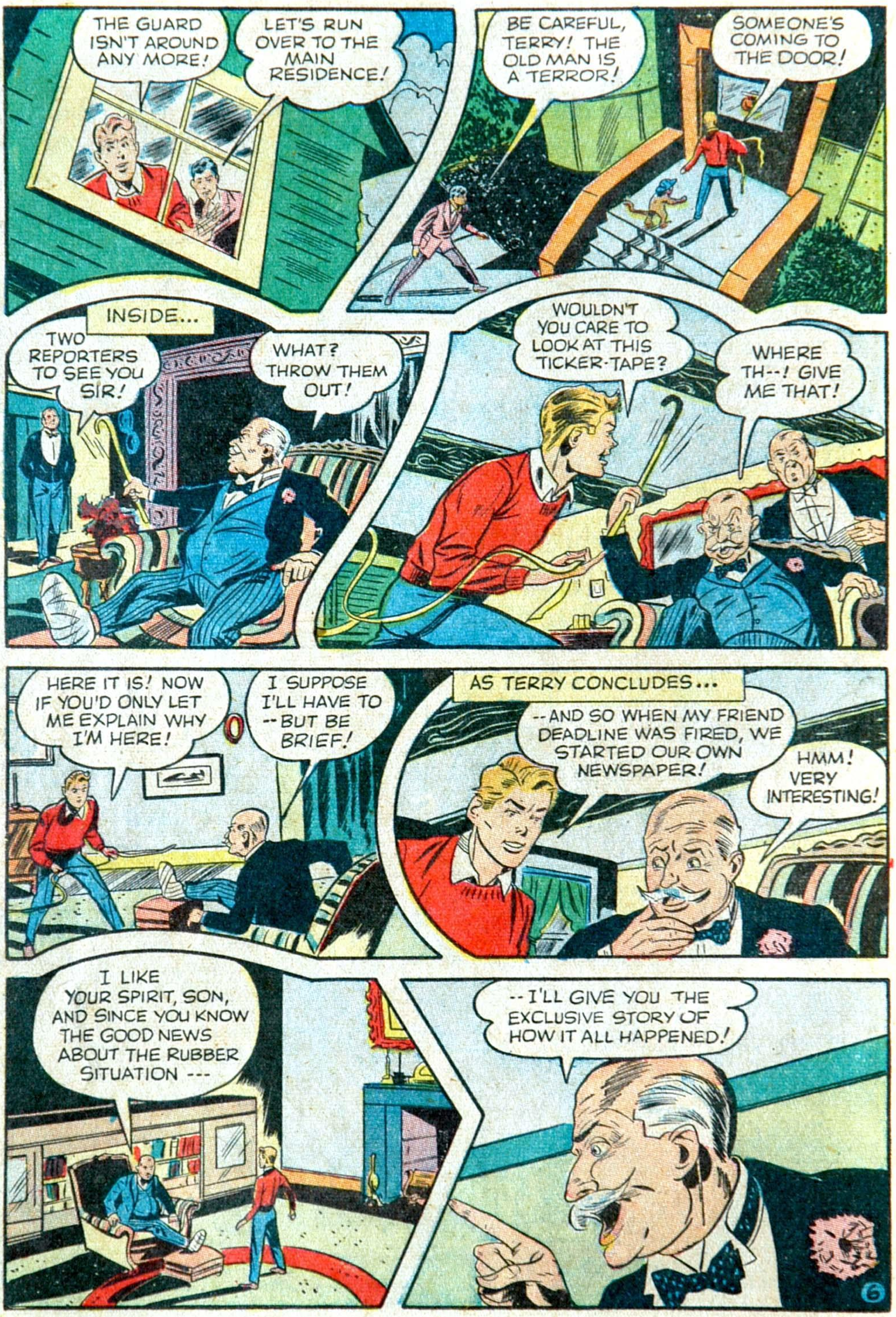

Terry Vance
The School Boy Sleuth
FROM THE PERSONAL FILES OF TERRY VANCE... IN THE CASE OF THE TERRIBLE-TEMPERED TYCOON!
MR. WALKER'S RUBBER EXPERIMENTS ARE HOT NEWS! THEY WILL EFFECT MILLIONS OF PEOPLE! -- AND YOU SO-CALLED ACE REPORTERS CAN'T EVEN GET AN INTERVIEW WITH HIM!
BAH!
B-BUT HE'S SICK, BOSS!
HAVE A HEART, CHIEF! H-HE NEVER SEES ANY REPORTERS!
EDITOR
EXTRA! •IT'S THE BIGGEST STORY OF THE YEAR! ... BUT THERE'S NO ONE TO TELL IT! --- FOR THE TERRIBLE TEMPERED MR. WALKER WON'T TALK!
GAD! WHAT I'D GIVE FOR ONE RED-BLOODED NEWS HOUND!
ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE TIME TO ASK HIM, DEADLINE?
JUST LEAVE THE BOSS TO ME, TERRY!
by BOB OKSNER

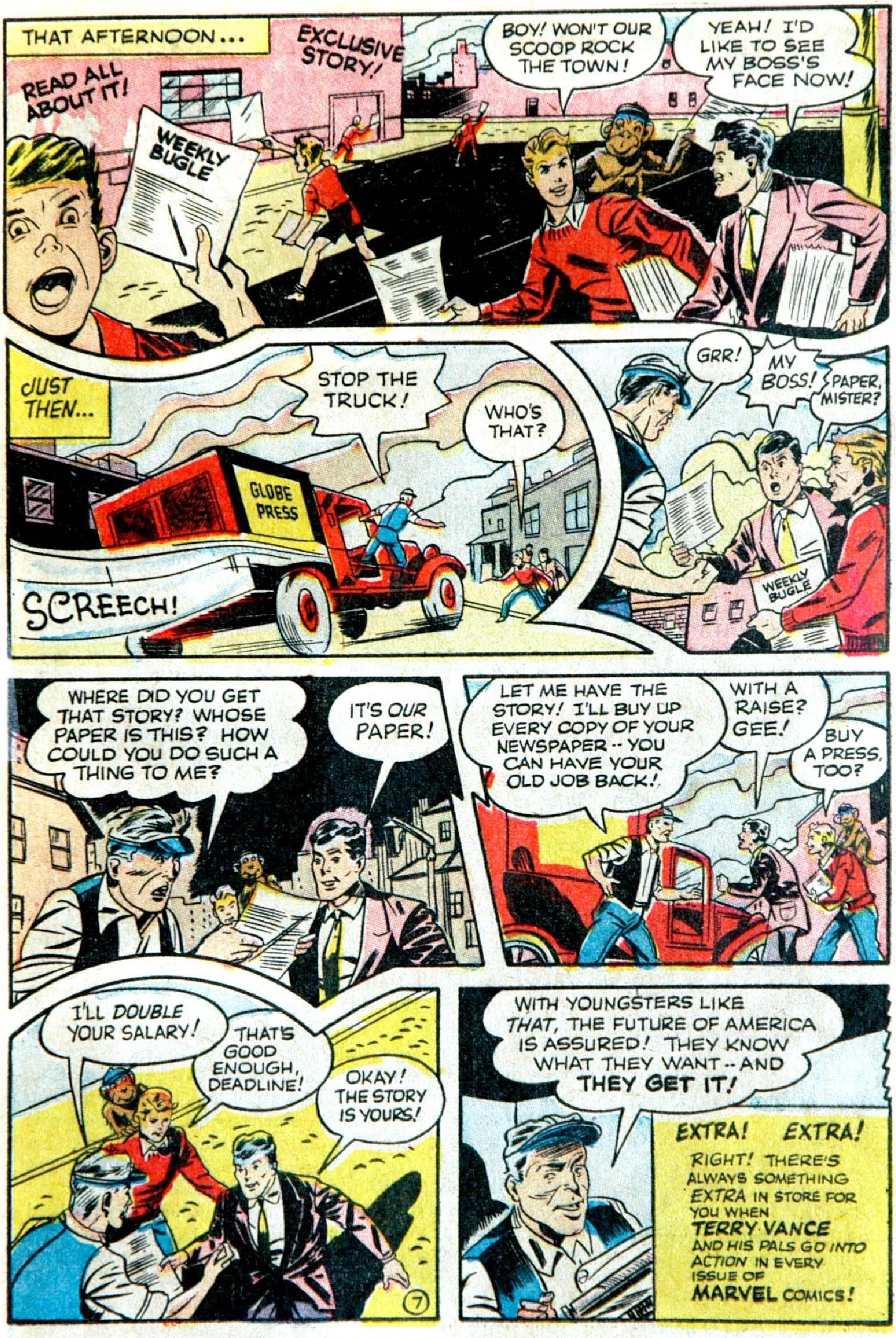

DEADLINE APPROACHES HIS EDITOR...
I'VE FINISHED MY WORK! MAY I TAKE THE AFTERNOON OFF TO GO SWIMMING?
W-WH- WHAT?
FIRST MY ACE REPORTERS CAN'T GET A SIMPLE STORY ON MR. WALKER --AND NOW A YOUNG CUB WANTS TO GO SWIMMING!
WELL-- ER-ER- UH-- I- ER---
LISTEN, YOU! I WANT AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. WALKER ABOUT HIS RUBBER EXPERIMENTS! NOW GO GET IT!
Y-YES (GULP)-- Y-YES, SIR!
GANGWAY! HERE COMES THE 5:15 EXPRESS!
A LITTLE LATER...
THERE'S THE WALKER MANSION!
WISH ME LUCK, TERRY!
DEADLINE ENTERS...
COME IN!
--AND STAY OUT!
SLAM!
WELL, HE DID IT! DEADLINE GOT THE INTERVIEW!
NOT SO FAST, TERRY! LOOK!


IT'S NO USE, TERRY! THE OLD MAN WON'T TALK!
THAT'S OKAY! JUST 'PHONE YOUR EDITOR! HE'LL UNDERSTAND!
OH, YEAH?
BUT WHEN DEADLINE 'PHONES!...
DON'T GIVE ME ANY BLANKETY-BLANK ALIBIS! YOU'RE FIRED!
OOH!
OOH!
OOH!
DON'T FEEL BADLY, DEADLINE! EVEN THE ACE REPORTERS COULDN'T GET TO SEE MR. WALKER!
IF I COULD ONLY BE THE EDITOR OF MY OWN NEWSPAPER!
SA-AY! WHY NOT? WE COULD SELL OUR CAR AND WITH THE MONEY WE COULD START A CRACKERJACK LOCAL PAPER!
YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING, TERRY! LET'S GET IT STARTED RIGHT AWAY!
THE CAR IS SOLD AND A SMALL PRESS IS ACQUIRED.
THE CORNER OF AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE BECOMES THE MAIN OFFICE.
COMING OUT SOON
HOME OF THE WEEKLY BUGLE
D. DAWSON
T. VANCE
PROPS.
A STAFF OF KIDS START COLLECTING ADS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS...
MANAGING EDITOR
CITY DESK!
...AND AT THE FIRST EDITORIAL MEETING...
THERE'S ONLY ONE STORY THAT WOULD PUT OUR PAPER ON THE MAP!
YES--THAT INTERVIEW WITH MR. WALKER!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!


BACK AT THE WALKER ESTATE...
THE GATE IS GUARDED!
THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR DR. WATSON!
I'D JUST LIKE TO SEE ANY REPORTERS TRY TO GET IN NOW!
TERRY AND DR. WATSON HOLD A HURRIED CONFERENCE!
THEN YOU'LL DO IT?
SURE THING, TERRY!
JUST CALL ME "COMMANDO WATSON!
I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY DROPPING IN ON YOU THIS WAY!
WHAT TH--!
C'MON, DEADLINE! THROUGH THE GATE!
HEY! YOU KIDS! COME BACK HERE!
--WHERE ARE YOU?
GOSH!-- HE'S GOT A GUN!
QUICK! LET'S DUCK INTO THIS GARAGE!


THE BOYS RUN UP TO THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE GARAGE!
FASTER, TERRY! THE GUARD IS COMING!
WE'LL HIDE IN THERE!
OPEN THE DOOR!
THE DOOR IS OPENED!
WOW! THIS MUST BE OLD MAN WALKER'S HOBBY ROOM!
WHAT'S THAT *TICKING* SOUND?
MAYBE IT'S A BOMB!
IT'S A TICKER-TAPE MACHINE!
BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! IT'S IN CODE!
TICK TOCK
WHAT ARE YOU READING?
THE CODE BOOK!
TICK TICK
THE TAPE IS DECODED. THIS MACHINE MUST BE CONNECTED TO WALKER'S FACTORIES!
RIGHT! --AND IT SAYS
..."RUBBER EXPERIMENTS SUCCESSFUL!"
NOW WE CAN GET TO SEE MR. WALKER! THAT TICKER-TAPE WILL BE OUR PASSPORTS!


THE GUARD ISN'T AROUND ANY MORE!
LET'S RUN OVER TO THE MAIN RESIDENCE!
BE CAREFUL, TERRY! THE OLD MAN IS A TERROR!
SOMEONE'S COMING TO THE DOOR!
INSIDE...
TWO REPORTERS TO SEE YOU SIR!
WHAT? THROW THEM OUT!
WOULDN'T YOU CARE TO LOOK AT THIS TICKER-TAPE?
WHERE TH--! GIVE ME THAT!
HERE IT IS! NOW IF YOU'D ONLY LET ME EXPLAIN WHY I'M HERE!
I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO --BUT BE BRIEF!
AS TERRY CONCLUDES...
--AND SO WHEN MY FRIEND DEADLINE WAS FIRED, WE STARTED OUR OWN NEWSPAPER!
HMM! VERY INTERESTING!
I LIKE YOUR SPIRIT, SON, AND SINCE YOU KNOW THE GOOD NEWS ABOUT THE RUBBER SITUATION ---
--I'LL GIVE YOU THE EXCLUSIVE STORY OF HOW IT ALL HAPPENED!


THAT AFTERNOON...
READ ALL ABOUT IT!
WEEKLY BUGLE
EXCLUSIVE STORY!
BOY! WON'T OUR SCOOP ROCK THE TOWN!
YEAH! I'D LIKE TO SEE MY BOSS'S FACE NOW!
JUST THEN...
STOP THE TRUCK!
GLOBE PRESS
SCREECH!
WHO'S THAT?
GRR!
MY BOSS!
PAPER, MISTER?
WEEKLY BUGLE
WHERE DID YOU GET THAT STORY? WHOSE PAPER IS THIS? HOW COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING TO ME?
IT'S *OUR* PAPER!
LET ME HAVE THE STORY! I'LL BUY UP EVERY COPY OF YOUR NEWSPAPER -- YOU CAN HAVE YOUR OLD JOB BACK!
WITH A RAISE? GEE!
BUY A PRESS, TOO?
I'LL *DOUBLE* YOUR SALARY!
THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH, DEADLINE!
OKAY! THE STORY IS YOURS!
7
WITH YOUNGSTERS LIKE *THAT*, THE FUTURE OF AMERICA IS ASSURED! THEY KNOW WHAT THEY WANT -- AND **THEY GET IT!**
EXTRA! EXTRA!
RIGHT! THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING *EXTRA* IN STORE FOR YOU WHEN **TERRY VANCE** AND HIS PALS GO INTO ACTION IN EVERY ISSUE OF **MARVEL** COMICS!

SMOKED OUT

★ By JUSTIN DEWEY TRIEM ★

PETE SKIDDED the plane into the clearing below the cabin. He had to hustle with the supplies for the camp north, a job of crop dusting waiting till he got back. He flung open the door of the plane and hopped out: From the chimney of the cabin wood smoke curled lazily into the afternoon sunlight. It was nippy down here in the little valley. Pete hurried ahead, hoping Zeke would be ready to go. The cabin looked deserted, however, almost as if—

Zeke Cutter dashed out from behind the log cabin, bending forward, elbows pumping furiously, his long white hair streaming. He was running full tilt—

A man leaped into view. He swung a carbine up and fired and Zeke went sprawling to his face, a little cloud of dust lifting lazily into the air.

Pete tensed, realized that he'd run into man-sized trouble. The guy with the rifle stalked out and prodded the inert figure, mean while keeping a watchful eye on Pete. Old Zeke didn't stir. The man came forward menacingly.

"Hope you aren't in a hurry, bub. You're going to come in right useful—"

"You dirty killer!" Pete blazed. "Shooting Zeke down in cold blood!"

"Serves him right for making a break. Now shut up—we're going to need you." The man grinned slyly.

Pete strode forward, dropped to one knee. Zeke had been a good old guy—

ZEKE WHISPERED hoarsely, "Pretend I'm dead!"

Pete drew a breath of relief. Old Zeke wasn't dead although he'd been hit. The red smeer across his faded blue shirt proved that. The stranger walked up close, prodded Pete with the muzzle of the carbine.

"Dead, ain't he? Pick 'im up and lug him off into the brush. Buzzards'll be around soon enough. If he lies out here and bloats—"

Pete steadied himself. Anger still made his heart slam. He knew his own position was dangerous, that he'd best obey orders, especially if he and Zeke could pull some stunt . . . "He's dead." Pete squatted another moment. "Hope you're satisfied."

"Pick 'im up and get going!" The carbine muzzle jabbed roughly "You got work to do. Mush!"

Old Zeke was disposed of and they went back to the cabin. Good thing this guy hadn't done the *decent* thing and buried the old bird, Pete realized.

Stepping inside the door, Pete's captor said, "Mike, this is our new chauffeur. He's been good enough to offer to get us out of here. Save lugging the stuff back down to where we left the jalopy. That load of junk's about washed up anyhow."

Pete glared at the stranger, a bearded-over face and a bum eye. He was sweating over Zeke's winter's catch of pelts. The window was tight shut .The air stunk.

"Who said I was taking you out?" Pete snarled.

"I said so! How about it, Mike . . . don't you think it would be nice of the guy?"

"Cut the comedy, Red," Mike mopped perspiration from his dirty face. "You, kid, finish this. Me, I've had enough. Tie those furs into bundles and lug 'em out to that skylark of yours. I'll mosey around a little." He headed out the door, after exchanging looks with Red.

It was tough work, Pete discovered. He had no alternative and it was hot as Hades in here. The window was tight shut. Pete tried to open it but it wouldn't budge. He got a drink at the tap. Old Zeke had everything fixed up here. Water piped in from the spring, a sink, a radio and pictures. The old cuss sure liked comfort.

"Come on, come on," Red growled from his chair in the doorway. "Get going or I'll speed you up!"

Pete started lugging the bundles out. Mike reappeared presently, his bearded face looking worried about the one good eye. "Where'd you say the old guy was?" he demanded of Red. "I been looking—"

Red got to his feet. There was an ominous silence in the cabin. A wasp buzzed monotonously up under the eaves. Pete felt sweat drip from him as Red looked him over, his thin face angry and tight around the mouth.

"Smart guy, huh?" Red walked across. He'd left the carbine by his chair. His skinny body swayed like a cobra about to strike. "You told me the old guy was croaked—"

"You didn't have to take my word for it! I'm no saw-bones. I *thought* he was dead—"

Red struck. Pete parried the blow, flung himself forward, grappling. They swayed and crashed over, while Mike closed in, swinging a heavy boot unexpectedly. It caught Pete in the ribs with numbing force, crushed breath from his body, sent pain tearing into him.

Red's hands were at his throat and the cabin was revolving sickeningly. Mike delivered again, laughing crazily and darkness closed down. Pete's eyes seemed about to pop out, then it was all black before him.

THEY WERE WAITING like a couple of buzzards when Pete opened his eyes. His throat ached, his eyes smarted and he hoped no bones were broken.

Red slouched across. "Get up!" he rasped. "Any more smart stunts and you'll get a one-way ticket! The old man got away but that won't do you any good. He can't be far off. He'll probably die of cold tonight. He can't swipe the jalopy. I saw to that. Get those furs into the plane. Fast!"

Zeke's catch had been a good one. Pete tied into the job. Red was in the cabin and had the carbine. Mike was off in the hills somewhere, probably hunting down old Zeke. They were just the kind who'd hate to go away having failed to kill someone. Nothing would please them more than to finish the old guy off, loot his cabin and then destroy it behind them . . .

The silence was suddenly shattered by a shot somewhere out in the hills. Red leaped outside. Pete whirled. He was half way across the clearing. He saw Red face away and took the chance. Swiftly Pete hurled himself into the shadows of the woods, then spun back in time to see Mike appear from the opposite side of the clearing.

There was the heavy bam of a gun shot. Mike stumbled, caught himself, started to sag just as Red leaped forward, caught him and dragged him into the cabin, slamming the heavy door.

Pete realized that either help had arrived miraculously, or old Zeke had really tricked Red and Mike. It was growing dim out in the clearing now, but as Pete moved restlessly, uneasily, he suddenly heard a gruff voice. "S'no use now, son. They'll barricade themselves in there. We're outta luck for the time—"

"You aren't hurt . . ."

"Winged. I—"

"What's that you've got?" Pete peered closer.

"Old 45-70 Springfield," Zeke explained, glaring toward the cabin. "I kept it down at my diggings, just for an emergency. I been panning a little down creek a ways. We've gotta get those devils out of my cabin! They're smart enough not to take chances. They'll stay an' starve us out! I'd be no good alone if you went for help—"

The wind crooned gently, while near at hand, Pete heard the soft gurgle of water, water out of the drain from the cabin. Mike and Red in there taking it easy, barricaded. Maybe Mike wasn't even hurt. They'd be cooking supper, taking it easy . . .

Old Zeke muttered, "We'll have to do something—" He swayed suddenly and Pete grabbed him. "Lost . . . blood," the old man whispered. "If we don't hustle . . ."

Pete stared across the clearing. Do something—but what?

"If you're strong enough to make it up to the hillside," Pete muttered, "go ahead. Find a place where you can see all sides if possible. I've got an idea. Maybe it'll work, maybe it won't. If it does . . . I'll drive those babies out! Pronto!"

OLD ZEKE MADE HIS way to the hillside where he could see down onto the cabin. It lay below in the clearing. Pete sneaked out to the plane, under cover of dark. He kicked over the prop after making some minor arrangements out in back. The motor churned into a healthy roar. Dust rose. Pete opened the throttle gently, yanked a lever and tumbled out, crouching down, staring back toward the cabin—

For a while nothing happened. The roar of the motor filled his ears. The ship was trembling . . .

Suddenly the door of the cabin was hurled open. Red flung himself out, churning for the woods...

Up on the hillside the roar of old Zeke's 45-70 blasted the air, belched a load of smoke and fire. Red stumbled, and went over onto his face and shoulder like a cow lying down. He lay motionless. Zeke flipped the heavy breach-lock of the old single-shot. The empty shell flicked out and he slipped another in, flipped the breech shut, hauled back the big hammer.

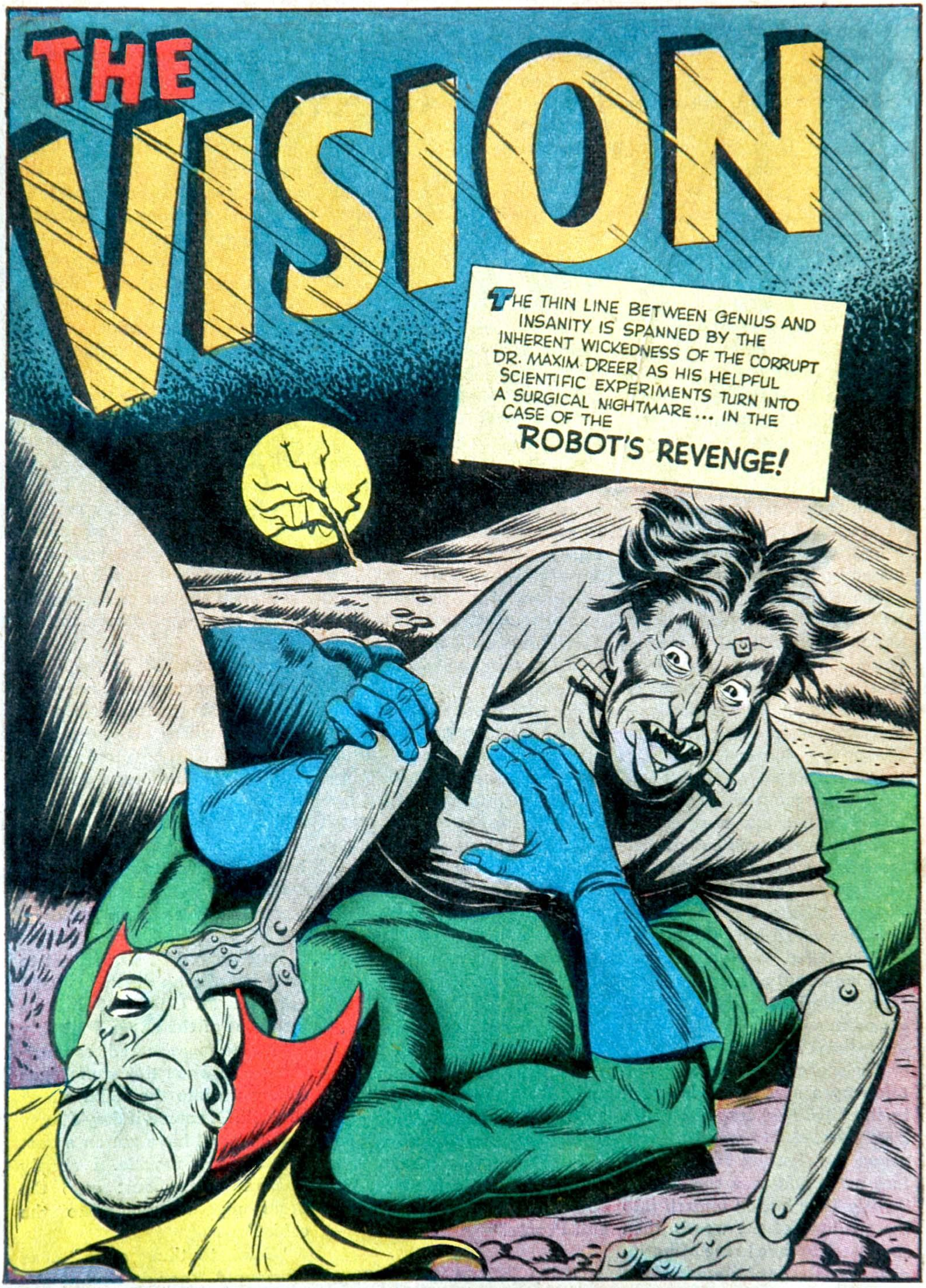
Mike appeared in the doorway. He was staggering but there was something wrong. He made the open where his knees gave out and he hit the ground and lay still. Behind him in the doorway smoke began to drift out into the chill evening air.

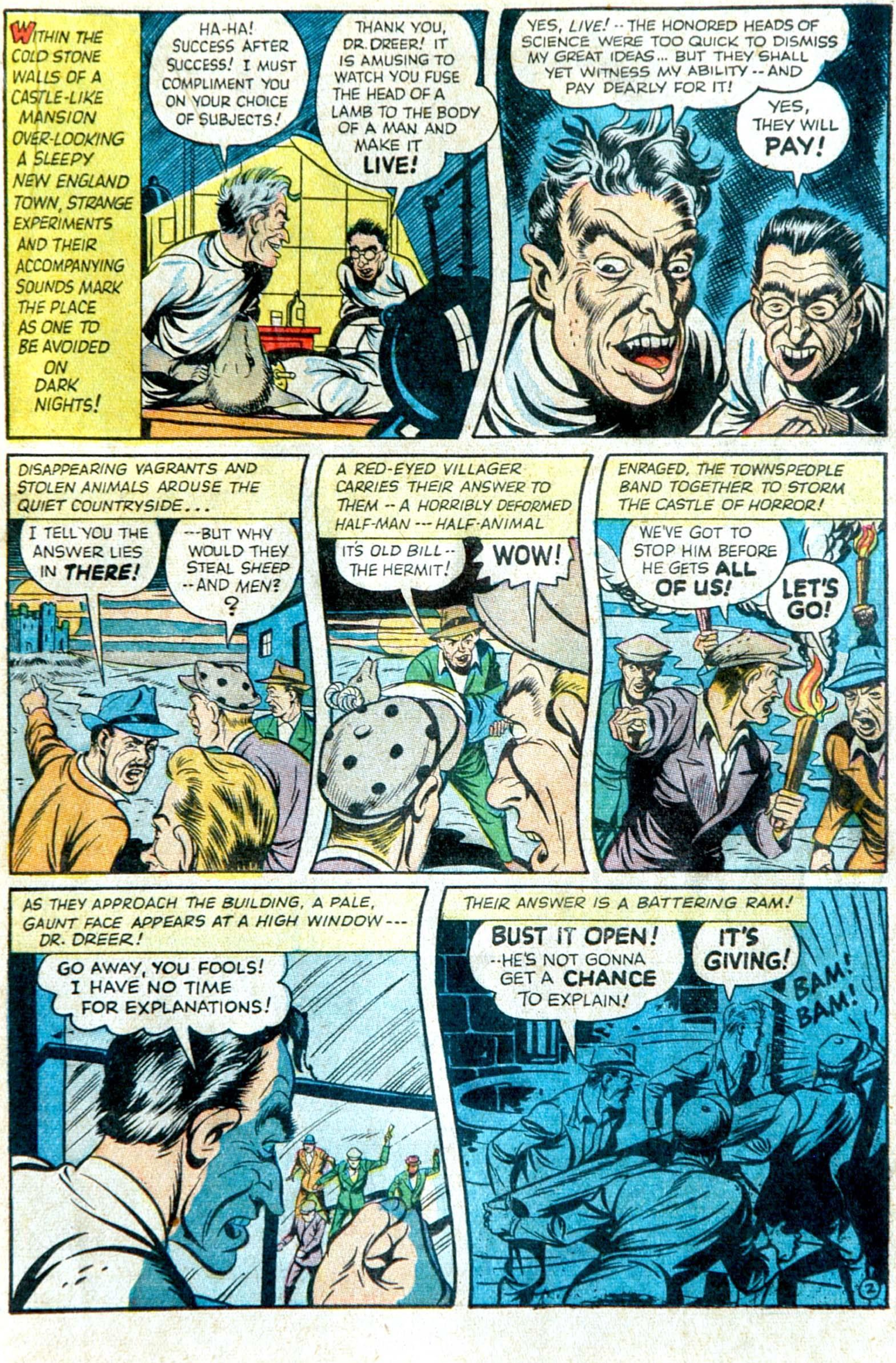
"Nice goin'," old Zeke chortled, hurrying down to the clearing where Pete was trussing the two men. "Whatever it was you done—"

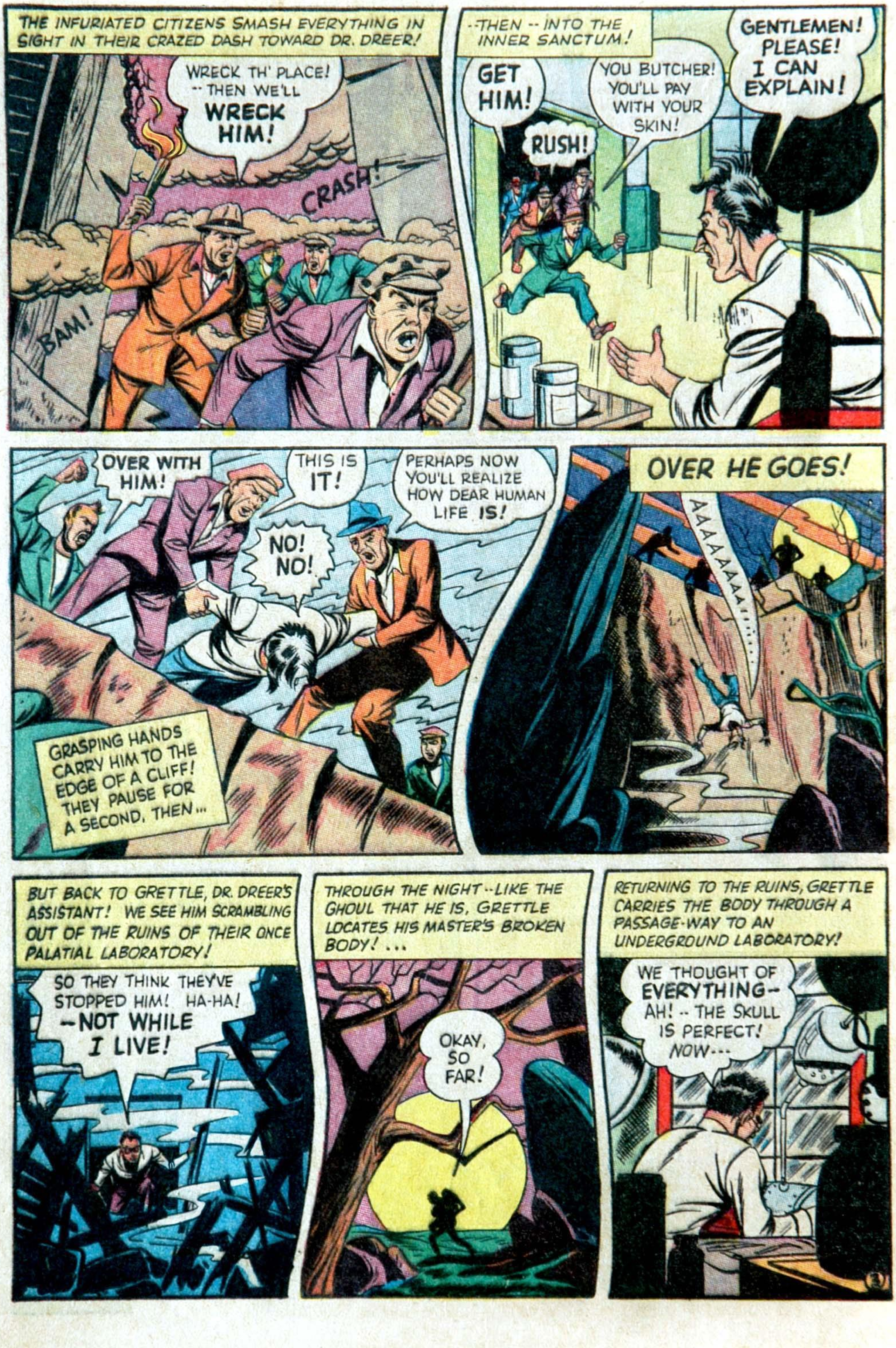
Pete panted, "I was all set to do a job of crop dusting when I got back. So I dusted these two birds out of the cabin. Probably they were more scared than anything else when this stuff began rolling up into the cabin out of the sink. Of course, if they'd stuck it out they'd have gotten a dose of carbon monoxide. I simply hooked my exhaust onto the drain pipe leading into the cabin!"

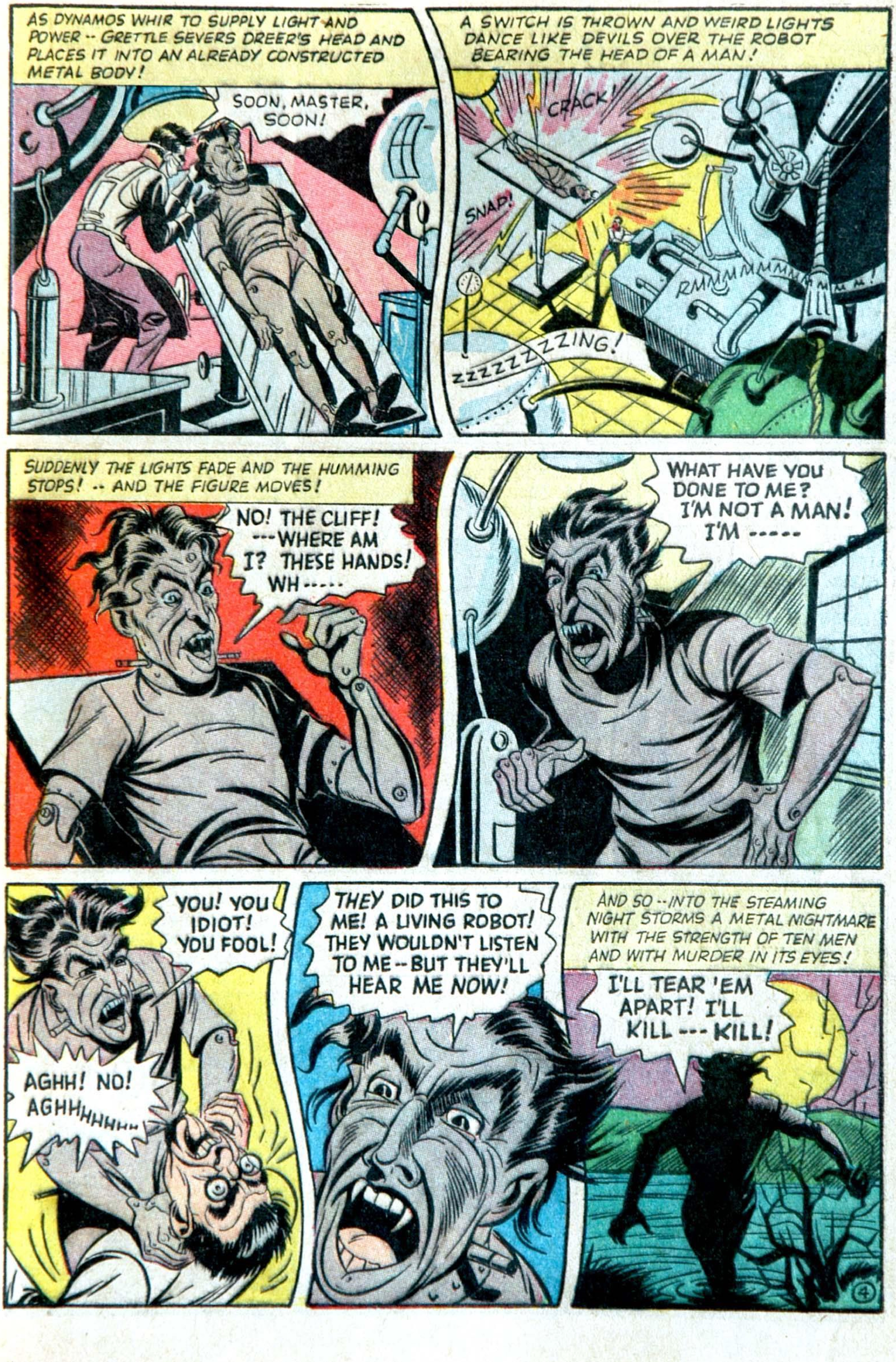
"Come to think of it," Zeke murmured, "they do kind of look like a couple of smoked hams!"

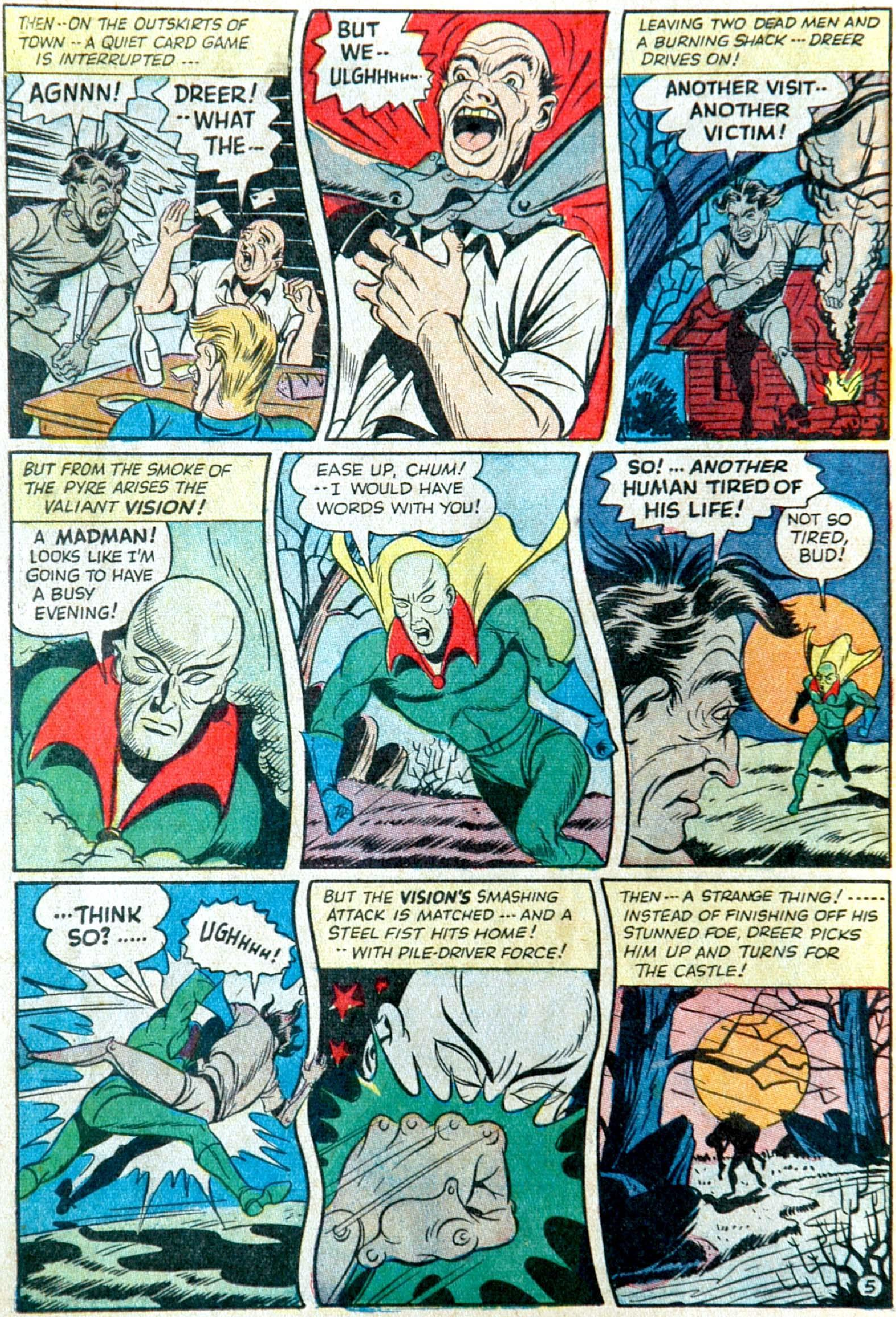
THE END

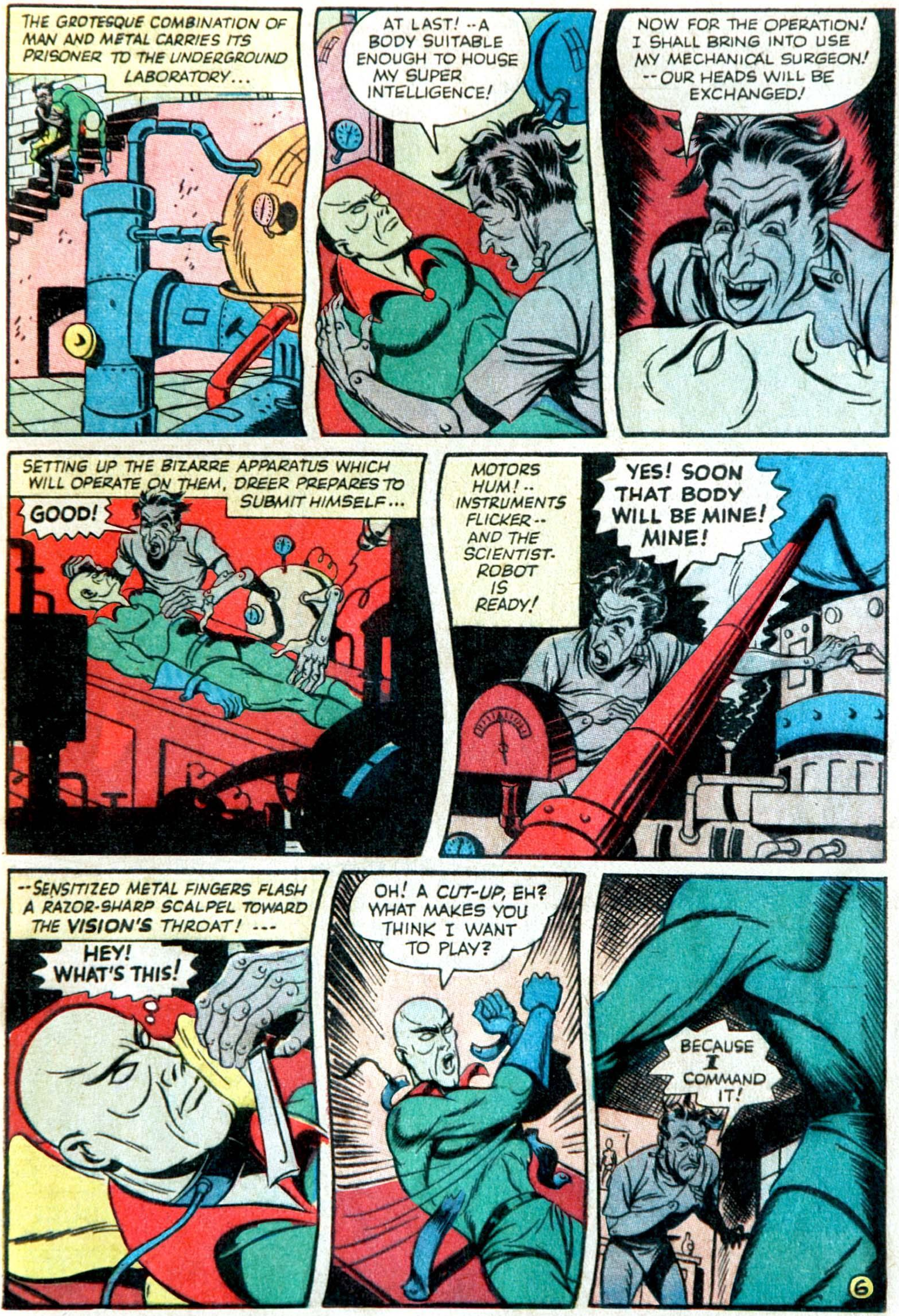

THE VISION
THE THIN LINE BETWEEN GENIUS AND INSANITY IS SPANNED BY THE INHERENT WICKEDNESS OF THE CORRUPT DR. MAXIM DREER AS HIS HELPFUL SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS TURN INTO A SURGICAL NIGHTMARE... IN THE CASE OF THE
ROBOT'S REVENGE!

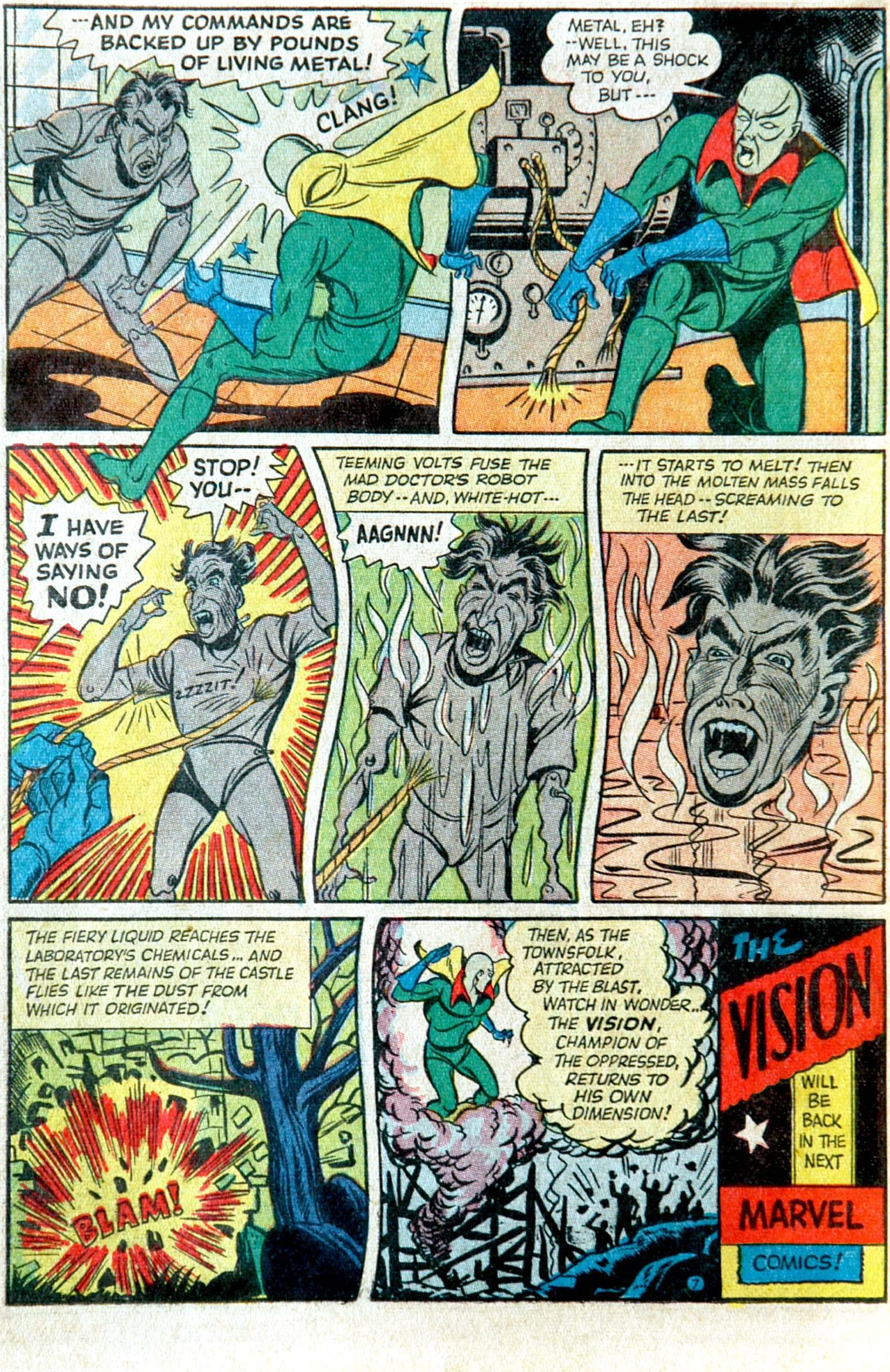

WITHIN THE COLD STONE WALLS OF A CASTLE-LIKE MANSION OVER-LOOKING A SLEEPY NEW ENGLAND TOWN, STRANGE EXPERIMENTS AND THEIR ACCOMPANYING SOUNDS MARK THE PLACE AS ONE TO BE AVOIDED ON DARK NIGHTS!
HA-HA! SUCCESS AFTER SUCCESS! I MUST COMPLIMENT YOU ON YOUR CHOICE OF SUBJECTS!
THANK YOU, DR. DREER! IT IS AMUSING TO WATCH YOU FUSE THE HEAD OF A LAMB TO THE BODY OF A MAN AND MAKE IT LIVE!
YES, LIVE! -- THE HONORED HEADS OF SCIENCE WERE TOO QUICK TO DISMISS MY GREAT IDEAS... BUT THEY SHALL YET WITNESS MY ABILITY -- AND PAY DEARLY FOR IT!
YES, THEY WILL PAY!
DISAPPEARING VAGRANTS AND STOLEN ANIMALS AROUSE THE QUIET COUNTRYSIDE...
I TELL YOU THE ANSWER LIES IN THERE!
---BUT WHY WOULD THEY STEAL SHEEP --AND MEN? ?
A RED-EYED VILLAGER CARRIES THEIR ANSWER TO THEM -- A HORRIBLY DEFORMED HALF-MAN --- HALF-ANIMAL
IT'S OLD BILL -- THE HERMIT!
WOW!
ENRAGED, THE TOWNSPEOPLE BAND TOGETHER TO STORM THE CASTLE OF HORROR!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM BEFORE HE GETS ALL OF US!
LET'S GO!
AS THEY APPROACH THE BUILDING, A PALE, GAUNT FACE APPEARS AT A HIGH WINDOW --- DR. DREER!
GO AWAY, YOU FOOLS! I HAVE NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS!
THEIR ANSWER IS A BATTERING RAM!
BUST IT OPEN! --HE'S NOT GONNA GET A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN!
IT'S GIVING!
BAM! BAM!
2

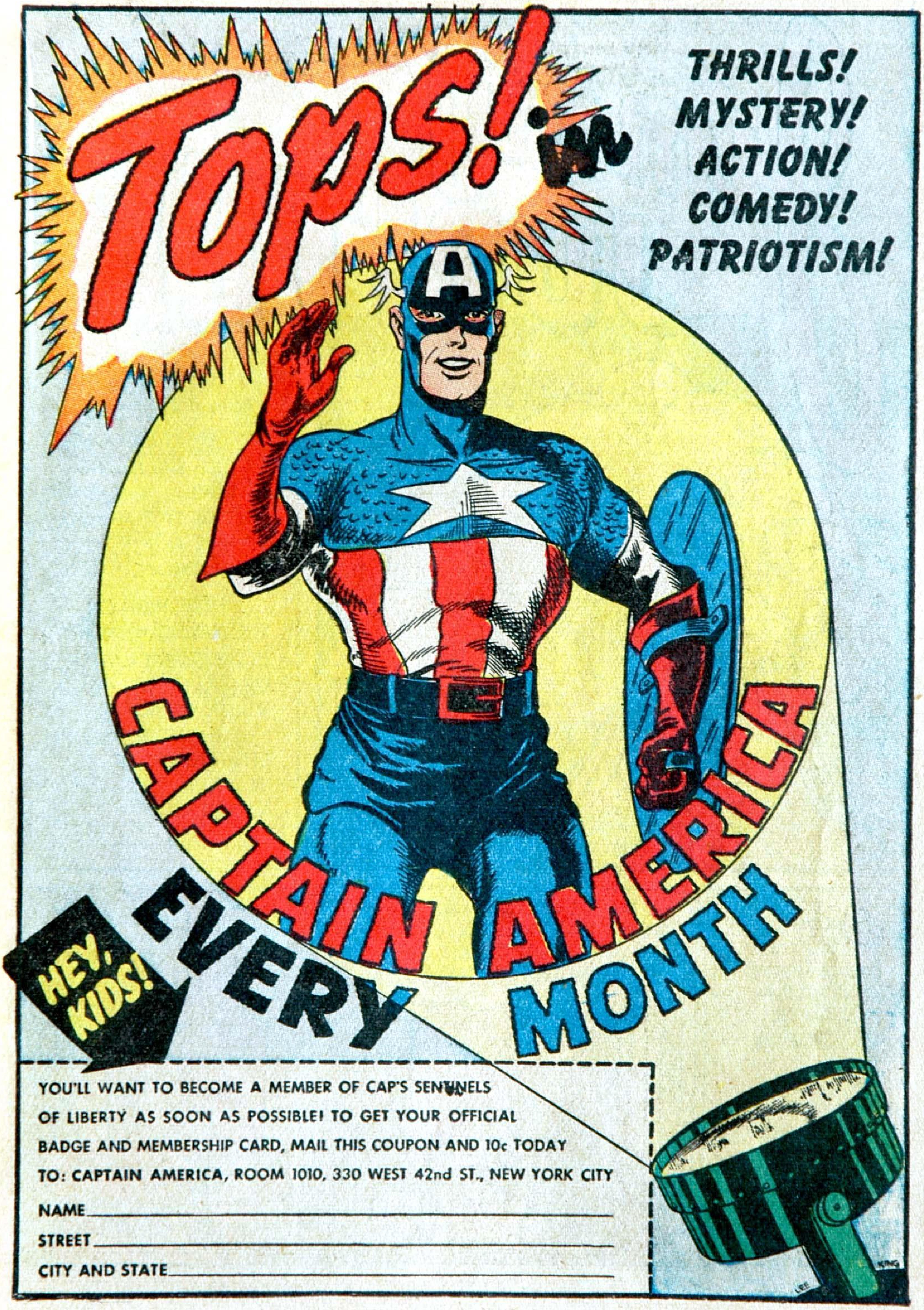

THE INFURIATED CITIZENS SMASH EVERYTHING IN SIGHT IN THEIR CRAZED DASH TOWARD DR. DREER!
WRECK TH' PLACE! -- THEN WE'LL WRECK HIM!
CRASH!
BAM!
--THEN -- INTO THE INNER SANCTUM!
GET HIM!
RUSH!
YOU BUTCHER! YOU'LL PAY WITH YOUR SKIN!
GENTLEMEN! PLEASE! I CAN EXPLAIN!
OVER WITH HIM!
THIS IS IT!
PERHAPS NOW YOU'LL REALIZE HOW DEAR HUMAN LIFE IS!
NO! NO!
GRASPING HANDS CARRY HIM TO THE EDGE OF A CLIFF! THEY PAUSE FOR A SECOND, THEN...
OVER HE GOES!
AAAAAAAAAA...
BUT BACK TO GRETTLE, DR. DREER'S ASSISTANT! WE SEE HIM SCRAMBLING OUT OF THE RUINS OF THEIR ONCE PALATIAL LABORATORY!
SO THEY THINK THEY'VE STOPPED HIM! HA-HA! --NOT WHILE I LIVE!
THROUGH THE NIGHT --LIKE THE GHOUL THAT HE IS, GRETTLE LOCATES HIS MASTER'S BROKEN BODY! ...
OKAY, SO FAR!
RETURNING TO THE RUINS, GRETTLE CARRIES THE BODY THROUGH A PASSAGE-WAY TO AN UNDERGROUND LABORATORY!
WE THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING-- AH! -- THE SKULL IS PERFECT! NOW---


AS DYNAMOS WHIR TO SUPPLY LIGHT AND POWER -- GRETTLE SEVERS DREER'S HEAD AND PLACES IT INTO AN ALREADY CONSTRUCTED METAL BODY!
SOON, MASTER, SOON!
A SWITCH IS THROWN AND WEIRD LIGHTS DANCE LIKE DEVILS OVER THE ROBOT BEARING THE HEAD OF A MAN!
CRACK!
SNAP!
RMMMMMMMMMM!
ZZZZZZZZZING!
SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS FADE AND THE HUMMING STOPS! -- AND THE FIGURE MOVES!
NO! THE CLIFF! ---WHERE AM I? THESE HANDS! WH-----
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME? I'M NOT A MAN! I'M -----
YOU! YOU IDIOT! YOU FOOL!
AGHH! NO! AGHHHHHH..
THEY DID THIS TO ME! A LIVING ROBOT! THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME -- BUT THEY'LL HEAR ME NOW!
AND SO -- INTO THE STEAMING NIGHT STORMS A METAL NIGHTMARE WITH THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN AND WITH MURDER IN ITS EYES!
I'LL TEAR 'EM APART! I'LL KILL --- KILL!
4


THEN -- ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN -- A QUIET CARD GAME IS INTERRUPTED ---
AGNNN!
DREER! -- WHAT THE --
BUT WE -- ULGHHHH --
LEAVING TWO DEAD MEN AND A BURNING SHACK --- DREER DRIVES ON!
ANOTHER VISIT -- ANOTHER VICTIM!
BUT FROM THE SMOKE OF THE PYRE ARISES THE VALIANT VISION!
A MADMAN! LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING TO HAVE A BUSY EVENING!
EASE UP, CHUM! -- I WOULD HAVE WORDS WITH YOU!
SO! ... ANOTHER HUMAN TIRED OF HIS LIFE!
NOT SO TIRED, BUD!
... THINK SO? .....
UGHHHH!
BUT THE VISION'S SMASHING ATTACK IS MATCHED --- AND A STEEL FIST HITS HOME! -- WITH PILE-DRIVER FORCE!
THEN --- A STRANGE THING! ----- INSTEAD OF FINISHING OFF HIS STUNNED FOE, DREER PICKS HIM UP AND TURNS FOR THE CASTLE!
5


THE GROTESQUE COMBINATION OF MAN AND METAL CARRIES ITS PRISONER TO THE UNDERGROUND LABORATORY...
AT LAST! --A BODY SUITABLE ENOUGH TO HOUSE MY SUPER INTELLIGENCE!
NOW FOR THE OPERATION! I SHALL BRING INTO USE MY MECHANICAL SURGEON! --OUR HEADS WILL BE EXCHANGED!
SETTING UP THE BIZARRE APPARATUS WHICH WILL OPERATE ON THEM, DREER PREPARES TO SUBMIT HIMSELF...
GOOD!
MOTORS HUM! -- INSTRUMENTS FLICKER -- AND THE SCIENTIST-ROBOT IS READY!
YES! SOON THAT BODY WILL BE MINE! MINE!
--SENSITIZED METAL FINGERS FLASH A RAZOR-SHARP SCALPEL TOWARD THE VISION'S THROAT! ---
HEY! WHAT'S THIS!
OH! A CUT-UP, EH? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I WANT TO PLAY?
BECAUSE I COMMAND IT!
6


---AND MY COMMANDS ARE BACKED UP BY POUNDS OF LIVING METAL!
CLANG!
METAL, EH? --WELL, THIS MAY BE A SHOCK TO YOU, BUT ---
STOP! YOU--
I HAVE WAYS OF SAYING NO!
ZZZZIT.
TEEMING VOLTS FUSE THE MAD DOCTOR'S ROBOT BODY -- AND, WHITE-HOT ---
AAGNNN!
---IT STARTS TO MELT! THEN INTO THE MOLTEN MASS FALLS THE HEAD -- SCREAMING TO THE LAST!
THE FIERY LIQUID REACHES THE LABORATORY'S CHEMICALS... AND THE LAST REMAINS OF THE CASTLE FLIES LIKE THE DUST FROM WHICH IT ORIGINATED!
BLAM!
THEN, AS THE TOWNSFOLK, ATTRACTED BY THE BLAST, WATCH IN WONDER... THE VISION, CHAMPION OF THE OPPRESSED, RETURNS TO HIS OWN DIMENSION!
7
THE VISION WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT MARVEL COMICS!


Tops! in
THRILLS!
MYSTERY!
ACTION!
COMEDY!
PATRIOTISM!
HEY, KIDS!
EVERY
CAPTAIN AMERICA
EVERY MONTH
LEE
KING

YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY

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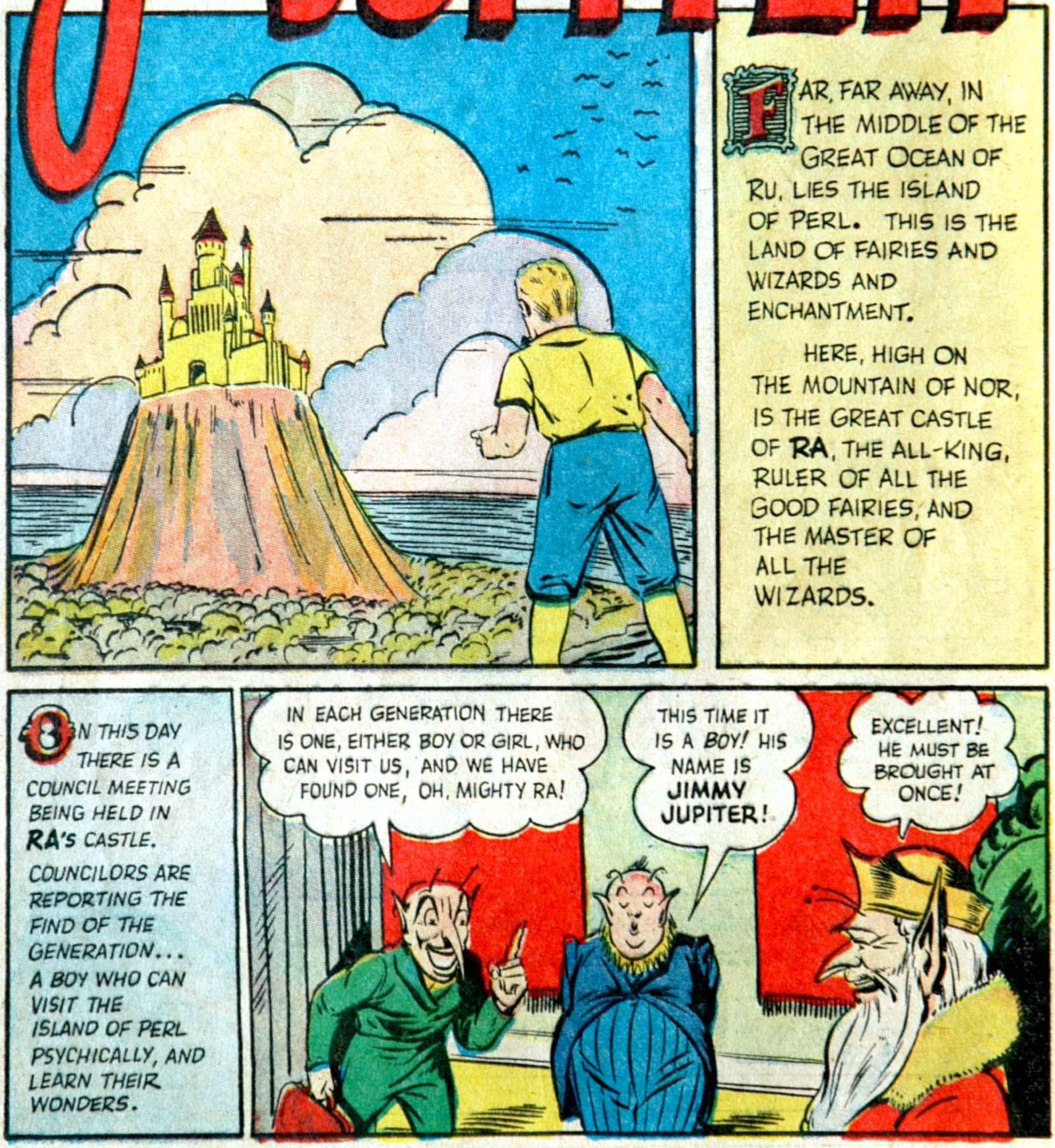
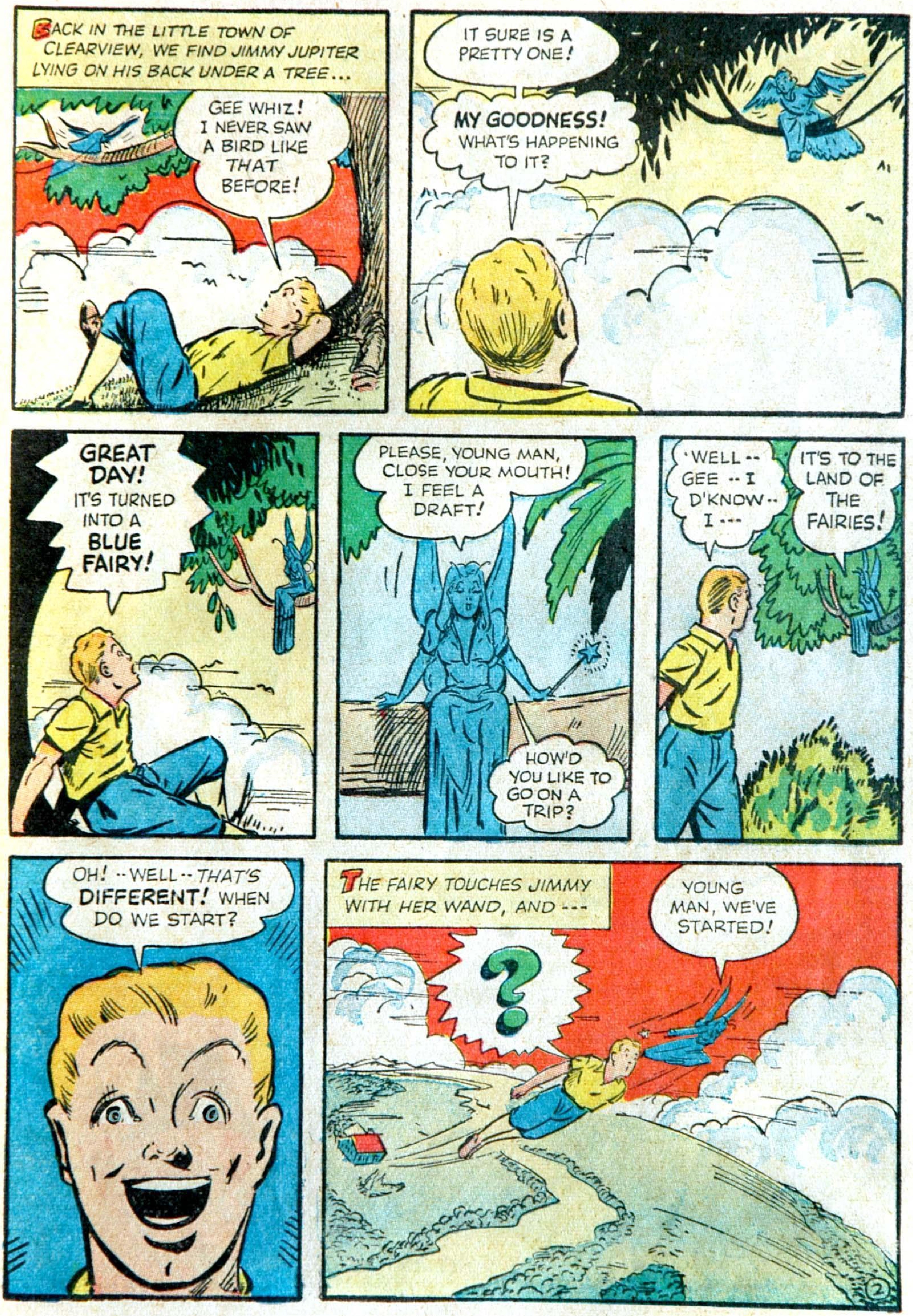
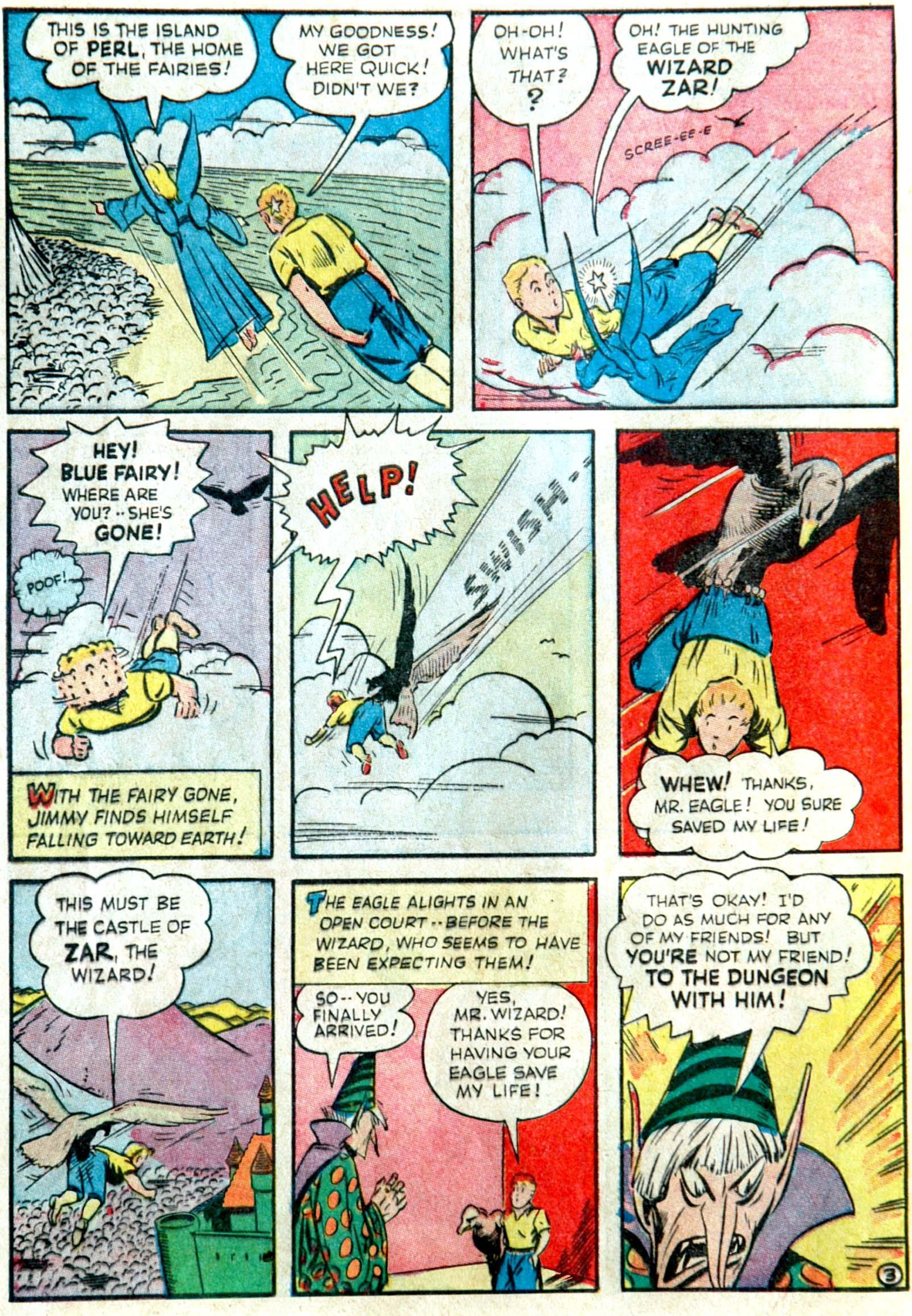
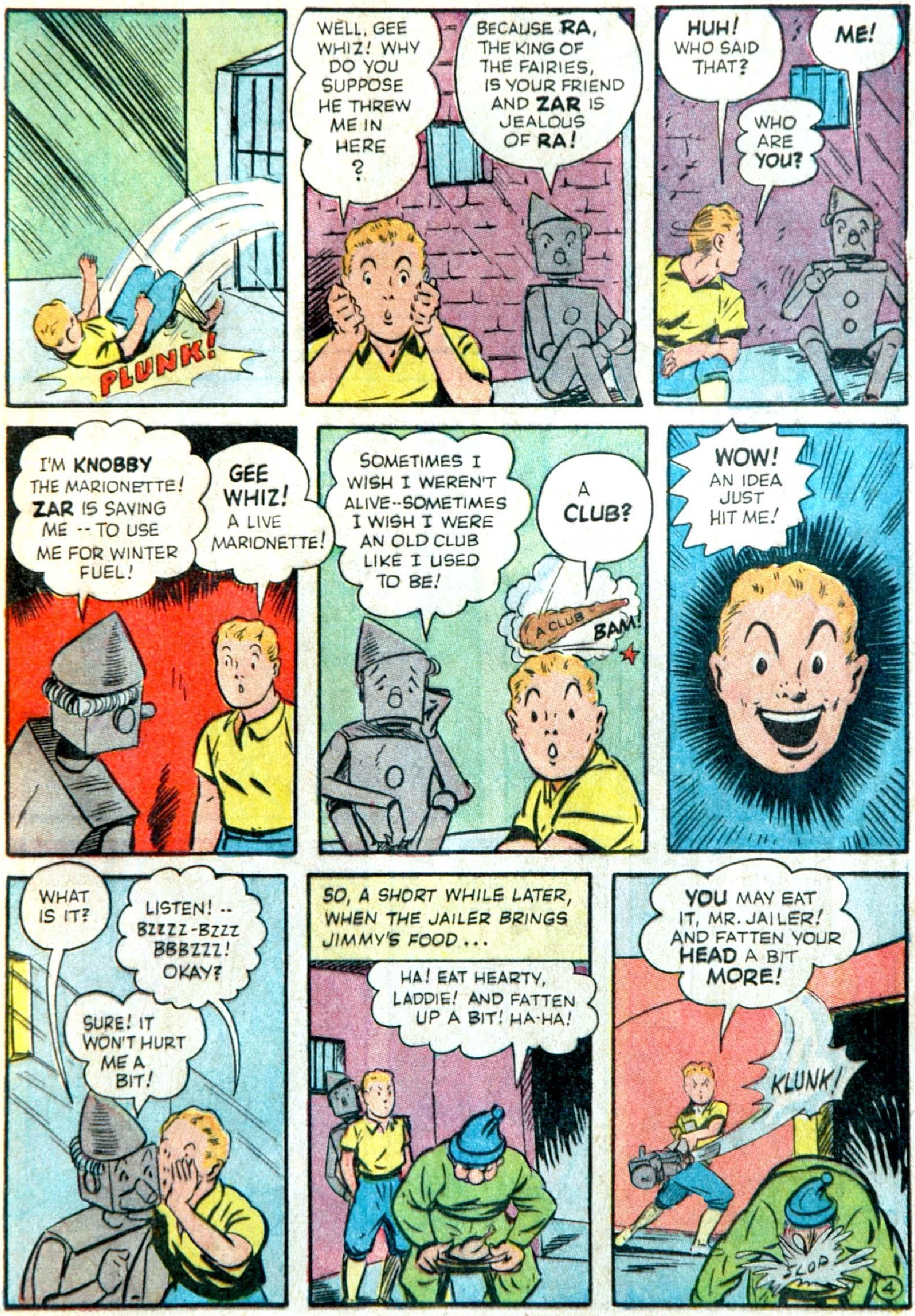
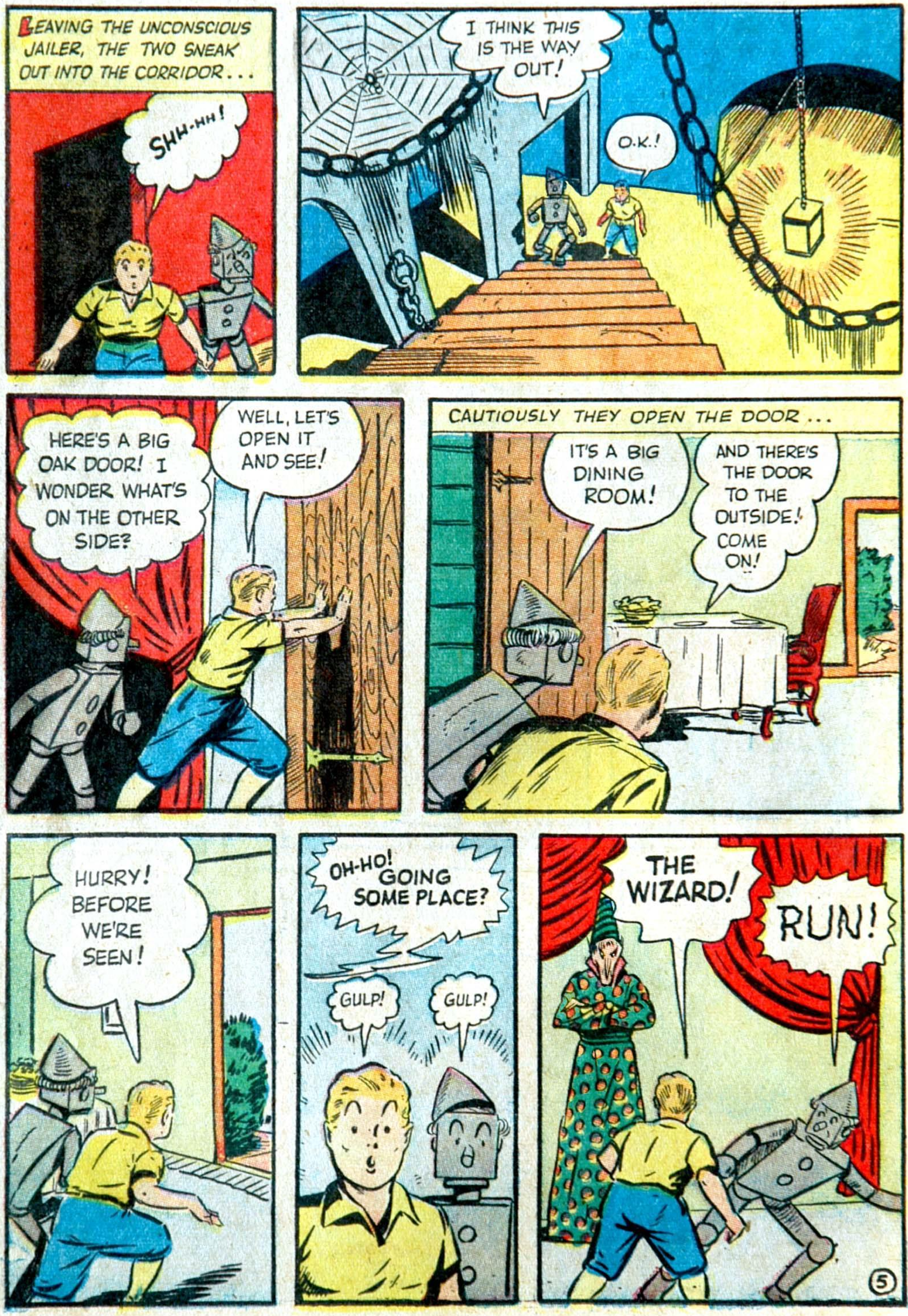
Jimmy JUPITER

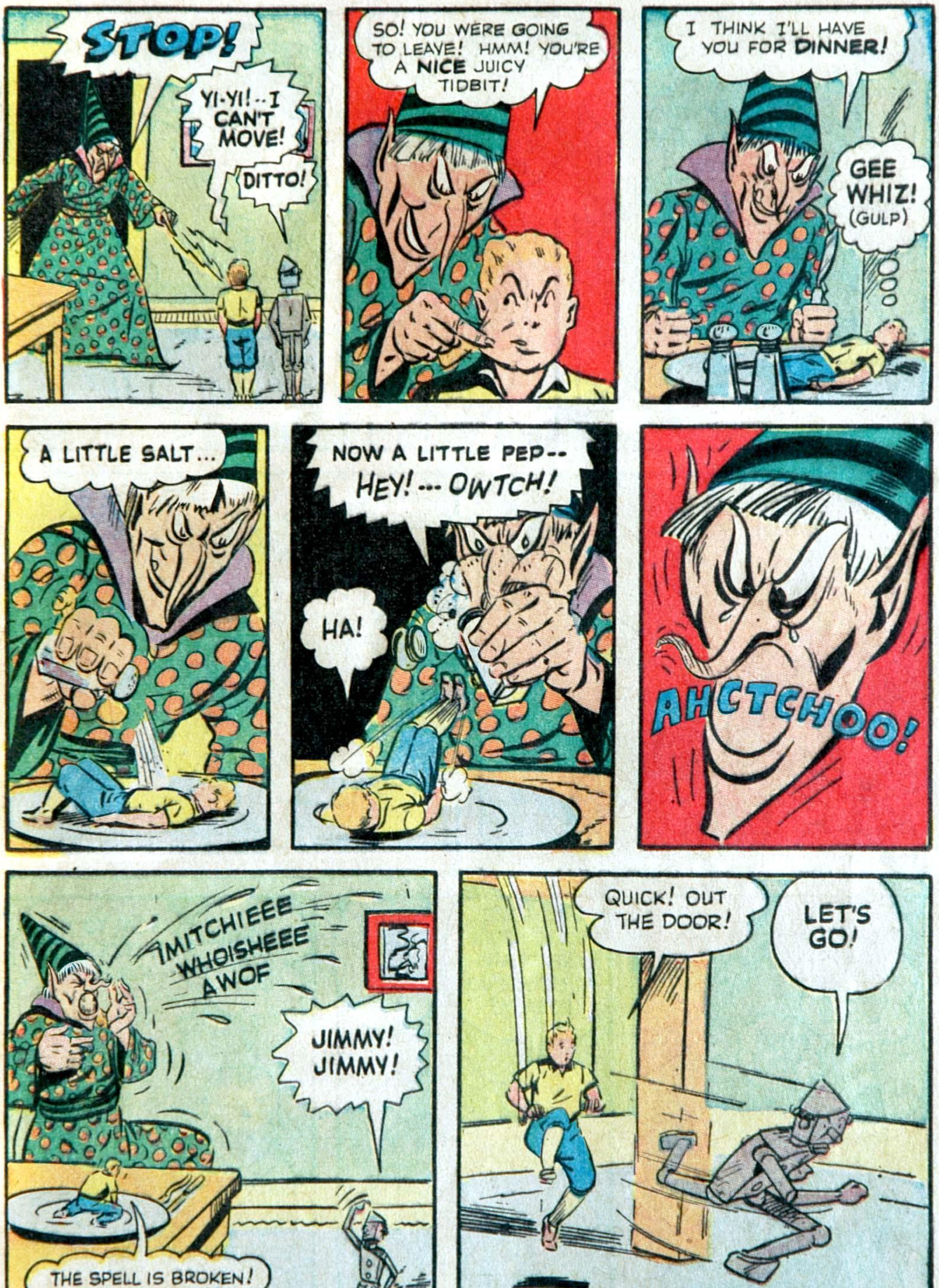

FAR, FAR AWAY, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GREAT OCEAN OF RU, LIES THE ISLAND OF PERL. THIS IS THE LAND OF FAIRIES AND WIZARDS AND ENCHANTMENT.
HERE, HIGH ON THE MOUNTAIN OF NOR, IS THE GREAT CASTLE OF **RA**, THE ALL-KING, RULER OF ALL THE GOOD FAIRIES, AND THE MASTER OF ALL THE WIZARDS.
ON THIS DAY THERE IS A COUNCIL MEETING BEING HELD IN **RA**'s CASTLE.
COUNCILORS ARE REPORTING THE FIND OF THE GENERATION... A BOY WHO CAN VISIT THE ISLAND OF PERL PSYCHICALLY, AND LEARN THEIR WONDERS.
IN EACH GENERATION THERE IS ONE, EITHER BOY OR GIRL, WHO CAN VISIT US, AND WE HAVE FOUND ONE, OH, MIGHTY RA!
THIS TIME IT IS A *BOY!* HIS NAME IS **JIMMY JUPITER!**
EXCELLENT! HE MUST BE BROUGHT AT ONCE!

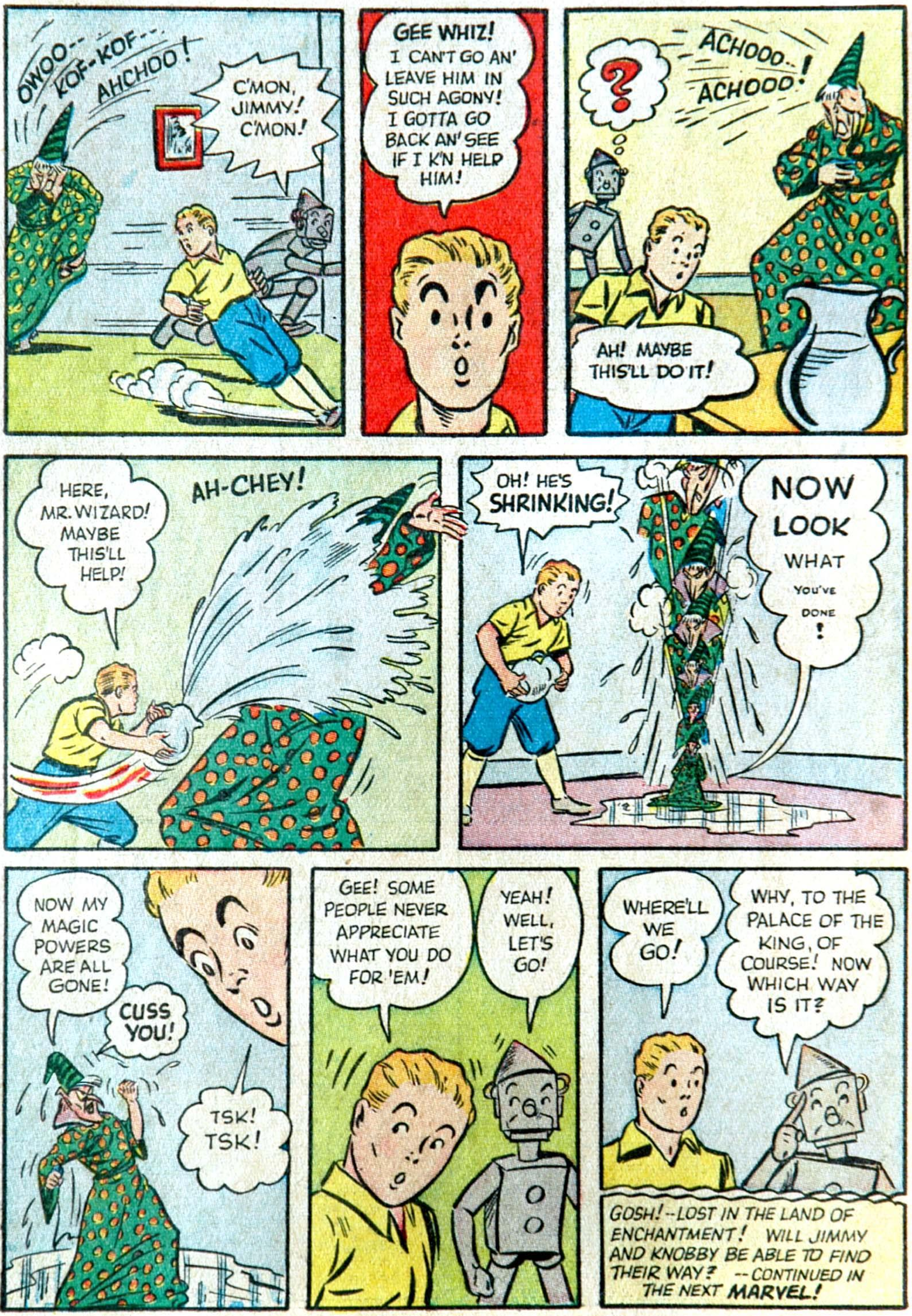

BACK IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF CLEARVIEW, WE FIND JIMMY JUPITER LYING ON HIS BACK UNDER A TREE...
GEE WHIZ! I NEVER SAW A BIRD LIKE *THAT* BEFORE!
IT SURE IS A PRETTY ONE!
MY GOODNESS! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO IT?
GREAT DAY! IT'S TURNED INTO A BLUE FAIRY!
PLEASE, YOUNG MAN, CLOSE YOUR MOUTH! I FEEL A DRAFT!
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO ON A TRIP?
WELL -- GEE -- I D'KNOW -- I ---
IT'S TO THE LAND OF THE FAIRIES!
OH! -- WELL -- *THAT'S* DIFFERENT! WHEN DO WE START?
THE FAIRY TOUCHES JIMMY WITH HER WAND, AND ---
?
YOUNG MAN, WE'VE STARTED!
2

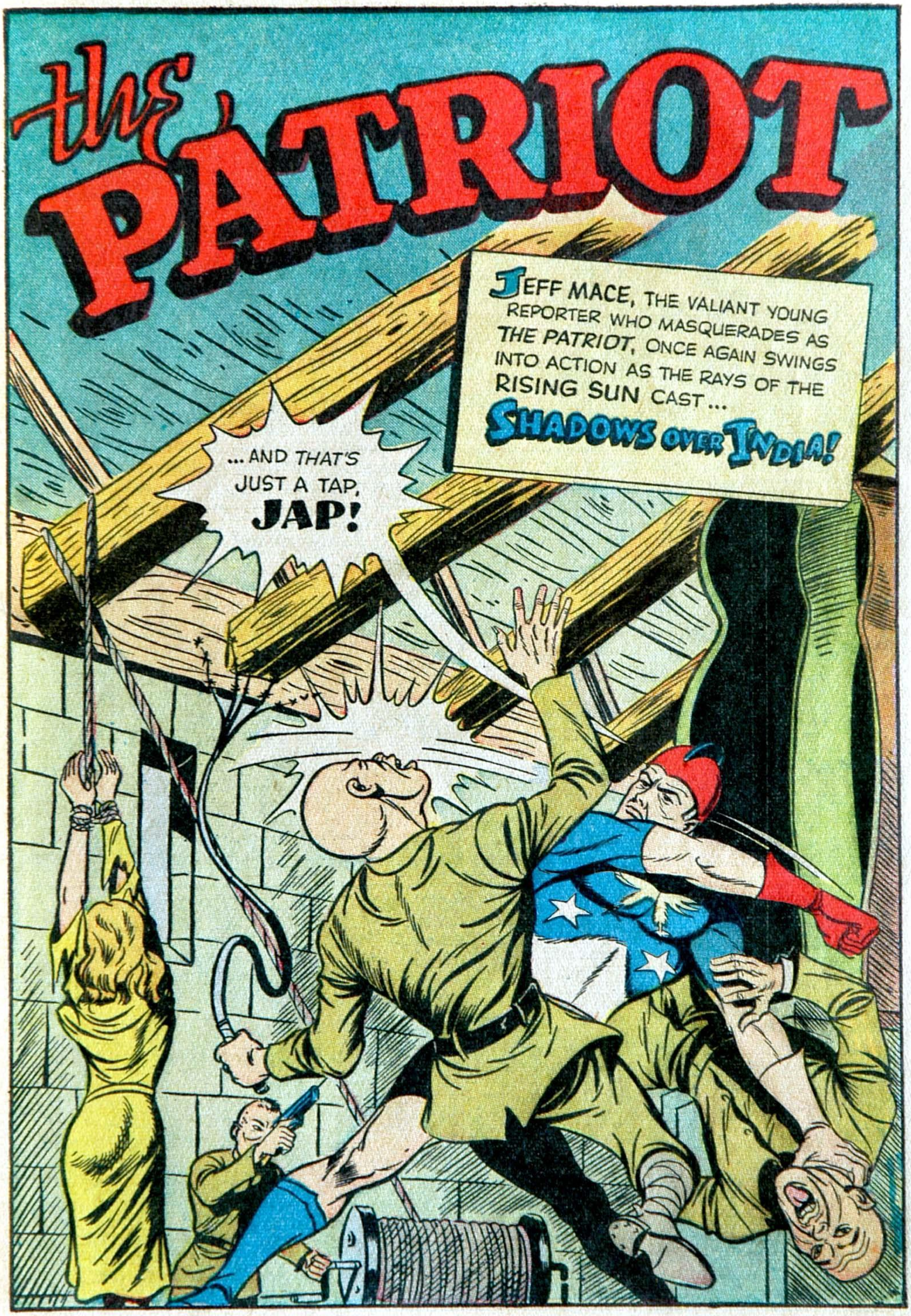

THIS IS THE ISLAND OF PERL, THE HOME OF THE FAIRIES!
MY GOODNESS! WE GOT HERE QUICK! DIDN'T WE?
OH-OH! WHAT'S THAT? ?
OH! THE HUNTING EAGLE OF THE WIZARD ZAR!
SCREE-EE-E
HEY! BLUE FAIRY! WHERE ARE YOU? -- SHE'S GONE!
POOF!
WITH THE FAIRY GONE, JIMMY FINDS HIMSELF FALLING TOWARD EARTH!
HELP!
SWISH--
WHEW! THANKS, MR. EAGLE! YOU SURE SAVED MY LIFE!
THIS MUST BE THE CASTLE OF ZAR, THE WIZARD!
THE EAGLE ALIGHTS IN AN OPEN COURT -- BEFORE THE WIZARD, WHO SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN EXPECTING THEM!
SO -- YOU FINALLY ARRIVED!
YES, MR. WIZARD! THANKS FOR HAVING YOUR EAGLE SAVE MY LIFE!
THAT'S OKAY! I'D DO AS MUCH FOR ANY OF MY FRIENDS! BUT YOU'RE NOT MY FRIEND! TO THE DUNGEON WITH HIM!
3

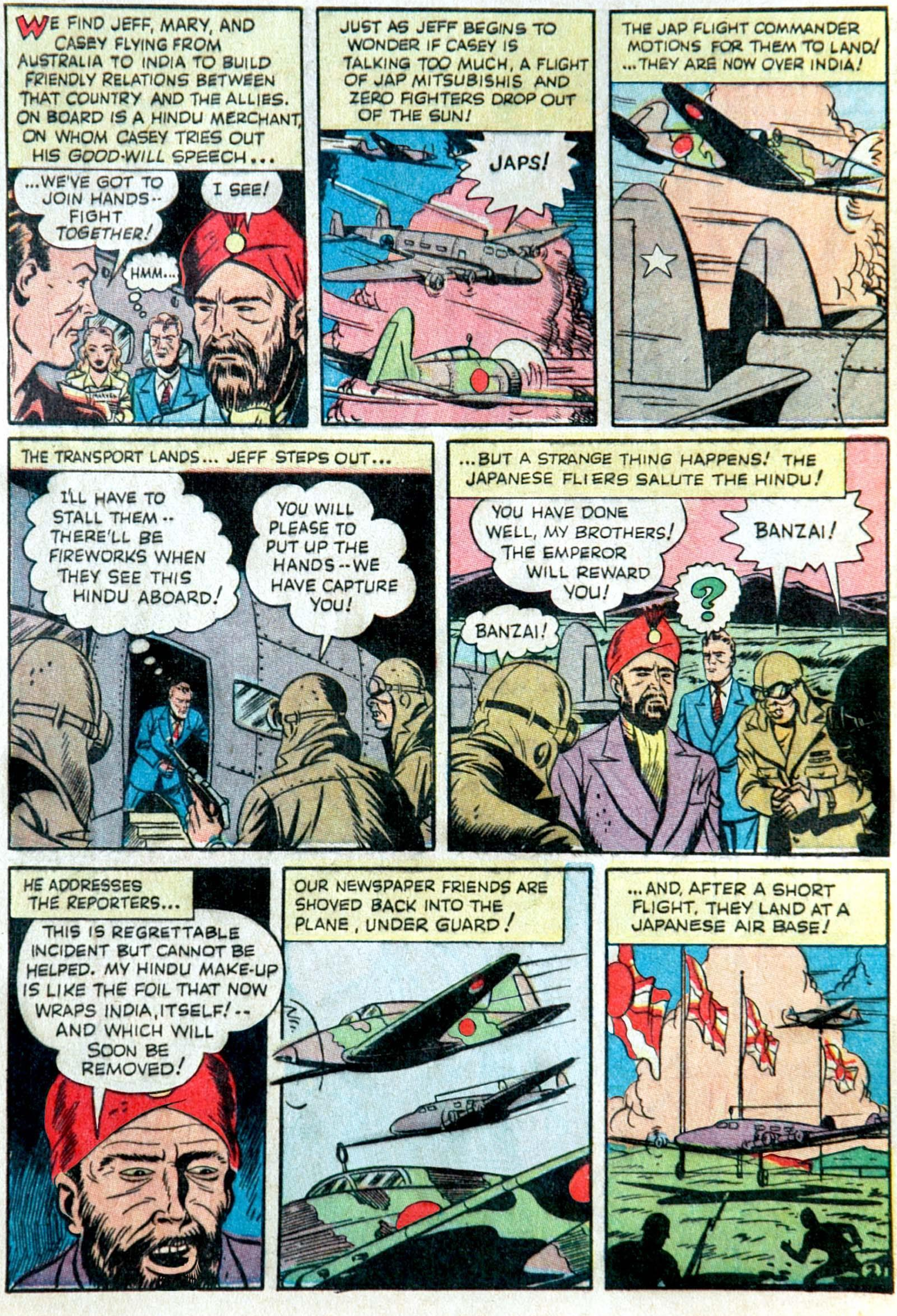

PLUNK!
WELL, GEE WHIZ! WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE HE THREW ME IN HERE ?
BECAUSE RA, THE KING OF THE FAIRIES, IS YOUR FRIEND AND ZAR IS JEALOUS OF RA!
HUH! WHO SAID THAT?
ME!
WHO ARE YOU?
I'M KNOBBY THE MARIONETTE! ZAR IS SAVING ME -- TO USE ME FOR WINTER FUEL!
GEE WHIZ! A LIVE MARIONETTE!
SOMETIMES I WISH I WEREN'T ALIVE--SOMETIMES I WISH I WERE AN OLD CLUB LIKE I USED TO BE!
A CLUB?
A CLUB
BAM!
WOW! AN IDEA JUST HIT ME!
WHAT IS IT?
LISTEN! -- BZZZZ-BZZZ BBBZZZ! OKAY?
SURE! IT WON'T HURT ME A BIT!
SO, A SHORT WHILE LATER, WHEN THE JAILER BRINGS JIMMY'S FOOD . . .
HA! EAT HEARTY, LADDIE! AND FATTEN UP A BIT! HA-HA!
YOU MAY EAT IT, MR. JAILER! AND FATTEN YOUR HEAD A BIT MORE!
KLUNK!
SLOP
4

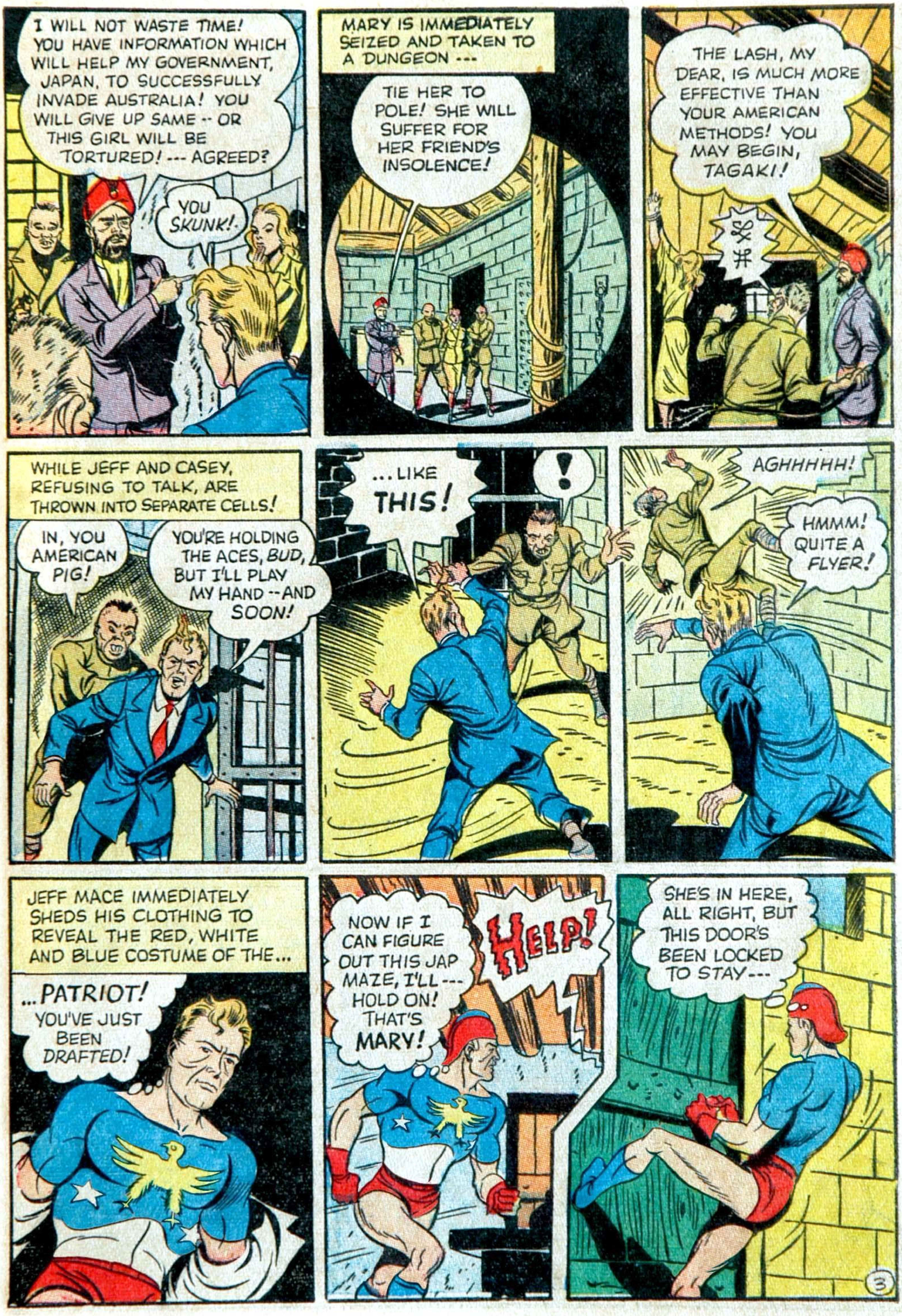

LEAVING THE UNCONSCIOUS JAILER, THE TWO SNEAK OUT INTO THE CORRIDOR . . .
SHH-HH!
I THINK THIS IS THE WAY OUT!
O.K.!
HERE'S A BIG OAK DOOR! I WONDER WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE?
WELL, LET'S OPEN IT AND SEE!
CAUTIOUSLY THEY OPEN THE DOOR . . .
IT'S A BIG DINING ROOM!
AND THERE'S THE DOOR TO THE OUTSIDE! COME ON!
HURRY! BEFORE WE'RE SEEN!
OH-HO! GOING SOME PLACE?
GULP!
GULP!
THE WIZARD!
RUN!

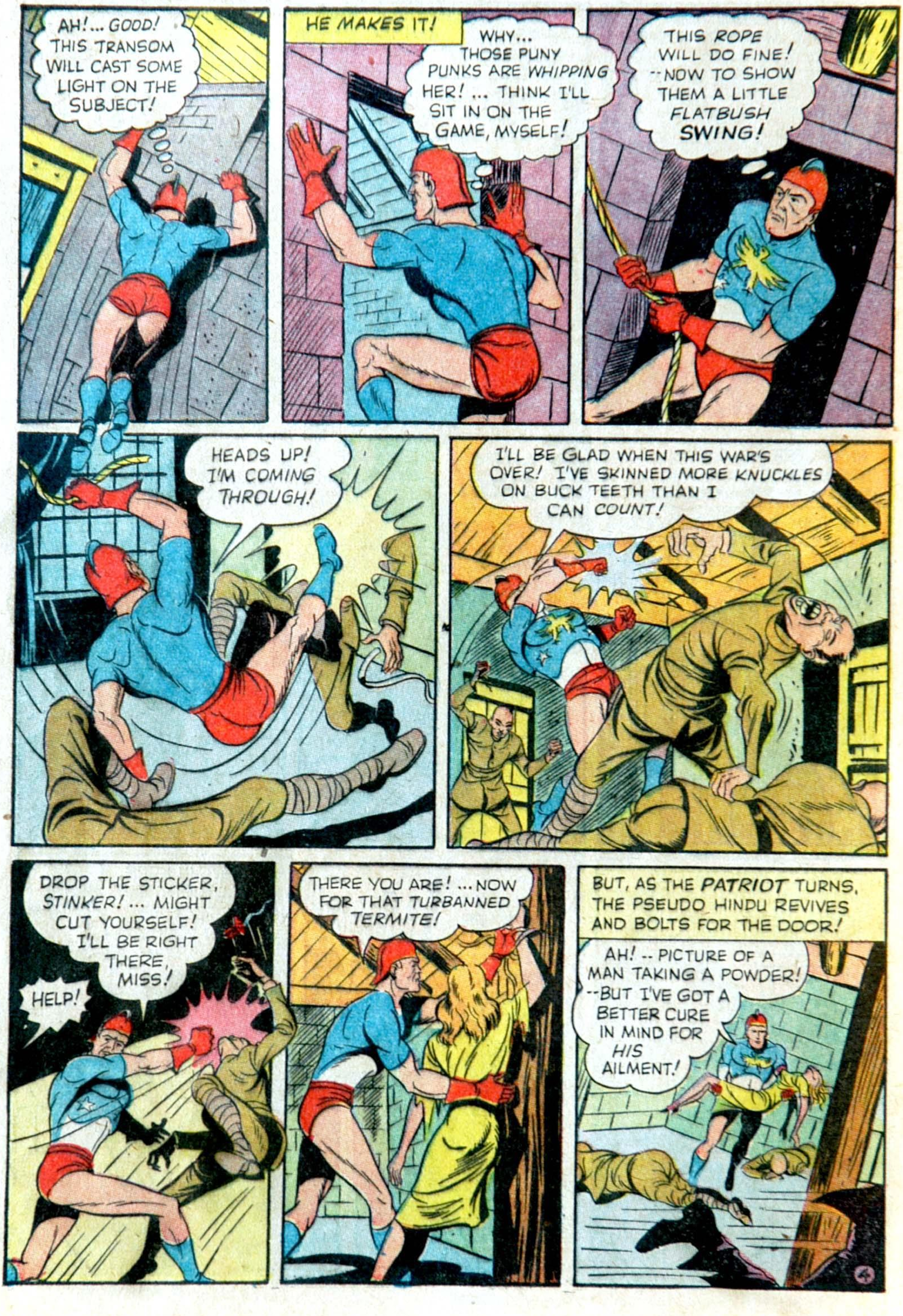

STOP!
YI-YI!--I CAN'T MOVE!
DITTO!
SO! YOU WERE GOING TO LEAVE! HMM! YOU'RE A NICE JUICY TIDBIT!
I THINK I'LL HAVE YOU FOR DINNER!
GEE WHIZ! (GULP)
A LITTLE SALT...
NOW A LITTLE PEP-- HEY!---OWTCH!
HA!
AHCTCHOO!
IMITCHIEEE WHOISHEEE AWOF
JIMMY! JIMMY!
THE SPELL IS BROKEN! WE CAN MOVE!
QUICK! OUT THE DOOR!
LET'S GO!
6

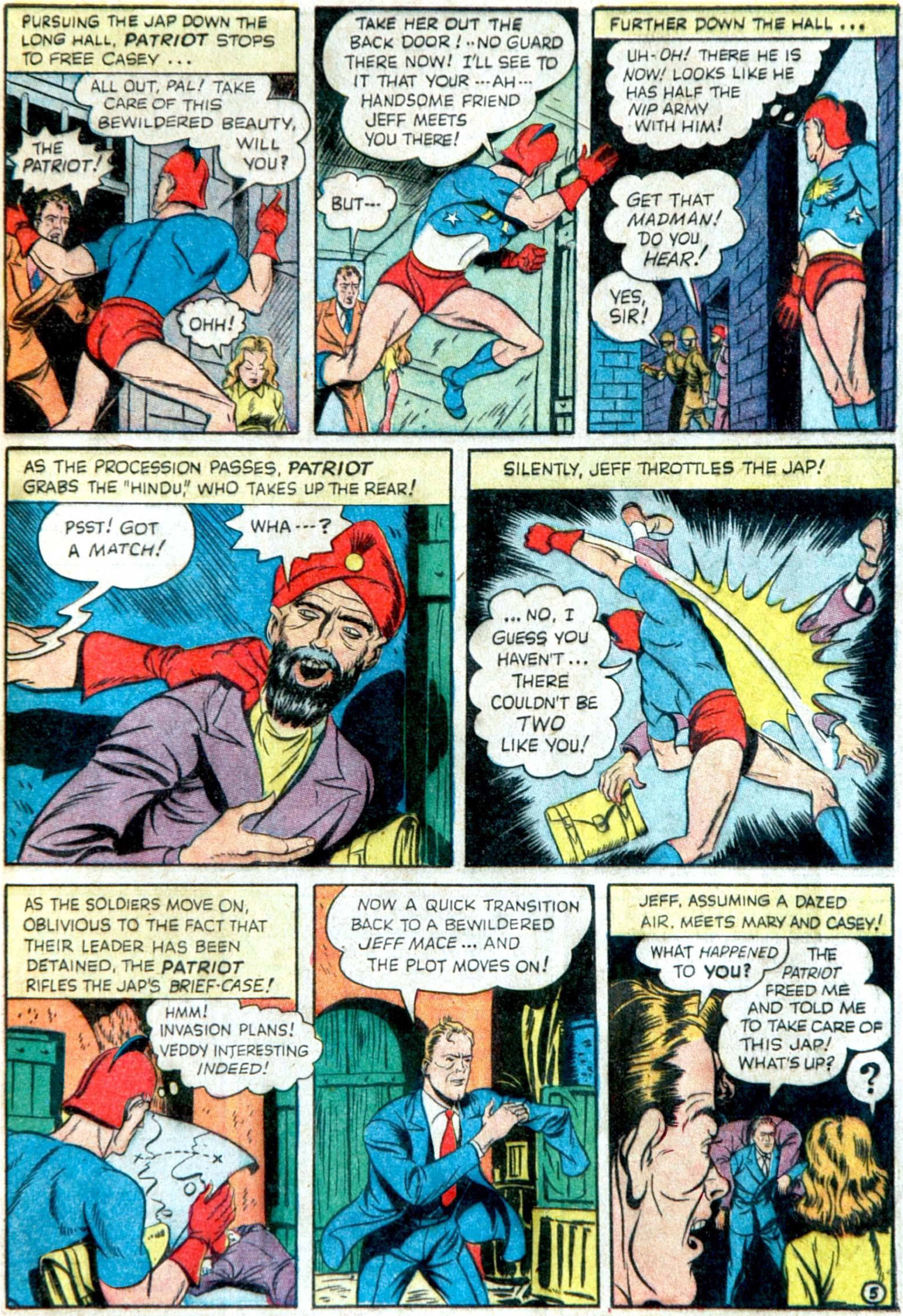

OWOO-- KOF-KOF-- AHCHOO!
C'MON, JIMMY! C'MON!
GEE WHIZ! I CAN'T GO AN' LEAVE HIM IN SUCH AGONY! I GOTTA GO BACK AN' SEE IF I K'N HELP HIM!
?
ACHOOO--! ACHOOO!
AH! MAYBE THIS'LL DO IT!
HERE, MR. WIZARD! MAYBE THIS'LL HELP!
AH-CHEY!
OH! HE'S SHRINKING!
NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
NOW MY MAGIC POWERS ARE ALL GONE!
CUSS YOU!
TSK! TSK!
GEE! SOME PEOPLE NEVER APPRECIATE WHAT YOU DO FOR 'EM!
YEAH! WELL, LET'S GO!
WHERE'LL WE GO!
WHY, TO THE PALACE OF THE KING, OF COURSE! NOW WHICH WAY IS IT?
GOSH!--LOST IN THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT! WILL JIMMY AND KNOBBY BE ABLE TO FIND THEIR WAY? --CONTINUED IN THE NEXT MARVEL!

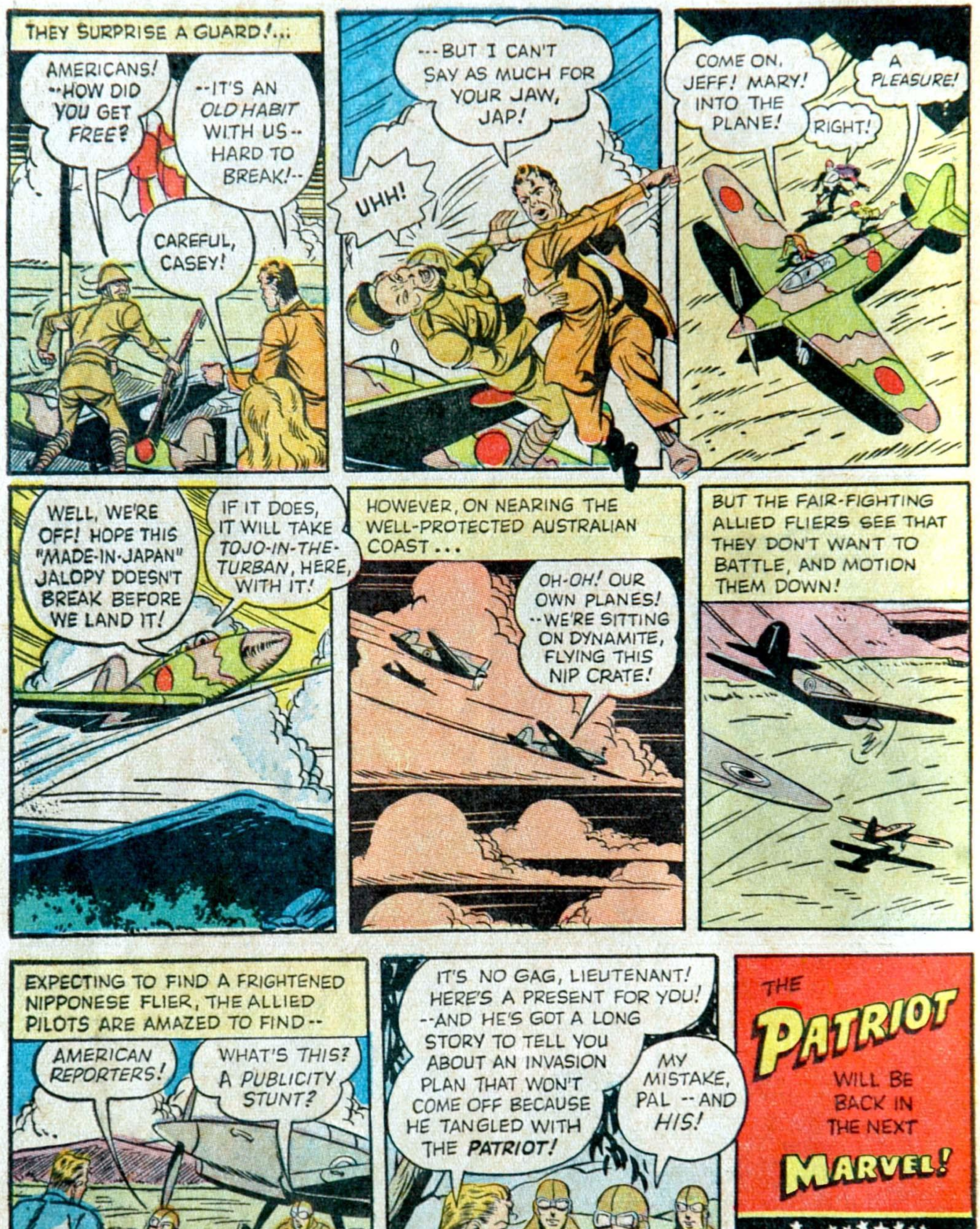

the PATRIOT
JEFF MACE, THE VALIANT YOUNG REPORTER WHO MASQUERADES AS THE PATRIOT, ONCE AGAIN SWINGS INTO ACTION AS THE RAYS OF THE RISING SUN CAST ...
SHADOWS OVER INDIA!
... AND THAT'S JUST A TAP, JAP!

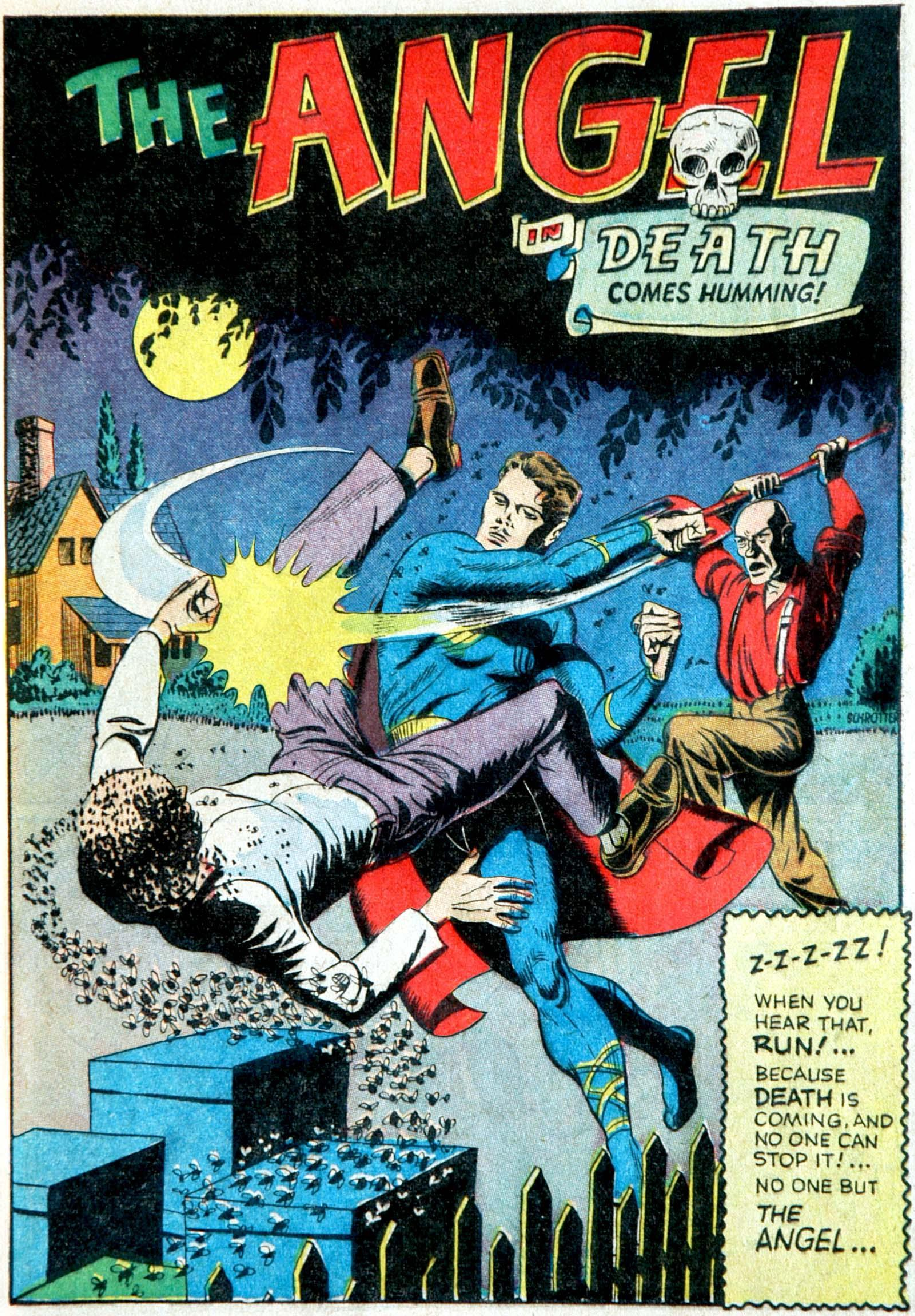

WE FIND JEFF, MARY, AND CASEY FLYING FROM AUSTRALIA TO INDIA TO BUILD FRIENDLY RELATIONS BETWEEN THAT COUNTRY AND THE ALLIES. ON BOARD IS A HINDU MERCHANT, ON WHOM CASEY TRIES OUT HIS GOOD-WILL SPEECH...
...WE'VE GOT TO JOIN HANDS-- FIGHT TOGETHER!
I SEE!
HMM...
JUST AS JEFF BEGINS TO WONDER IF CASEY IS TALKING TOO MUCH, A FLIGHT OF JAP MITSUBISHIS AND ZERO FIGHTERS DROP OUT OF THE SUN!
JAPS!
THE JAP FLIGHT COMMANDER MOTIONS FOR THEM TO LAND! ...THEY ARE NOW OVER INDIA!
THE TRANSPORT LANDS... JEFF STEPS OUT...
I'LL HAVE TO STALL THEM -- THERE'LL BE FIREWORKS WHEN THEY SEE THIS HINDU ABOARD!
YOU WILL PLEASE TO PUT UP THE HANDS -- WE HAVE CAPTURE YOU!
...BUT A STRANGE THING HAPPENS! THE JAPANESE FLIERS SALUTE THE HINDU!
YOU HAVE DONE WELL, MY BROTHERS! THE EMPEROR WILL REWARD YOU!
BANZAI!
?
BANZAI!
HE ADDRESSES THE REPORTERS...
THIS IS REGRETTABLE INCIDENT BUT CANNOT BE HELPED. MY HINDU MAKE-UP IS LIKE THE FOIL THAT NOW WRAPS INDIA, ITSELF! -- AND WHICH WILL SOON BE REMOVED!
OUR NEWSPAPER FRIENDS ARE SHOVED BACK INTO THE PLANE, UNDER GUARD!
...AND, AFTER A SHORT FLIGHT, THEY LAND AT A JAPANESE AIR BASE!

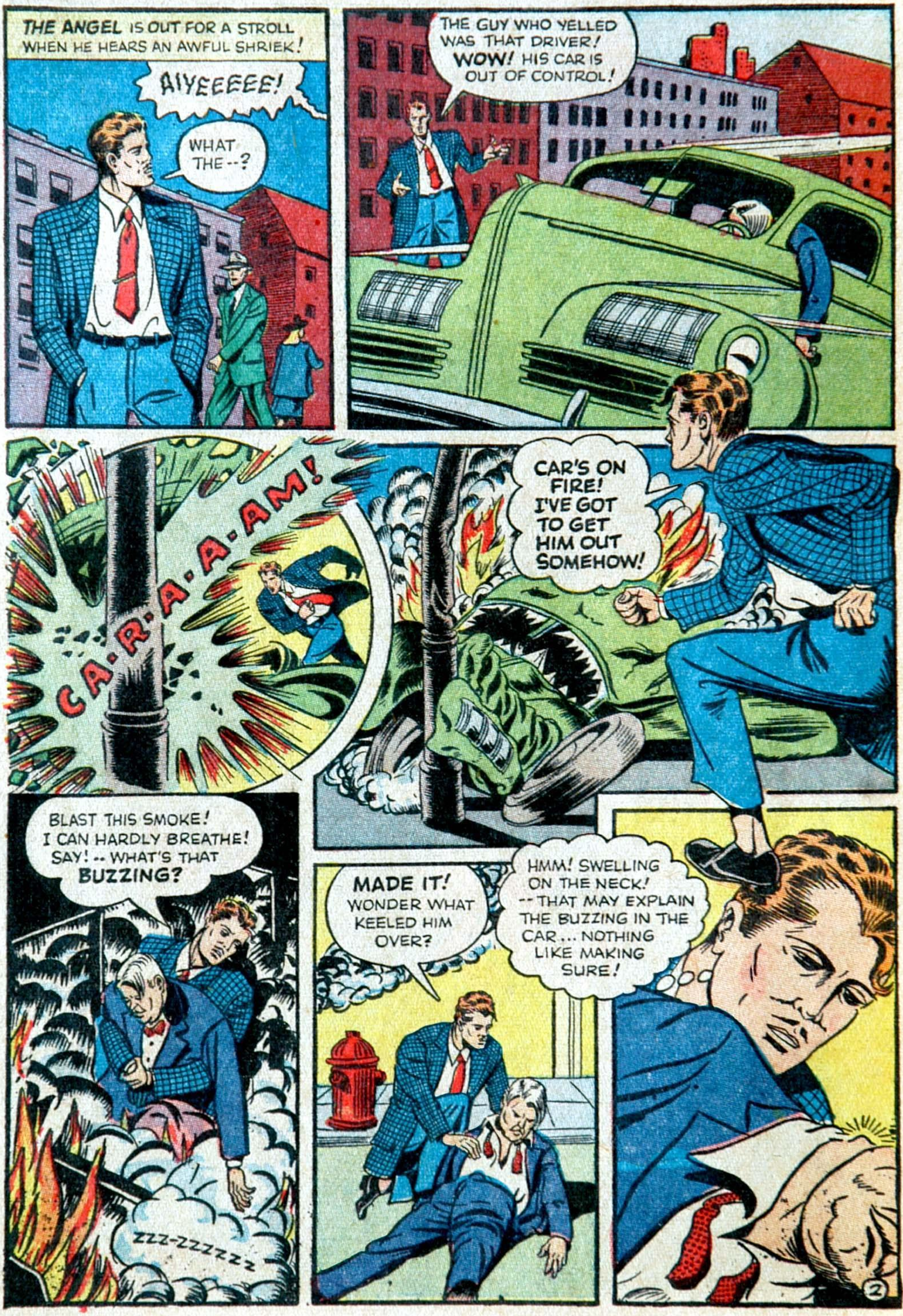

I WILL NOT WASTE TIME! YOU HAVE INFORMATION WHICH WILL HELP MY GOVERNMENT, JAPAN, TO SUCCESSFULLY INVADE AUSTRALIA! YOU WILL GIVE UP SAME -- OR THIS GIRL WILL BE TORTURED! --- AGREED?
YOU SKUNK!
MARY IS IMMEDIATELY SEIZED AND TAKEN TO A DUNGEON ---
TIE HER TO POLE! SHE WILL SUFFER FOR HER FRIEND'S INSOLENCE!
THE LASH, MY DEAR, IS MUCH MORE EFFECTIVE THAN YOUR AMERICAN METHODS! YOU MAY BEGIN, TAGAKI!
WHILE JEFF AND CASEY, REFUSING TO TALK, ARE THROWN INTO SEPARATE CELLS!
IN, YOU AMERICAN PIG!
YOU'RE HOLDING THE ACES, BUD, BUT I'LL PLAY MY HAND -- AND SOON!
... LIKE THIS!
!
AGHHHHH!
HMMM! QUITE A FLYER!
JEFF MACE IMMEDIATELY SHEDS HIS CLOTHING TO REVEAL THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE COSTUME OF THE...
... PATRIOT! YOU'VE JUST BEEN DRAFTED!
NOW IF I CAN FIGURE OUT THIS JAP MAZE, I'LL --- HOLD ON! THAT'S MARY!
HELP!
SHE'S IN HERE, ALL RIGHT, BUT THIS DOOR'S BEEN LOCKED TO STAY ---
3

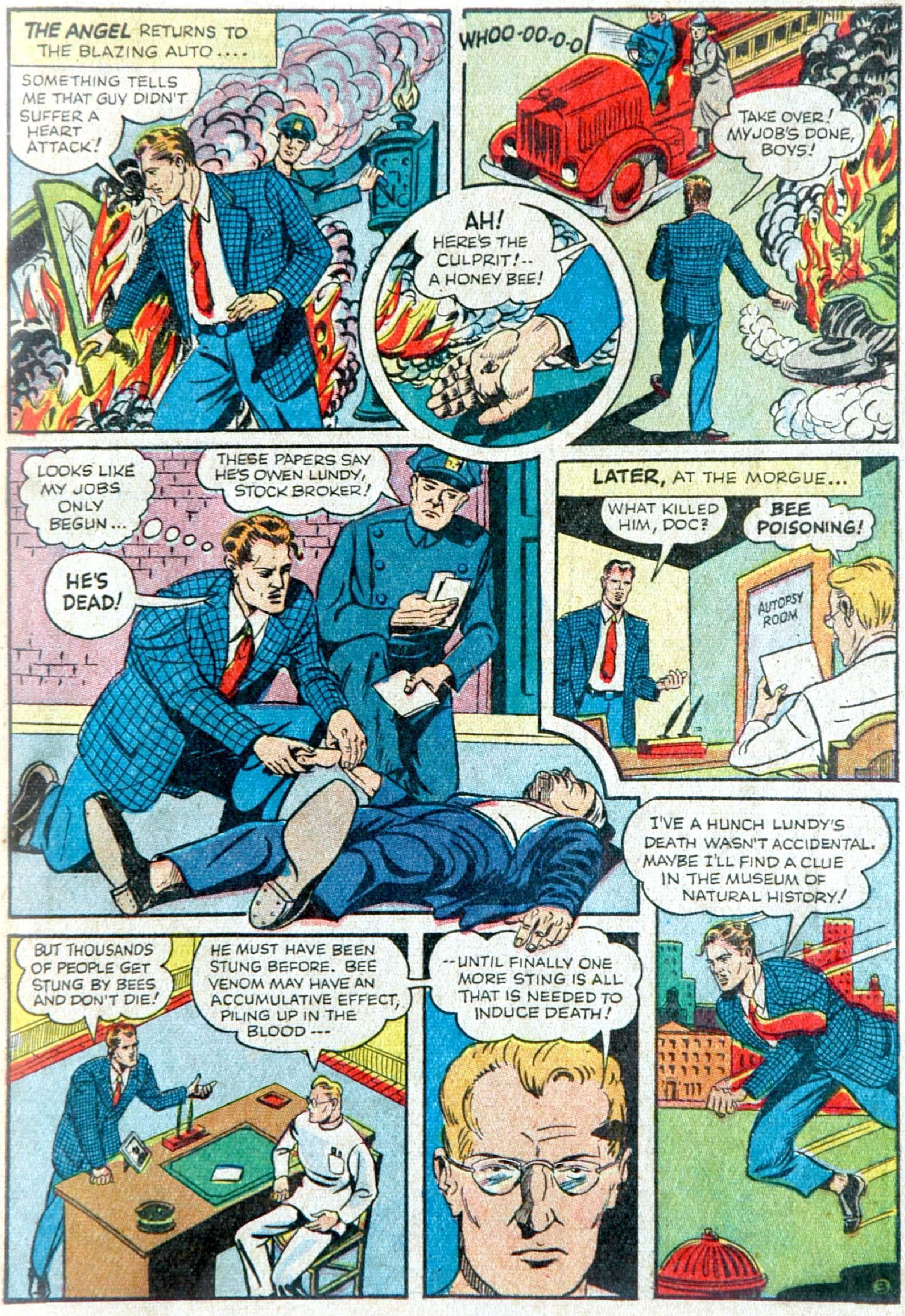

AH!... GOOD! THIS TRANSOM WILL CAST SOME LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT!
HE MAKES IT!
WHY... THOSE PUNY PUNKS ARE WHIPPING HER! ... THINK I'LL SIT IN ON THE GAME, MYSELF!
THIS ROPE WILL DO FINE! --NOW TO SHOW THEM A LITTLE FLATBUSH SWING!
HEADS UP! I'M COMING THROUGH!
I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THIS WAR'S OVER! I'VE SKINNED MORE KNUCKLES ON BUCK TEETH THAN I CAN COUNT!
DROP THE STICKER, STINKER! ... MIGHT CUT YOURSELF! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE, MISS!
HELP!
THERE YOU ARE! ... NOW FOR THAT TURBANNED TERMITE!
BUT, AS THE PATRIOT TURNS, THE PSEUDO HINDU REVIVES AND BOLTS FOR THE DOOR!
AH! -- PICTURE OF A MAN TAKING A POWDER! --BUT I'VE GOT A BETTER CURE IN MIND FOR HIS AILMENT!
4

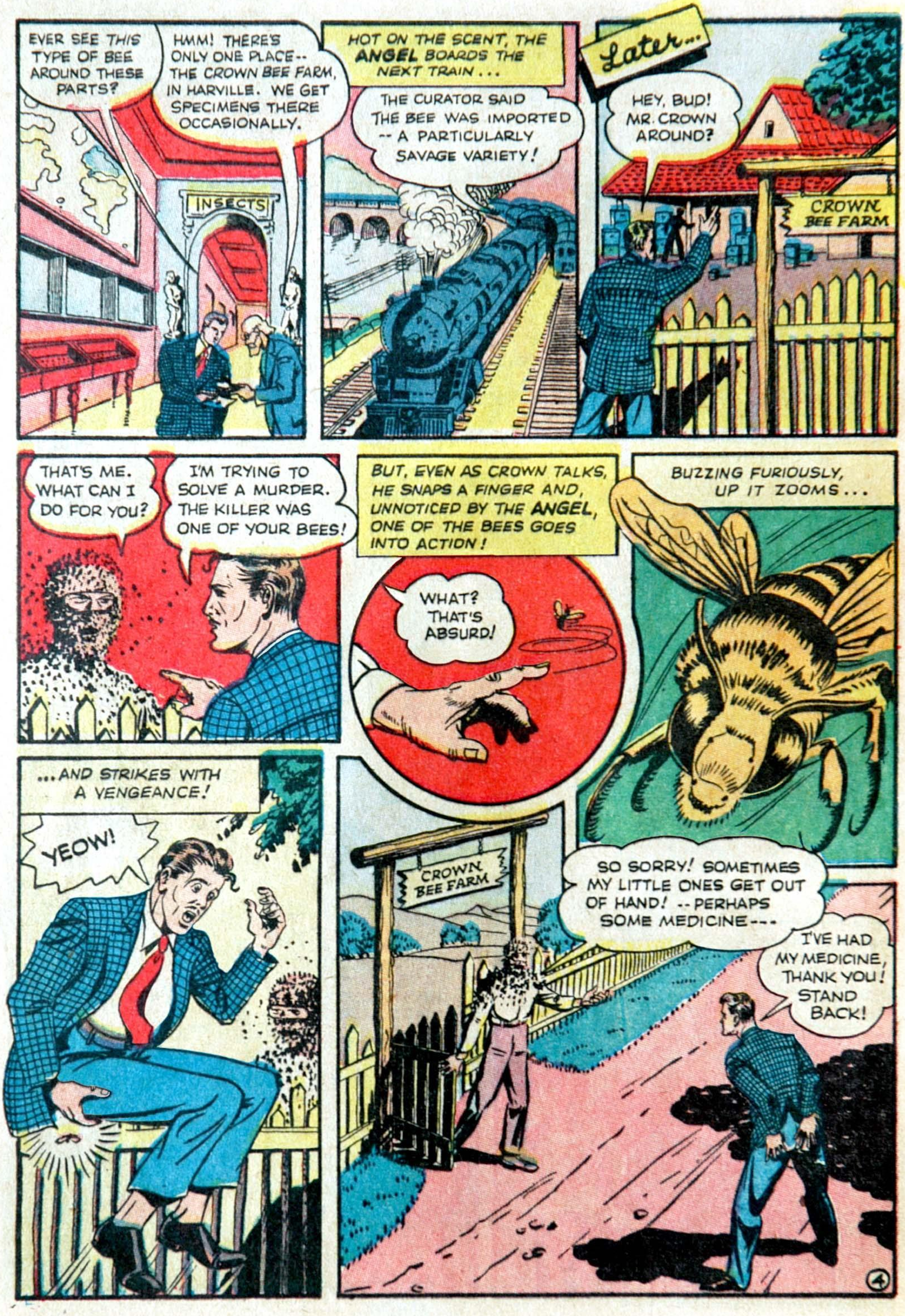

PURSUING THE JAP DOWN THE LONG HALL, PATRIOT STOPS TO FREE CASEY ...
ALL OUT, PAL! TAKE CARE OF THIS BEWILDERED BEAUTY, WILL YOU?
THE PATRIOT!
OHH!
TAKE HER OUT THE BACK DOOR! .. NO GUARD THERE NOW! I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOUR --- AH --- HANDSOME FRIEND JEFF MEETS YOU THERE!
BUT---
FURTHER DOWN THE HALL ...
UH-OH! THERE HE IS NOW! LOOKS LIKE HE HAS HALF THE NIP ARMY WITH HIM!
GET THAT MADMAN! DO YOU HEAR!
YES, SIR!
AS THE PROCESSION PASSES, PATRIOT GRABS THE "HINDU," WHO TAKES UP THE REAR!
PSST! GOT A MATCH!
WHA ---?
SILENTLY, JEFF THROTTLES THE JAP!
... NO, I GUESS YOU HAVEN'T ... THERE COULDN'T BE TWO LIKE YOU!
AS THE SOLDIERS MOVE ON, OBLIVIOUS TO THE FACT THAT THEIR LEADER HAS BEEN DETAINED, THE PATRIOT RIFLES THE JAP'S BRIEF-CASE!
HMM! INVASION PLANS! VEDDY INTERESTING INDEED!
NOW A QUICK TRANSITION BACK TO A BEWILDERED JEFF MACE ... AND THE PLOT MOVES ON!
JEFF, ASSUMING A DAZED AIR, MEETS MARY AND CASEY!
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
THE PATRIOT FREED ME AND TOLD ME TO TAKE CARE OF THIS JAP! WHAT'S UP?
?
5

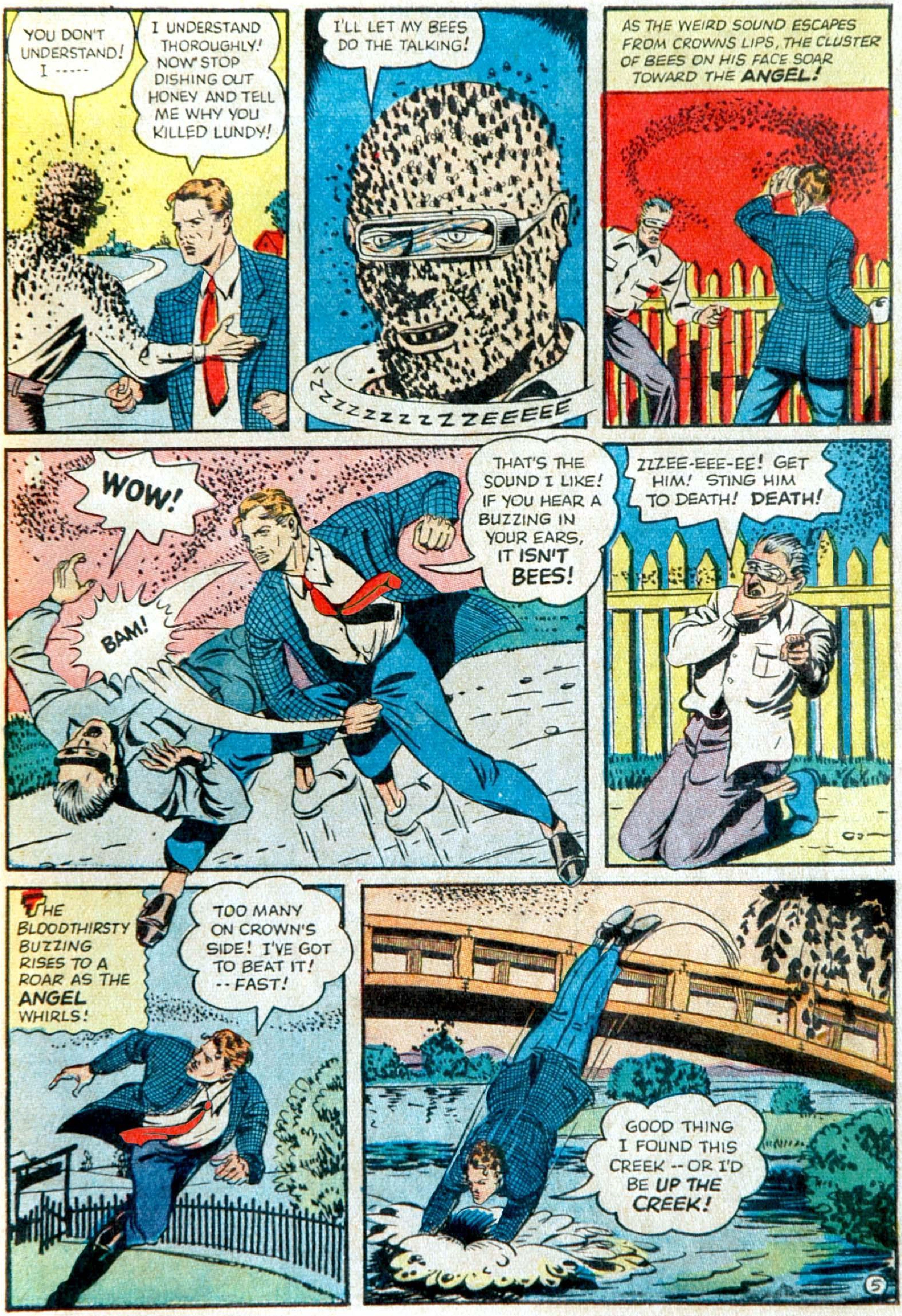

THEY SURPRISE A GUARD!...
AMERICANS! --HOW DID YOU GET FREE?
--IT'S AN OLD HABIT WITH US--HARD TO BREAK!--
CAREFUL, CASEY!
---BUT I CAN'T SAY AS MUCH FOR YOUR JAW, JAP!
UHH!
COME ON, JEFF! MARY! INTO THE PLANE!
RIGHT!
A PLEASURE!
WELL, WE'RE OFF! HOPE THIS "MADE-IN-JAPAN" JALOPY DOESN'T BREAK BEFORE WE LAND IT!
IF IT DOES, IT WILL TAKE TOJO-IN-THE-TURBAN, HERE, WITH IT!
HOWEVER, ON NEARING THE WELL-PROTECTED AUSTRALIAN COAST...
OH-OH! OUR OWN PLANES! --WE'RE SITTING ON DYNAMITE, FLYING THIS NIP CRATE!
BUT THE FAIR-FIGHTING ALLIED FLIERS SEE THAT THEY DON'T WANT TO BATTLE, AND MOTION THEM DOWN!
EXPECTING TO FIND A FRIGHTENED NIPPONESE FLIER, THE ALLIED PILOTS ARE AMAZED TO FIND--
AMERICAN REPORTERS!
WHAT'S THIS? A PUBLICITY STUNT?
IT'S NO GAG, LIEUTENANT! HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU! --AND HE'S GOT A LONG STORY TO TELL YOU ABOUT AN INVASION PLAN THAT WON'T COME OFF BECAUSE HE TANGLED WITH THE PATRIOT!
MY MISTAKE, PAL --AND HIS!
THE PATRIOT WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT MARVEL!
DRAFT YOUR DIMES AND DOLLARS
BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

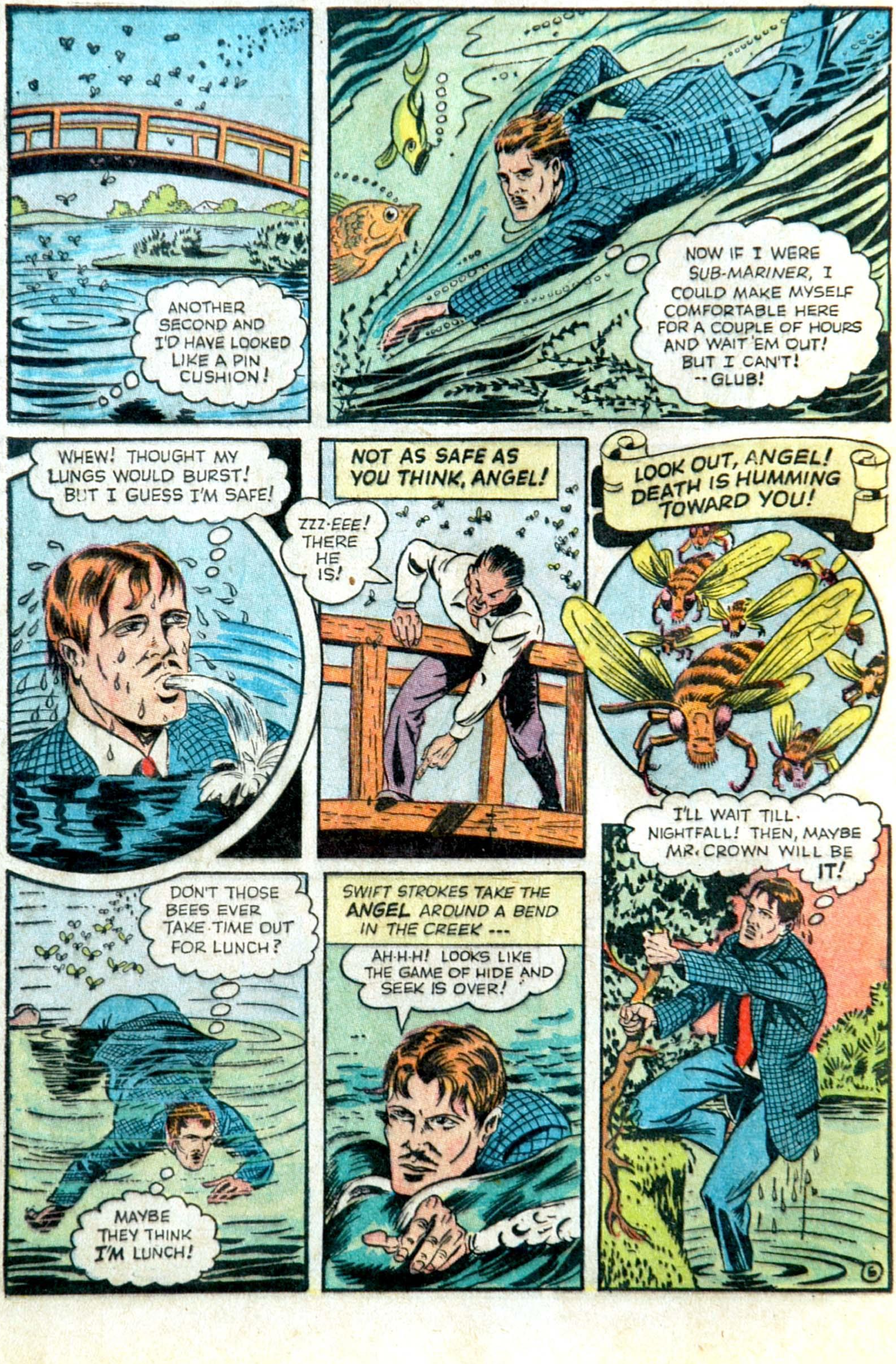

THE ANGEL
IN
DEATH
COMES HUMMING!
SCHROTTER
Z-Z-Z-ZZ!
WHEN YOU HEAR THAT, **RUN!**... BECAUSE **DEATH** IS COMING, AND NO ONE CAN STOP IT!... NO ONE BUT *THE* ANGEL...

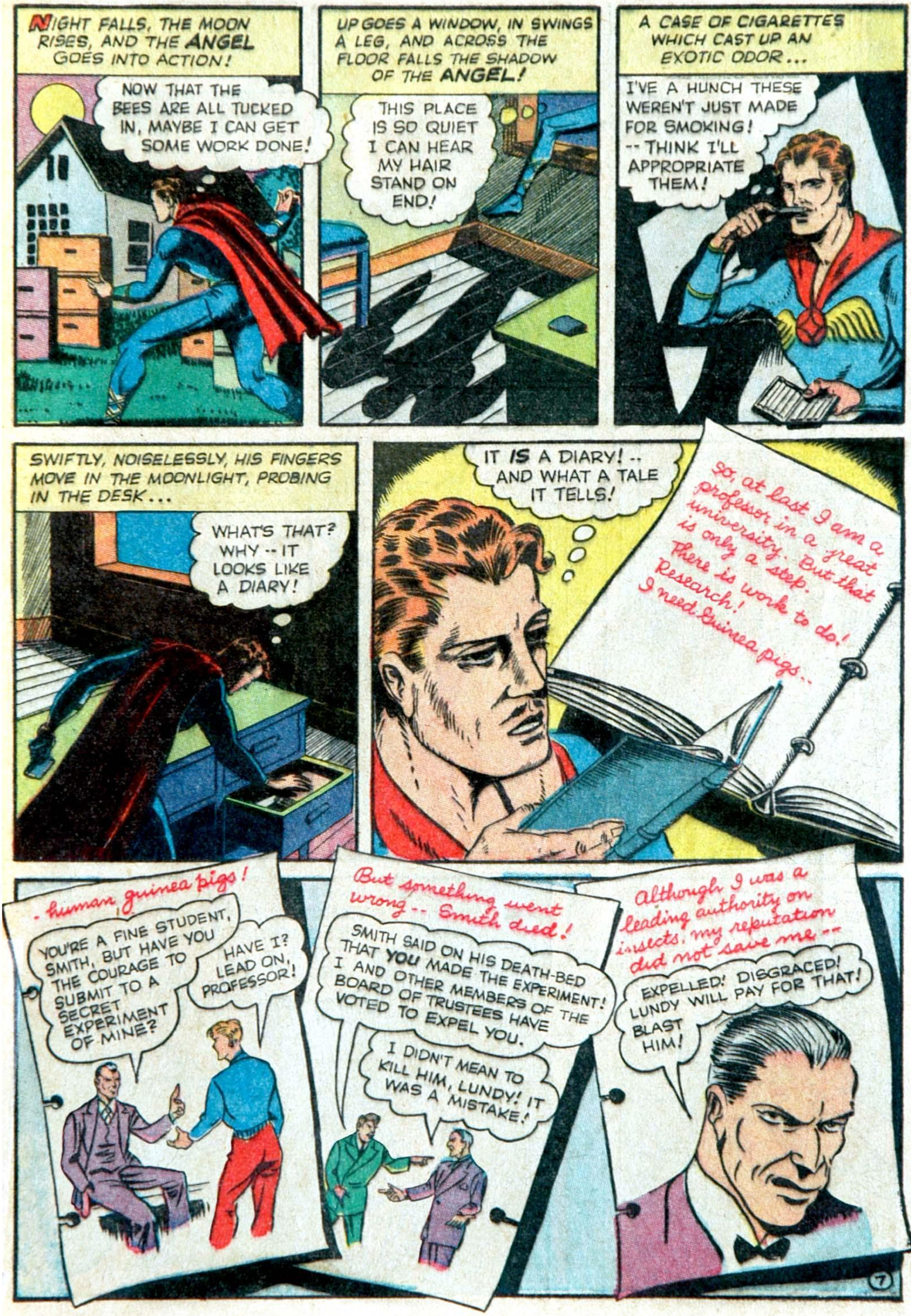

THE ANGEL IS OUT FOR A STROLL WHEN HE HEARS AN AWFUL SHRIEK!
AIYEEEEE!
WHAT THE --?
THE GUY WHO YELLED WAS THAT DRIVER! WOW! HIS CAR IS OUT OF CONTROL!
CA-R-A-A-AM!
CAR'S ON FIRE! I'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT SOMEHOW!
BLAST THIS SMOKE! I CAN HARDLY BREATHE! SAY! -- WHAT'S THAT BUZZING?
ZZZ-ZZZZZZ
MADE IT! WONDER WHAT KEELED HIM OVER?
HMM! SWELLING ON THE NECK! -- THAT MAY EXPLAIN THE BUZZING IN THE CAR... NOTHING LIKE MAKING SURE!
2

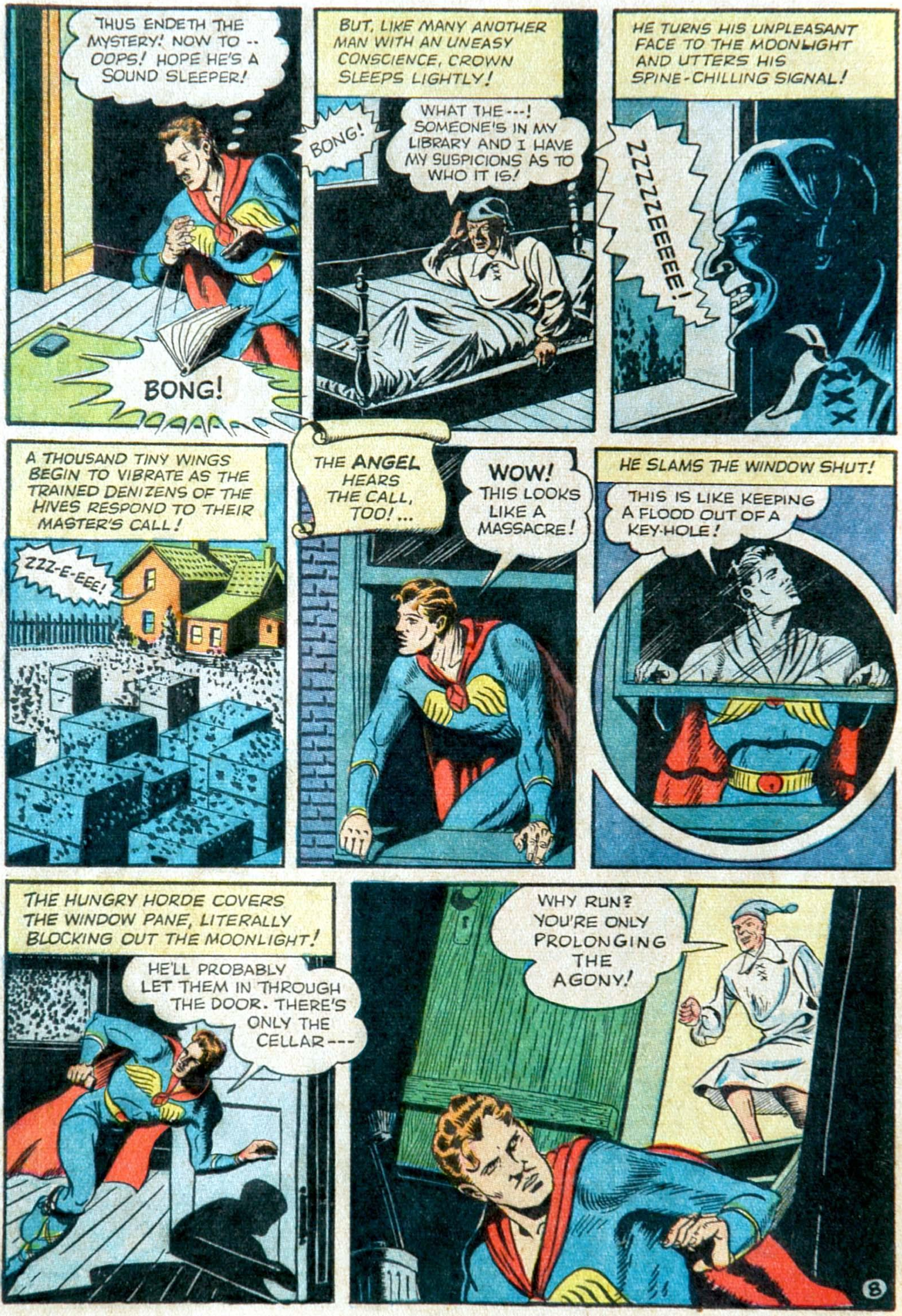

THE ANGEL RETURNS TO THE BLAZING AUTO....
SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT GUY DIDN'T SUFFER A HEART ATTACK!
WHOO-OO-O-O
TAKE OVER! MY JOB'S DONE, BOYS!
AH! HERE'S THE CULPRIT!-- A HONEY BEE!
LOOKS LIKE MY JOBS ONLY BEGUN...
THESE PAPERS SAY HE'S OWEN LUNDY, STOCK BROKER!
HE'S DEAD!
LATER, AT THE MORGUE...
WHAT KILLED HIM, DOC?
BEE POISONING!
AUTOPSY ROOM
I'VE A HUNCH LUNDY'S DEATH WASN'T ACCIDENTAL. MAYBE I'LL FIND A CLUE IN THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY!
BUT THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE GET STUNG BY BEES AND DON'T DIE!
HE MUST HAVE BEEN STUNG BEFORE. BEE VENOM MAY HAVE AN ACCUMULATIVE EFFECT, PILING UP IN THE BLOOD ---
--UNTIL FINALLY ONE MORE STING IS ALL THAT IS NEEDED TO INDUCE DEATH!

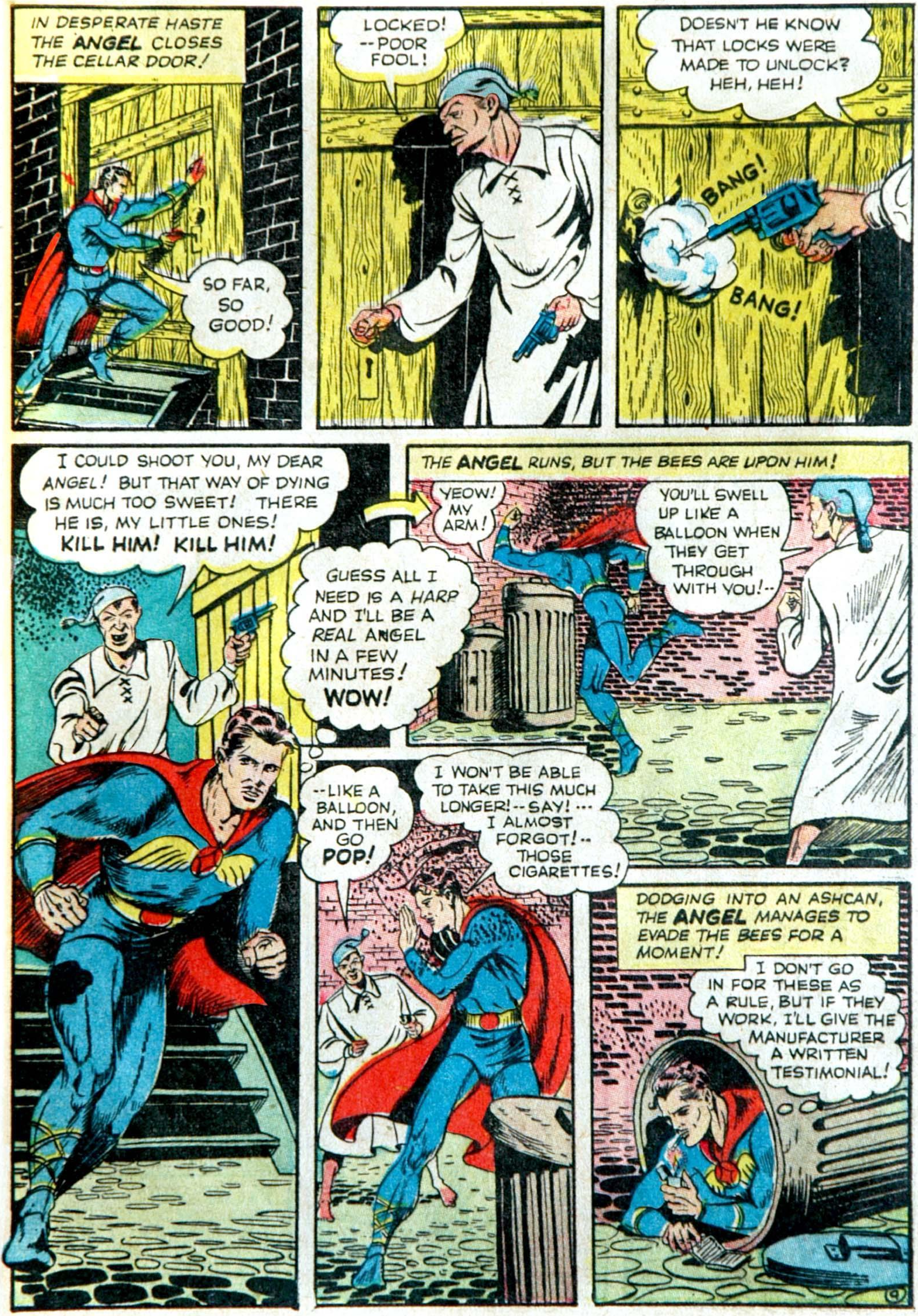

EVER SEE THIS TYPE OF BEE AROUND THESE PARTS?
HMM! THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE-- THE CROWN BEE FARM, IN HARVILLE. WE GET SPECIMENS THERE OCCASIONALLY.
INSECTS
HOT ON THE SCENT, THE ANGEL BOARDS THE NEXT TRAIN...
THE CURATOR SAID THE BEE WAS IMPORTED -- A PARTICULARLY SAVAGE VARIETY!
Later...
HEY, BUD! MR. CROWN AROUND?
CROWN BEE FARM
THAT'S ME. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I'M TRYING TO SOLVE A MURDER. THE KILLER WAS ONE OF YOUR BEES!
BUT, EVEN AS CROWN TALKS, HE SNAPS A FINGER AND, UNNOTICED BY THE ANGEL, ONE OF THE BEES GOES INTO ACTION!
WHAT? THAT'S ABSURD!
BUZZING FURIOUSLY, UP IT ZOOMS...
...AND STRIKES WITH A VENGEANCE!
YEOW!
CROWN BEE FARM
SO SORRY! SOMETIMES MY LITTLE ONES GET OUT OF HAND! --PERHAPS SOME MEDICINE---
I'VE HAD MY MEDICINE, THANK YOU! STAND BACK!
4

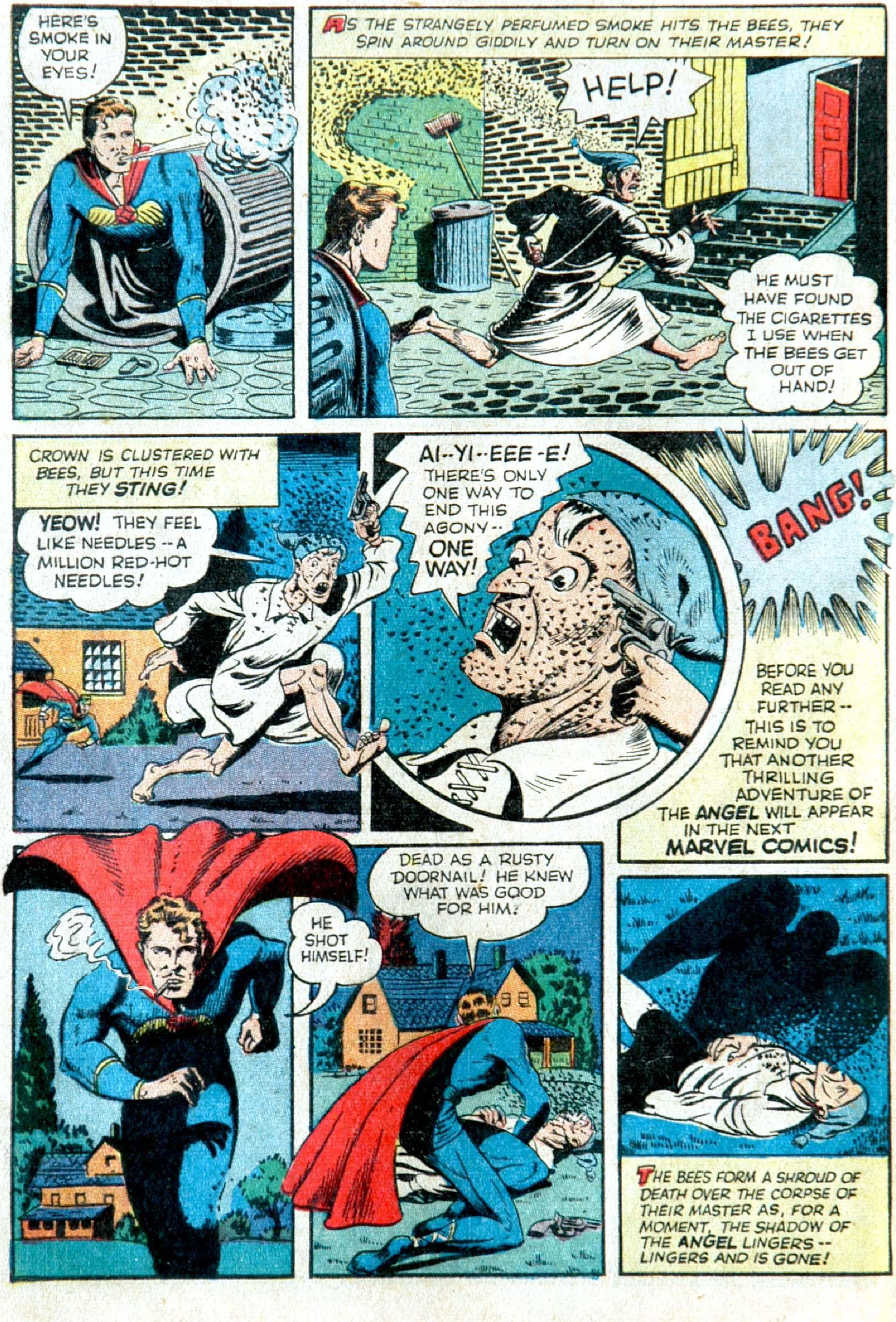

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I -----
I UNDERSTAND THOROUGHLY! NOW STOP DISHING OUT HONEY AND TELL ME WHY YOU KILLED LUNDY!
I'LL LET MY BEES DO THE TALKING!
ZZZZZZZZZZZEEEEEE
AS THE WEIRD SOUND ESCAPES FROM CROWNS LIPS, THE CLUSTER OF BEES ON HIS FACE SOAR TOWARD THE ANGEL!
WOW!
BAM!
THAT'S THE SOUND I LIKE! IF YOU HEAR A BUZZING IN YOUR EARS, IT ISN'T BEES!
ZZZEE-EEE-EE! GET HIM! STING HIM TO DEATH! DEATH!
THE BLOODTHIRSTY BUZZING RISES TO A ROAR AS THE ANGEL WHIRLS!
TOO MANY ON CROWN'S SIDE! I'VE GOT TO BEAT IT! --FAST!
GOOD THING I FOUND THIS CREEK --OR I'D BE UP THE CREEK!
5


ANOTHER SECOND AND I'D HAVE LOOKED LIKE A PIN CUSHION!
NOW IF I WERE SUB-MARINER, I COULD MAKE MYSELF COMFORTABLE HERE FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS AND WAIT 'EM OUT! BUT I CAN'T! --GLUB!
WHEW! THOUGHT MY LUNGS WOULD BURST! BUT I GUESS I'M SAFE!
NOT AS SAFE AS YOU THINK, ANGEL!
ZZZ-EEE! THERE HE IS!
LOOK OUT, ANGEL! DEATH IS HUMMING TOWARD YOU!
DON'T THOSE BEES EVER TAKE TIME OUT FOR LUNCH?
MAYBE THEY THINK I'M LUNCH!
SWIFT STROKES TAKE THE ANGEL AROUND A BEND IN THE CREEK ---
AH-H-H! LOOKS LIKE THE GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK IS OVER!
I'LL WAIT TILL NIGHTFALL! THEN, MAYBE MR. CROWN WILL BE IT!


NIGHT FALLS, THE MOON RISES, AND THE ANGEL GOES INTO ACTION!
NOW THAT THE BEES ARE ALL TUCKED IN, MAYBE I CAN GET SOME WORK DONE!
UP GOES A WINDOW, IN SWINGS A LEG, AND ACROSS THE FLOOR FALLS THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL!
THIS PLACE IS SO QUIET I CAN HEAR MY HAIR STAND ON END!
A CASE OF CIGARETTES WHICH CAST UP AN EXOTIC ODOR...
I'VE A HUNCH THESE WEREN'T JUST MADE FOR SMOKING! -- THINK I'LL APPROPRIATE THEM!
SWIFTLY, NOISELESSLY, HIS FINGERS MOVE IN THE MOONLIGHT, PROBING IN THE DESK...
WHAT'S THAT? WHY -- IT LOOKS LIKE A DIARY!
IT IS A DIARY! -- AND WHAT A TALE IT TELLS!
So, at last I am a professor in a great university. But that is only a step. There is work to do! Research! I need Guinea pigs..
- human guinea pigs!
YOU'RE A FINE STUDENT, SMITH, BUT HAVE YOU THE COURAGE TO SUBMIT TO A SECRET EXPERIMENT OF MINE?
HAVE I? LEAD ON, PROFESSOR!
But something went wrong -- Smith died!
SMITH SAID ON HIS DEATH-BED THAT YOU MADE THE EXPERIMENT! I AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES HAVE VOTED TO EXPEL YOU.
I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL HIM, LUNDY! IT WAS A MISTAKE!
Although I was a leading authority on insects, my reputation did not save me --
EXPELLED! DISGRACED! LUNDY WILL PAY FOR THAT! BLAST HIM!


THUS ENDETH THE MYSTERY! NOW TO -- OOPS! HOPE HE'S A SOUND SLEEPER!
BONG!
BUT, LIKE MANY ANOTHER MAN WITH AN UNEASY CONSCIENCE, CROWN SLEEPS LIGHTLY!
BONG!
WHAT THE ---! SOMEONE'S IN MY LIBRARY AND I HAVE MY SUSPICIONS AS TO WHO IT IS!
HE TURNS HIS UNPLEASANT FACE TO THE MOONLIGHT AND UTTERS HIS SPINE-CHILLING SIGNAL!
ZZZZZEEEEEE!
A THOUSAND TINY WINGS BEGIN TO VIBRATE AS THE TRAINED DENIZENS OF THE HIVES RESPOND TO THEIR MASTER'S CALL!
ZZZ-E-EEE!
THE ANGEL HEARS THE CALL, TOO! ...
WOW! THIS LOOKS LIKE A MASSACRE!
HE SLAMS THE WINDOW SHUT!
THIS IS LIKE KEEPING A FLOOD OUT OF A KEY-HOLE!
THE HUNGRY HORDE COVERS THE WINDOW PANE, LITERALLY BLOCKING OUT THE MOONLIGHT!
HE'LL PROBABLY LET THEM IN THROUGH THE DOOR. THERE'S ONLY THE CELLAR---
WHY RUN? YOU'RE ONLY PROLONGING THE AGONY!


IN DESPERATE HASTE THE **ANGEL** CLOSES THE CELLAR DOOR!
SO FAR, SO GOOD!
LOCKED! --POOR FOOL!
DOESN'T HE KNOW THAT LOCKS WERE MADE TO UNLOCK? HEH, HEH!
BANG!
BANG!
I COULD SHOOT YOU, MY DEAR ANGEL! BUT THAT WAY OF DYING IS MUCH TOO SWEET! THERE HE IS, MY LITTLE ONES! **KILL HIM! KILL HIM!**
GUESS ALL I NEED IS A *HARP* AND I'LL BE A *REAL* ANGEL IN A FEW MINUTES! **WOW!**
THE **ANGEL** RUNS, BUT THE BEES ARE UPON HIM!
YEOW! MY ARM!
YOU'LL SWELL UP LIKE A BALLOON WHEN THEY GET THROUGH WITH YOU!--
--LIKE A BALLOON, AND THEN GO **POP!**
I WON'T BE ABLE TO TAKE THIS MUCH LONGER!--SAY! --- I ALMOST FORGOT!-- THOSE CIGARETTES!
DODGING INTO AN ASHCAN, THE **ANGEL** MANAGES TO EVADE THE BEES FOR A MOMENT!
I DON'T GO IN FOR THESE AS A RULE, BUT IF THEY WORK, I'LL GIVE THE MANUFACTURER A WRITTEN TESTIMONIAL!
9


HERE'S SMOKE IN YOUR EYES!
AS THE STRANGELY PERFUMED SMOKE HITS THE BEES, THEY SPIN AROUND GIDDILY AND TURN ON THEIR MASTER!
HELP!
HE MUST HAVE FOUND THE CIGARETTES I USE WHEN THE BEES GET OUT OF HAND!
CROWN IS CLUSTERED WITH BEES, BUT THIS TIME THEY STING!
YEOW! THEY FEEL LIKE NEEDLES -- A MILLION RED-HOT NEEDLES!
AI--YI--EEE-E! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO END THIS AGONY -- ONE WAY!
BANG!
BEFORE YOU READ ANY FURTHER -- THIS IS TO REMIND YOU THAT ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE OF THE ANGEL WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT MARVEL COMICS!
HE SHOT HIMSELF!
DEAD AS A RUSTY DOORNAIL! HE KNEW WHAT WAS GOOD FOR HIM!
THE BEES FORM A SHROUD OF DEATH OVER THE CORPSE OF THEIR MASTER AS, FOR A MOMENT, THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL LINGERS -- LINGERS AND IS GONE!

FINGERPRINT CHART
so you better come across or else—

G-MAN OUTFIT

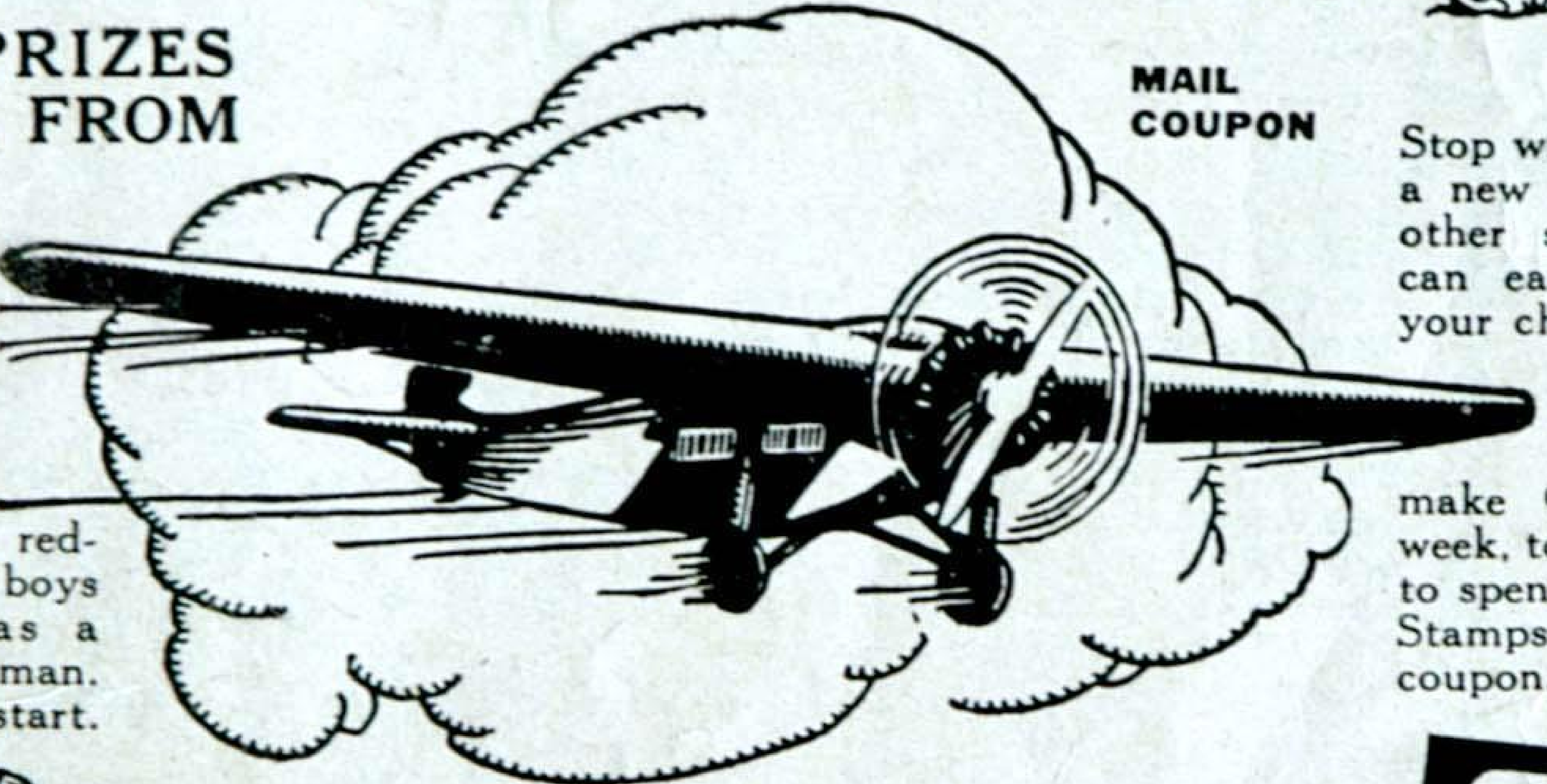
Boys—Earn These Prizes and Make Money, Too!

Now with everyone excited about the courageous work of the G-Men, imagine how thrilled you'll be to have a fingerprint set of your own. Boy, how amazed your chums will be when you can identify them by fingerprints which they've carelessly left behind them!

Earn a fingerprint set, a powerful microscope, printing press, movie machine, athletic equipment, magic book—or any of the 200 other dandy prizes shown in our prize book. Make MONEY, too. Money for a bank account or to buy U. S. War Stamps. All these things will come to you as a successful Crowell Junior Salesman. Start today. Mail coupon.

OVER 200 PRIZES TO CHOOSE FROM

Make flying models of Army and Navy planes. Read thrilling books of air adventures. Collect latest issues of airplane stamps. All these big treats for red-blooded air-minded boys can be YOURS as a Crowell Junior Salesman. Read below how to start.



Stop wishing for a new football, a new big-league baseball, and other sports equipment. You can earn what you want—or your choice of camping, fishing, or hiking equipment, by becoming a Crowell Junior Salesman. You can make CASH PROFITS each week, too—so you'll have money to spend and to buy U. S. War Stamps. To start, mail the coupon.

Become
an Ace
Magician

YOU CAN START AT ONCE

Don't wait. Begin earning the prizes you want, and begin piling up cash profits right away. It's easy! It's fun! All you need to do is deliver Collier's magazine (one of the most popular weeklies in America) to regular customers whom you obtain in your neighborhood.

You can do this during a part of your spare time and it need not interfere with school or other activities. Many boys earn their first prize in an hour or two. You ought to be able to do the same. To get off to a zooming start right away, mail the coupon printed below.

This Movie
and Film
can be
YOURS

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 958
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: Sure I want to claim some of your wonderful prizes and make my own spending money. Send me your PRIZE BOOK showing 200 prizes boys can earn, and help me get off to a flying start.

Name.................................... Address..................................

City.................................... State.................... Your Age......

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WITH THIS OFFER
33 POWER
TELESCOPE
LENS KIT

You can now own a genuine high powered telescope by making it in one evening of easy work. It is included **FREE** with this Special Offer of "Wonders of Science, Simplified." All the optical parts are completely finished for a refracting telescope over 4 feet long. You can see the mountains and craters on the moon, the ringed planet Saturn, Jupiter and double stars, etc. See airplanes, ships and hundreds of other interesting sights. Makes objects miles away appear close. Complete lens kit contains 2" diameter ground and polished objective lens and 33 power eyepiece lens made in the good old U.S.A. with full directions for mounting. Read how you can get your 33 power telescope lens kit **FREE** with this offer.

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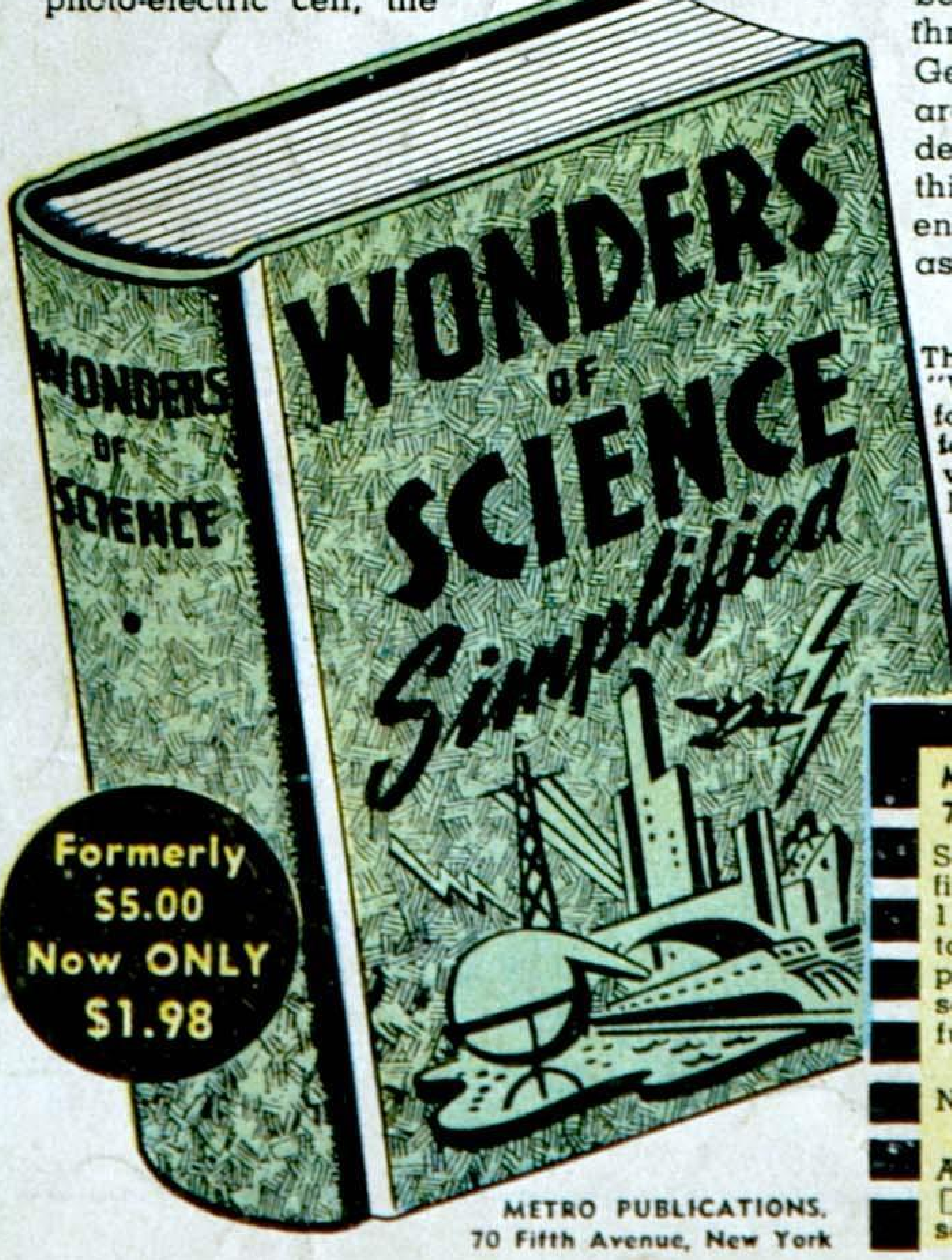

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